



















To dear  
Edward & Sarah  
on their arrival at Woudham

July 19<sup>th</sup> 1922.  
With love from  
Frank



The New Zambesi Trail







YETTA III, PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF BAROTSELAND, WITH HIS  
CONSORT, IMWAMBO.

*Ph. : Paris Evangelical Missionary Society.*

# THE NEW ZAMBESI TRAIL

*A RECORD OF TWO JOURNEYS TO  
NORTH-WESTERN RHODESIA (1903 AND 1920)*

BY

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Author of "Coillard of the Zambesi"

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND  
13 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS  
AND TWO MAPS

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*“They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great  
goodness.”*



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## Introduction

**T**O publish a book of African travel calls for considerable courage in these days—much more courage than to make the journey itself—and especially when it deals with the Upper Zambesi region, consecrated by the first explorations of Livingstone and the labours of his missionary successors, and since described in detail by some of the best-known scientific travellers from Holub and Serpa Pinto to the late Colonel St. Hill Gibbons.

However, since the twentieth century opened, a generation has sprung up, to which Central African travel is perhaps less familiar than to their fathers and mothers at the same age. Moreover, rapid changes have taken place; thanks to Christian effort and civil administration, a process has been going on for the last twenty-five years of which many are unaware and which may be called the domestication of Central Africa. Also, while the land and its resources have been so closely examined, the people themselves are by no means so well known, and especially the Barotse, whose country forms the subject of this book. Yet by virtue of our Protectorate, spontaneously invited by the late Paramount Chief Lewanika, we have made ourselves responsible for their actual and future welfare.

The present volume does not presume to address the learned in African lore who can tap better sources of information. It is written for ordinary readers who may care to know how daily life is lived in a country so lately uncivilized and unsafe. And above all, it is issued in the hope that it may interest them more keenly and practically in the black race whose future is fraught with such momentous consequences for the world; and especially to awaken sympathy for those who have

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seen the Light and are struggling towards it, handicapped as they are by habit, tradition, and social and family ties.

The Barotse nation is in many respects unique amongst the tribes of Central Africa, and the customs and character of the people seem to show traces of a higher development in the past. It is much to be wished that, before it is too late, these customs and traditions should be thoroughly investigated by those duly qualified in such matters, so that their future progress can be guided in accordance with the genius of the nation and its natural resources. To students of comparative ethnology, the information on these subjects gathered by the French Protestant Missionaries since 1879 should be of the utmost value. Special reference may be made to the published and unpublished records of the Rev. Adolphe Jalla and the late Rev. E. Beguin.

Except in the last chapter these matters are hardly touched upon in the following pages which are simply a record compiled from diaries and letters of two journeys to the interior, separated by an interval of seventeen years.

The first it was my privilege to make in the company of my uncle, the Rev. François Coillard, in 1903, just after the Boer War; the traces of which were evident on every hand, both on the land and among the people we met in South Africa. We spent several weeks in Basutoland before visiting Victoria Falls, but it was not then practicable for me to ascend the Zambesi. This trek was one of the last made under pioneer conditions, for a few months later the Rhodesian Railways were completed to Victoria Falls and carried on to the copper mines of North-East Rhodesia.

M. Coillard was even then in very bad health, and the following year (May, 1904) he was taken from the work of his life. It was not until 1920 that I was able to revisit the country and this time to make the voyage up-river to Lealui and beyond it; and thus to witness the transformations that have taken place in a country which only a generation ago was desolated by the slave trade and by tribal warfare.

Some who know the real Barotseland only too well may think that the pictures drawn are too bright and the shady side not enough emphasized. Here Livingstone's declared principle is applicable. "I shall not advert to their depravity.

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My practice has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never to allow my own mind to dwell on the dark side of men's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if *that* could awaken Christian sympathy."

In conclusion, I should like to express my gratitude to those members of the Administration from whom I received cordial hospitality and valuable information, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. G. Latham, and above all to the dear missionary friends who received me so warmly. Also to the Paramount Chief and various members of his family for the facilities accorded to my journey in their native land.

Sincere thanks are also due to the Rev. Louis Jalla, Rev. T. Burnier and others who have kindly lent photographs for reproduction in this book.

C. W. MACKINTOSH.

*February, 1922.*

## NOTE.

THE country of Barotseland (now a part of Northern Rhodesia) was first explored by Livingstone and described in his *Travels on the Upper Zambesi*. In 1858, in response to his urgent appeal, the London Missionary Society sent an expedition to evangelize the inhabitants, but on their arrival all its members but one died, it is believed from poison. From that time the country was closed to European adventure until in 1878 it was penetrated by Serpa Pinto from Portuguese West Africa, and the same year the expedition of the French Protestant Church in Basutoland, led by the Rev. François and Mme. Coillard, arrived from the South via Matabeleland. They obtained permission to establish a Mission there; and this was eventually founded first at Sesheke and then at Lealui in 1885, by the Coillards, the Rev. D. and Mme. Jeanmairet and Waddell, a Scotch cabinet-maker. The door had meanwhile been held open by Frederick Stanley Arnot, who afterwards passed on to the North and founded a work in the Va-Lovale country, which is referred to in this book.

It is noteworthy that Arnot, Waddell and Mme. Coillard were all Scotch, and all three born in Greenock.

Others joined M. Coillard, and from 1885 to 1896 the French missionaries and their families were practically the only residents in this region torn by tribal warfare and harassed by the slave trade. Of these pioneers the Jalla brothers are the only survivors in the field.

Traders and prospectors, however, constantly visited the country. The Paramount Chief Lewanika, who died in 1916, having spontaneously asked for British Protection, made a treaty with the British South Africa Company in 1890; and in 1896 the country was formally taken over and a British Resident appointed. Since then it has gone ahead fast. In 1904 the railway was completed to Victoria Falls, and the whole region has been thrown open to commerce. Barotseland, however, has always been treated as a native reserve; and the following pages show how in thirty-five years of peace the natives themselves have developed under Christian influence and a firm and benevolent Administration.

The *Société des Missions Evangeliques de Paris* (French Protestant Mission) was founded in 1822, just one hundred years ago. Its work in Basutoland is well known, and the present volume may perhaps be regarded as a tribute in commemoration of its centenary.

Further particulars will be gladly furnished by the Hon. Secretary to the London Auxiliary, 31 Denison House, London, S.W.1.

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Part I

**1903**



## Chapter I

## Cape Colony

ON April 8, 1903, the *Walmer Castle* left Southampton for the Cape. The first remark of the stewardess to me was, "This is a happy ship," and so it proved. Captain J. C. Robinson, the Commander, makes it enjoyable for every one. His is a unique personality—so earnest and devoted, and at the same time so delightfully human: full of amusing "yarns" and interesting talk on all sorts of unusual subjects and devoted to the little ones. Every morning before breakfast he has a Bible reading for passengers in his cabin; then psalms and prayers for the whole ship on deck; of course this is optional, but almost every one attends; after breakfast a Bible-class for the children, in his cabin, as on Sunday afternoon. Saturday evenings a prayer meeting at 8 p.m.; and once a week a meeting for the firemen and stokers; and on Sunday evenings an evangelistic service for everybody, crew, and all in the saloon, as well as what he calls a "sing-song," but which our clergyman, the Rev. Harpur-Smith, of the Missions to Seamen, announced as a "chorale" on the main-deck at 4.30 on Sunday afternoons: namely, singing of hymns with the harmonium, accompanied by himself on the flute. With all that, he never neglects a duty; and the testimony of one of the stewardesses to me was, "It's an influence that's felt from end to end of the ship. We have made seven voyages out and home since the *Walmer* was launched, and not a quarrel in the ship's company from first to last."

Captain Robinson's great preoccupation is to make people love and read the Word of God. He is also deeply interested in the Chosen People both theoretically and practically: and quite a number used to come to the Sunday Services.

One of the stories he told should be a good one to remember when one is trekking towards the Equator. He had heard it

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himself from his old acquaintance, Colonel Schermbrucker, a mercurial personage well known to all South Africans during the last century. I tell the tale as it was told to me, not vouching for anything but my own memory.

Colonel Schermbrucker, as a young man, was pursuing the career of a journalist at the Cape. Public life at that time was not as immaculate as—let us hope—it is now; and he conceived it his mission to show everybody up fearlessly. A great many people were thus pilloried and were naturally incensed. "The greater the truth, the bigger the libel"—this aphorism exactly fitted the situation he had created for himself; but the laws of libel being uncertain in their application, personal violence seemed a surer method of getting their own back, and at last things became too threatening even for his robust self-confidence. He determined to publish a last issue of his paper saying just what he thought about everybody in one glorious burst of perfect candour and then to disappear. Accordingly he made all preparations, sent his copy to the printer at nightfall, and slipped off, accompanied only by one native servant named Mike and such worldly goods as could be packed on a donkey.

Civilization in the 'forties and 'fifties barely extended beyond the shadow of Table Mountain, apart from the few great highways. The little party had to avoid these and trek largely by night, and before many days were over they had hopelessly lost their way. Daylight came; the sun grew fierce, food and water had failed, and Schermbrucker's heart failed too. Necessity had forced him to flee, but where could he flee? Wherever he went he would meet the same abuses and create the same enemies—would doubtless go on doing so to the end of his life. Was it worth while?

He decided it was not. So he told his driver to go on till he caught him up, as he was going to try and shoot some game, intending in reality to shoot himself. He sat down under a tree with his finger on his trigger watching the others out of sight. In the clear sunlight of the open scrub this took a long time, and, as if bemused, he followed their shadows, the bobbing of the donkey's long ears, the plodding of its little hoofs, and of the faithful Mike still going on beside it. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with the sense of his own conduct in thus

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forsaking them, he, their superior, whilst they were persevering in their duty so loyally and trustfully. "I gripped my gun," he said, "staggered to my feet, and made up my mind from that moment that *the jackass should be the first of us three to give in.*"

How did they find a way out? The story goes no further, but at any rate Colonel Schermbrucker survived—to play a long and notable part in the development of Cape Colony. "Is he still living?" I inquired.

"I saw him some months ago," was the reply (this was in 1903) "sitting on his own stoep. 'I'm getting an old man now,' he said, 'I'm over eighty: the apple is getting ripe, it's almost ready to drop from the tree.'

"Into the right basket, I hope."

"Yes, Robinson; no doubt that's the proper view to take. Into the right basket, I hope."

And probably even his erstwhile enemies would echo this.

To return to Cape Town. My uncle met me at the docks with Mr. J. D. Cartwright, whose guests we were for most of the time we spent in Cape Town, at his beautiful home, Beau Soleil, where many "strangers and pilgrims" have received the late Mrs. Cartwright's gracious hospitality.

A very important Science Congress was just being held and we attended the Mayor's reception at the Museum, given in honour of it on April 29.

Mr. Cartwright, who as a Member of the Legislative Assembly (one of five then returned by Cape Town) knows everybody, introduced us to Sir David Gill, the Astronomer Royal, who, however, knew M. Coillard already; to "Ons Jan," otherwise the famous Mr. Hofmeyr of the Bond; the Rev. Dr. Flint, the Parliamentary Librarian, who is a Wesleyan minister, a delightful man; Prof. Logeman, the champion of the Taal; and the Rev. Dr. Kolbe, a Roman Catholic dignitary, whose father was a missionary of the L.M.S., a friend of my uncle's, and a great authority on South African languages. His son inherits his talents. All were very cordial and all were very anxious to know how Dr. Reutter's mosquito-proof house was succeeding on the Zambesi, and were pleased to know that the experiment had justified itself and that it was fever-proof also. We must have been asked about it a dozen times or

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more during the evening. The subject has a pressing, practical interest, for, as Sir David Gill said in his opening address to the Congress, "Here people are dependent upon applied science for the very means of subsistence: food, water, transport and freedom from disease, as well as for developing the mining and agricultural resources of the country. There is a sword behind them, driving them on to wrest Nature's secrets from her."

*Saturday, May 2, 1903.* We started on a short tour to Stellenbosch, Worcester and Wellington. Worcester was reached on Saturday, May 9. It was market day; and the station was full of Kaffirs and coloured people from all the neighbourhood. Many of them were intoxicated, both men and women, but no one can be taken up here for drunkenness unless he is incapable and lying down. Some of these people are nominal Christians, and this law ties the hands of Ministers very much in maintaining church discipline, so we were told by the pastor, who took us one day to visit the native location. One street, orderly and pretty on other days, is known as Canteen Street, nearly every house having a Saturday licence to sell drink. The high fee is no deterrent. In some portions of the Cape Colony as here, where missions have so long been at work, the "Christian" natives are separated by a whole generation, often by two, from those who first forsook heathenism. To call oneself a Christian is a social distinction. The romance of missions is over. The problem confronting the pastor is now the same as that confronting our city missionaries—how to build up a Christian church from a degenerate indifferent population given up to idleness and the lowest self-indulgence. "Patient continuance in well-doing" is the only thing that will accomplish this, but legislation might do *something* to check the appalling drunkenness one sees amongst them.

At Worcester, I stayed with Mrs. Murray, widow of the former pastor, who lives here with her daughters. Her son-in-law, the pastor, Mr. de Villiers, received M. Coillard. I was shown the portrait of the mother of all the Murrays, a beautiful old lady. On Sunday evening we sang the hymn, "O God of Bethel." It is sung every Sunday evening, I am

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told, at family prayers in every branch of the Murray family since its foundation.

“God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race.”

As the influence of Dr. Andrew Murray has found its expression in a whole establishment of Christian colleges, so his brother inspired the foundation of schools at Worcester for the deaf and dumb and the blind. (The only other one for deaf-mutes in the Colony is the Roman Catholic.) We visited these schools: they include about eighty-four pupils from every part of South Africa: English children as well as Dutch are received and are taught in their own language. The results as to lip-reading, trades and self-support seem quite equal to those in European institutions.

The great feature of Worcester, however, is the new Mission College—a direct outcome of the war. Earnest Christian pastors worked among the Boer prisoners in Bermuda, Ceylon, St. Helena and elsewhere. The result was a wonderful ingathering of souls. Out of one commando in Bermuda, numbering 800 men, every individual professed conversion with the exception of ten, and 180 felt themselves definitely called to mission work. The need of training was laid before the Dutch churches of South Africa, and in a very short time £10,000 was subscribed (£6,000 in six weeks—I have seen the lists), to purchase a farm which was for sale at Worcester. This is a famous place called the Drostdy, a large beautiful house, built some eighty years ago by the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, as a hunting-lodge.

On entering the College they were called upon to give the reasons which had led them to their decision, and some of these testimonies are very striking: e.g., “I was lying desperately wounded, and as I thought mortally. I said to myself, ‘Never mind; I don’t care a bit; I have given my life for my country.’ Then the thought flashed into my mind, ‘I have given my life for my country, but what have I done for God? Nothing!’ And I promised then and there if He spared me, as I had given my first life for my country, so I would give my second life to His Service wherever He might call me; and now He has called me to the Mission field.”

Another said: “I was under heavy fire, and the thought

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came, ' If I am killed, how shall I meet God? I am not prepared, what shall I do? ' A voice seemed to speak in my ear : ' My son, give Me thy heart ' ; and I did so then and there."

Uncle Frank addressed them and asked for volunteers for the Zambesi and two came forward, Mr. Kliengbiel and Mr. Brummer, who both come from the O.F.S., and so know the native language already (a dialect of Sesuto).

*June 3.* We left Cape Town for the interior, rising early in the dark, for this is midwinter. Our train left at 10.15 a.m., and we had to be at Cape Town Station from Wynberg an hour before that, if we would register our boxes. As it was, by a porter's mistake, it was all left behind except our hand baggage and my small cabin trunk. [And, owing to our constant travelling, only once again did we find ourselves under the same roof with our trunks before we got to Bulawayo on August 15, and as the changes of climate were so numerous and rapid, this was often very inconvenient ; but it is no use going to Africa without a large stock of patience and even resignation.]

Rain was falling heavily. My most pessimistic anticipations had never foreseen the possibility of having to walk to the station with our baggage, in the rain. Not a cabman will stir out in bad weather. The drivers, by the way, are nearly all Jews. Our luggage was trundled in wheelbarrows to Wynberg Station. When it rains here, the streets are transformed into rushing streams, and the dripping condition in which we reached the station was a very poor preparation for a journey of thirty-six hours. The torrents penetrated ventilators and windows, flooded the corridors, and obscured all the scenery. Once past the beautiful Hex River Pass, just beyond Worcester, we entered the great rainless plateau of the Karroo. [Nor did I see another drop of rain till I returned to Wynberg four months later.]

Here it was bitterly cold. We needed all our rugs, though the carriages were warmed. My uncle's little Zambesi boy, Ima-Kombiri, had to sleep on a shelf in the luggage compartment, where he was half-frozen. Even this was an act of grace, for, there being no third-class carriage, a native was not supposed to travel in the train at all, unless first-class fare



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was paid for him. These regulations must often, one would think, inconvenience the many people who have native servants.

*June 4.* The wide Karroo, flat as the floor, and bare but for scanty scrub, expands around us: all yellow and blue, yellow earth, blue sky. The country is inconceivably barren, yet sheep flourish here. However, it is worse than usual just now, because of the long drought. We reached De Aar, a vast agglomeration of houses, or rather shells of corrugated iron, apparently dropped from the skies; railway lines radiating in every direction. You cannot conceive as you pass these desolate places why anybody, or *how* anybody, can live near them. No water, no grass, nothing but red or yellow sand, where a little grey bush grows very sparingly in the best places. All looks so raw and unfinished. You would think that the universal deluge had subsided the day before yesterday, and that till then it had covered the very tops of the fringing hills.

This distance, which we are making in thirty-six hours, took Uncle Frank *nearly six months* in 1858, by waggon from Cape Town, on his way to Basutoland. There was no tinned meat or condensed milk in those days: they had to live on "hard tack" (sweetened) and what game they could shoot, if (much more difficult) they could find fuel with which to cook it. I begin to think that the man who invented the canning industry has done as much for human progress as the inventor of the steam engine or the electric telegraph. Certainly Africa ought to erect him a statue.

We cross the broad beautiful Orange River, by the new bridge, into the Orange River Colony at Norval's Pont. Norval, it seems, is the name of a French family who had a farm here; the only habitation in 1858. We recall "My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, etc.": the opening lines are much more appropriate to this region and the native wars than to Scotland. The character of the country changes completely: it is green and undulating, and covered with flocks.

At 10.45 p.m. we reached Bloemfontein. - We decided to go to an hotel as it was so late. No porters, but some good friends of the Y.M.C.A. helped with our baggage, loaded it on the solitary cart the station afforded, and directed us to

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the only good hotel. Unfortunately, the driver, a raw native, who had only been in Bloemfontein a fortnight, could not find it, and he must have driven us nearly all round the town before we reached it, only to find it full, and likewise the next we applied to. All seemed so innocent and peaceful, I was beginning to contemplate with perfect equanimity the prospect of spending the rest of the night driving about in the moonlight when one place opened its doors to us. They lodged me very comfortably, but not so M. Coillard, who had another benighted wayfarer thrust in to share his room (an outhouse in the backyard) at 3 a.m. In the morning they had no water to wash with, and had to fetch it themselves in a temperature several degrees below freezing; 12s. 6d. each was charged for this wretched accommodation. Unknown to us, our poor Zambesi boy was made to sleep on the open verandah; he began to ask wistfully when Uncle Frank was going to take him back to his own warm country. In South Africa the few first-class hotels are always overcrowded; the others are very third-rate indeed.

*July 5.* The hoar-frost lay thick on the ground till 10 a.m., after which the sun waxed so hot one scarcely knew how to bear it. We breakfasted in a coffee-room, full of young men in riding-suits. Everything was dirty, including the Hindoo waiters. Yet such is the exhilaration of the air, the sooty coffee and sodden chops tasted like nectar and ambrosia. However, I began to be anxious about my uncle, whose bronchitis had been seriously aggravated by the experiences of the night.

We received the warmest possible welcome from our hosts, the Rev. and Mrs. Kriel of the Dutch Reformed Church, who had been expecting us the previous evening. They are devoted Christians and pre-eminently peacemakers. Mrs. Kriel took us to call upon several Dutch friends interested in missions.

Bloemfontein is a lovely place: the brilliancy of light I have never seen equalled. It lies out on the open plain against a low hill, like a maiden with her head on a pillow—asleep; one would have said till lately, but the sleeping beauty is waking up very fast since the war!

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We had to be up early again next day to start for Basutoland. We don't understand practising hospitality in England as they do in Africa. Here, your hosts rise at 6 a.m. and prepare and bring you breakfast. Very few people have servants sleeping in the house: they come at 8 and leave at 2 p.m. as a rule. It was market day, the streets full of cattle, just arriving.

A branch railway runs out to Thaba N'Chu, half-way to the frontier. Ima-Kombiri was soon in his element in a railway carriage full of natives, all speaking Sesuto and making much of him. Hitherto all the blacks he has seen spoke Dutch or Zulu. Half-an-hour's halt at the Water-Works station. Two British tombstones; nothing else to relieve the monotonous waste. Just beyond is the scene of the Sanna's Post disaster.

## Chapter II

### Basutoland and the Orange Free State

**F**ROM the Water-Works station onwards, the skyline is broken by low shelving hills, purple against the horizon. This is a land of many watercourses, though all seem dry just now. Uncle Frank says: "If this soil could speak, what tales it could tell!" Yes indeed! Kaffir wars without number; Boer and British conflicts, too. No wonder it is fertile. This is the country of the Baralong tribe. In Thaba N'Chu alone there was till lately a great native village of 10,000 souls. After endless conflicts with the Free Staters, they were granted a lease of the territory for twenty-five years. This expired two or three years ago; and the tribe is all dispersed, the remnant having retired to a very small location elsewhere. Now a European town is springing up on the flat plain, in the shadow of the great kopje, at a distance of two miles from the station.

We got a Cape cart to convey us and our belongings to the village. On the way we saw another approaching us, drawn by four beautiful horses, curvetting like those in the Elgin marbles. It had been sent by our hosts to meet us and bring us to Leeuw River. It was delightful to sit behind such a team, but the roads are so rough and rocky, we were thrown about like balls, and had to wedge ourselves in with bundles. Our way lay through the theatre of De Wet's exploits. You would not have thought he could "escape" so easily and often. The whole country seems to lie open like a book; no forests or deep gorges; only wide flat plains and occasional kopjes, where you would imagine not a rabbit could move without being seen by anyone posted on a height. An occasional dismantled block-house, or a skeleton horse wrapped in its wrinkled hide, formed the only relics of the war.

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Between four and five o'clock we halted on the top of a plateau. Before us lay the whole of Basutoland; in the foreground a brown level plain intersected by the windings of the Caledon River, and smaller torrents (now dry): and dotted with "table-topped and coronetted kopjes," as one writer calls them. The formation is exactly that of Rusthall Common, Tunbridge Wells, on a large scale, or of the Saxon Switzerland. Beyond this, lies "the Switzerland of South Africa," the sharp-pointed Malouti or Drakensberg Mountains, purple and snow-crowned, against the rosy horizon, a totally different formation. The South African horizon is always pinkish, from the clouds of red dust. The prospect is unique. Not a tree meets the eye: but the rich tones of brown, grey, red and yellow, in every shade, are warm and beautiful. All looked so peaceful; the stillness was almost overpowering under the winter sun. Yet, till twelve months ago, warfare has been almost incessant all over these regions, as far back as tradition tells.

[The purpose of M. Coillard's visit to Basutoland (a purpose to a great extent achieved) was to rekindle the interest of the Christian Basutos in the Missionary enterprise at the Zambesi, which as many people know, was due in the first place to their own initiative. The Basuto Church (the French Protestant, which they call the *Fora*) in 1876 had subscribed a large amount of money to fit out an expedition led by some of their own evangelists under the escort of a European missionary to carry the Gospel to some of the tribes they had raided in their heathen days, and in a providential way the expedition was led to Barotseland, which a Basuto conqueror, Sebituane, had subdued some forty years earlier, imposing his own language upon the inhabitants, so that these pioneers were able from the first to preach and teach.

I very much regret that it is not possible here to include the account of this delightful sojourn of some weeks in the Switzerland of South Africa, the scene for twenty years of my uncle and aunt's first labours. I must hasten on to the New Zambesi Trail which gives its title to this book.]

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We visited the stations of Morija, Thaba Bossiou, Berea, Cana and Leribé. At Berea we had the solemn joy of seeing seventy baptized on one Sunday morning, of whom sixty were trophies from heathenism. At Leribé nearly a thousand assembled to hear their old missionary preach, and four hundred and seven took part in the Lord's Supper. At Maseru, both going and coming, we were most kindly received by the Resident Commissioner Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Sloley in his own home, which he opened to all the missionaries.

We saw the Native Parliament sitting, nominated by the Resident Commissioner and the Paramount Chief in concert ; and we visited the chief himself, Lerothodi, very sad, sick and broken in spirit, grateful for sympathy in the recent loss of his son. He has owned that the great mistake of his life was when he turned his back on Christianity, but he fears his time for embracing it has gone by.

From Maseru, we passed through Bloemfontein once more, and thence into the Transvaal to Johannesburg. The Barotse natives were beginning to be drafted by the Labour Bureaux in considerable numbers to work in the Rand mines and M. Coillard wished to visit these and see how they were faring.

## Chapter III

### Johannesburg, Pretoria and Kimberley

**A**T Johannesburg a Labour Commission was sitting to confer about recruiting for the mines and native education. Uncle Frank was invited to be present both on Saturday and Monday. It was supposed to be informal and non-political, but turned out to be more of both than he expected.

Nothing is more difficult than to separate politics from mission work in the present condition of things, for the native is so much a child that everything which affects his material life is apt to affect his moral and spiritual welfare too: as e.g. hours of work, opportunities of hearing the Gospel; the influence of his surroundings, facilities or the reverse for drinking and gambling, Sunday rest, etc. All these matters are regulated by law, and missionaries and evangelists are often called upon for counsel and opinions. Thus they are drawn into political matters when they would rather keep out of them.

One evening Uncle Frank addressed a public meeting with magic lantern at the Presbyterian Church. At the Christian Endeavour meeting, after the address, a young man stood up and said he had lived in British Central Africa, and was then very much opposed to mission work—"all young men are," he remarked incidentally, "especially out there." Returning to Natal, he found the Christian Endeavour Society to which he belonged was going to make a contribution for mission work, and he opposed the motion so strongly that it was dropped. Later on, however, he added, he found reason to change his views completely; and himself started a collection for the purpose, "and it was a much bigger one than the other would have been," he concluded naïvely.

## The New Zambesi Trail

Another day M. Coillard had an appointment with Lord Milner, in connexion with the question of the Anglo-Portuguese Boundary of Barotseland.

His Excellency has a most genial, and at the same time, inspiring personality. He makes one feel as if he was everybody's elder brother. We also saw one of his lieutenants, Mr. John Buchan, who seemed to know and appreciate the Trans-Zambesi hunting-grounds.

Johannesburg at first appears to be all rusty corrugated iron, red gum-trees, and red dust ; but when you view it from the Hospital Hill, it is beautiful. At your feet lies a long narrow park, as it seems, stretching lengthwise to right and left as far as the eye can see, the dwelling-houses of red brick or sandstone nestling along the verdure ; beyond it, the Rand with its low quartz reefs sparkling in the sun, and its white sandy wastes, the head gear and tall chimneys of the mine shafts looming mysteriously through the opalescent haze that always envelops them. Above, the exquisite cloudless sky.

Fifteen years ago it was a camp. We were shown a piece of ground which was sold at that time for £25 ; then for £50 ; offered to the friend who related this for £2,000. He did not want it ; the man who bought it sold it after the war for £25,000, and to-day (1903) it is worth £50,000. This makes it difficult and costly to set up institutions, such as the Y.W.C.A., in the central positions where alone they can fulfil their objects. It is such a million pities the sites have not been secured earlier. A new Y.M.C.A. is to be built at a cost of £100,000 ; this has nearly all been secured in Johannesburg itself—that shows its value is appreciated by men of business. No place could need it more. Every man seems young : scarcely one over forty-five, most under thirty-five. People turn round and stare at M. Coillard with his blue cloak and his white beard, it is a phenomenon in the streets.

Just lately, we were told, the authorities in the exercise of their full powers have been making a clean sweep of various commercialized iniquities, hitherto winked at. Naturally some forms of evil cannot be expelled with a pitchfork : they recur in different disguises, but at any rate, they are no



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longer to be tolerated ; they exist at their own peril. The Y.M.C.A. has done a great deal to arouse the public opinion which has strengthened the hands of the executive ; organized by Mr. Gordon Sprigg, the secretary, a personal house-to-house canvass was made of all the leading citizens with the best results. A gentleman who was in a position to know, both as a business man and a Christian, told us that he did not know of any town in Europe or South Africa (though his experience is wide) where there was a healthier tone than just now in Johannesburg, or a more earnest desire on the part of influential men for civic righteousness.

The same friend told us an interesting story of a native teacher. The authorities at the mine compounds often provide a school and schoolmaster for those of their native miners who wish to learn, and they had sent for one to a well-known institution. But the miners would have none of him. They despised his culture or presumably his superiority annoyed them. Anyhow, he was unable to obtain the slightest influence over them, so he resigned in disgust. They then applied to Moriija for a product of the French Protestant Mission there. Same result. But the Basuto would not give up. He cast about for some means of acquiring an influence over the raw natives, and decided to work side by side with them in the mines. The success of this plan was complete. They respected him, and his school soon filled.

### ON THE RAND.

Sunday was spent in the compounds. In the morning, Mr. E. Mabile, who is the welfare officer for the Basutos working here, took M. Coillard to the Municipality compound, the one he has charge of. They had some very good services there, returning late to lunch. In the afternoon, I accompanied them to the Jubilee Mine, which is close to the town, and where the Barotse are. Unfortunately, it took us a good while to walk, and by the time we got there, most of them had gone off for their Sunday recreations. However, about eighteen came together and soon others joined us ; in the end, there was a big crowd, including white people, and a brass band of the Basutos from the Municipality Mine playing the

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hymns. This band was organized by a Morija man working in the mines. He bought the instruments with his own money, which is a touching fact greatly to his credit, but, I regret to say, they were *very* second-hand, and the really commendable playing of the performers could not overcome the defects of the wheezy cornets and cracked fifes. Still the congregation was not hypercritical.

The poor Barotse miners were intensely grateful for our visit. Till then no friend had been near them, but now Mr. E. Mabile is going to take them also under his wing, though he already has his hands full with the Basutos. The compound was indescribably wretched and tumble-down and dirty. The inspectors had already condemned it before the war, but no steps were taken to enforce alterations. Now, however, a fine new enclosure has been built on the other side of the road, and they will be moved into it as soon as it is ready for their reception.

They all seemed very depressed, there is such mortality among them; all were wondering, they said, whose turn would be next. Some looked very well, but others had bad coughs and painful ulcers.

We went on to the City and Suburban, the next "claim," where there is a chapel, the field of evangelization of our recent host, Mr. Baker. He was the first to establish Missions (which he personally conducts) on the Rand and his is the only hall they have besides one built by the Wesleyans.

[One is sorry to learn that the Compounds Mission, as such, has ceased to exist, but the P.M.S. has just appointed a missionary to care for the 20,000 Basutos working in the mines.] [Note, 1922.]

There was no one about, the services all being over and the "boys" out. The shaft is entered by a staircase on a very gentle slope, so I walked down it a long way, guided by the electric lamps at intervals, and feeling very much like Alice in Wonderland. At last, when the sky looked quite dark at the head of the steps, I saw a little ladder leading to the first gallery, a black sulphurous hole into which I put my head but withdrew it half-suffocated. Imagine the atmosphere of Gower Street on the worst possible foggy day raised to the

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*N<sup>th</sup>* power, and you have it. The mortality is very great. Presumably the survivors get used to it.

Both the households we have stayed in at Johannesburg, and one (a Jewish one) where I visited, have Christian natives for servants. The verdict in all three is, "We have had the same for years, and would not part with them for anything." My Jewish acquaintance said, "Many friends of mine also have Christian servants, and though it is often inconvenient that they want to go out to their schools and services in the evening, they are so conscientious in overtaking the work when they come home, and in other respects, that they would *rather* have them, they say, than the non-mission natives."

These testimonies must be set over against the usual complaints lodged against the "Mission-Kaffir."

### PRETORIA.

There is a large leper colony at Pretoria, two or three hundred, including about fifty white people, strange to say nearly all women, poor whites. There are two Frenchmen. M. Creux, a Swiss missionary, visits this establishment (a sort of village, where they enjoy practical freedom) a great deal: the people are well looked after by the doctor and some devoted nurses, both Dutch and English. A certain proportion of the natives among them are Christianized; as well as the whites: but these latter belong mostly to a very low class, and both they and the natives are excessively ignorant and superstitious.

Lately an odd state of things arose among them in consequence. The leader among the black "Christian" lepers was a veritable Simon Magus, a witch-doctor, who had professed Christianity in order to bolster up his own influence. He made much money by his charms, and persuaded even the white people that his medicines were much better than the European treatment. He also told them that the white man's remedies were made from corpses, and were intended to cause their death, but *he* had a more potent medicine, and could compass anybody's death—among others, he was going to kill the doctor. When this was all found out, the witch-doctor was

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arrested and shut up out of harm's way. The lepers, black and white alike, were furious.

Just on top of that, a disciple of Dr. Dowie came among them, denouncing doctors and preaching "Divine Healing" without medicine or surgery. This produced a perfect anarchy. All the patients, white and black, refused physic, would not allow their ulcers to be dressed, and even attempted personal violence towards doctor and nurses. The doctor, being accidentally brought into contact with M. Creux just at this time, begged him to come and use his influence to restore them to reason. Thus he got a footing there. Poor people: how easily one can understand their desire for "Divine Healing."

*July 28.* On Tuesday afternoon, our hostess, Mrs. Bourke, drove us out round the town, which is small, but very pretty, with a calm aristocratic air. We saw the Arcadia Bridge over the stream which Uncle Frank and Aunt Christina had to trek across in a thunderstorm in 1885, late at night and the oxen stuck. It was their depressing departure for the Unknown Valley. Now there is a splendid metalled road, and a bridge with four lions on it. A good deal of water has flowed under it since those days.

The Swiss Mission Station is a large one. Like other stations it is a combination of a farm, and of what in mediæval days was called a "religious foundation," school and church. The latter building is much too small for the requirements. In the evening there was a large Missionary Meeting at the Hartley Hall, belonging to the Wesleyans. It proved very successful. Dutch and English were present in about equal numbers.

The last time Uncle Frank addressed a missionary meeting in Pretoria, it was in 1885, on the eve of his departure to settle at the Zambesi. General Joubert presided on that occasion. The time before, on his return from the First Expedition to the Zambesi, the Rev. Mr. Bosman opened his house and church to him: and to-night, Mrs. Bosman was there, very kind and cordial. Her husband was away. Mr. Bourke (afterwards Mayor of Pretoria) was our chairman on this occasion, a most efficient and genial one.

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*July 29.* A duty call at the Government Building upon His Excellency, Sir Arthur Lawley, who had shown much hospitality to Uncle Frank at Bulawayo, and who received us very cordially.

*July 30.* We left Pretoria for Bloemfontein, breaking the journey at Johannesburg, where Uncle Frank had to see the Administrator of Barotseland at the Government Offices, with reference to the Boundary Commission. The King of Italy has consented to act as arbitrator in settling the frontier between the British and Portuguese Protectorate, and the latter Government has consented to accept the *status quo ante* 1890, when a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon. It is important to know exactly what were the limits of Lewanika's dominions at that time, and very few people are in a position to give evidence on the subject.

### BLOEMFONTEIN.

After a wretched night in the train which was not warmed, and in which consequently one could not sleep for the cold on the veld, we reached Bloemfontein again at midday on Friday, July 31. This time we were entertained at the house of the Rev. Mr. Scott, a Wesleyan minister, and a very old and dear friend of the Coillards.

*Sunday, August 1.* The Wesleyan Church was nearly full: three-fifths of the congregation being young men, mostly soldiers. There seems to be an affinity between Wesleyanism and the Army. At the afternoon Sunday School, a sergeant in khaki was giving out the hymn books and taking the register, with a beaming face. In the evening Uncle Frank preached at the Dutch Reformed Church, Mr. Kriel interpreting. The service was very impressive, as it always seems to be in the Dutch Church. At the close, one of our young Dutchmen, Mr. Brummer (just arrived here on his way to the Zambesi as lay helper), spoke a few words. With perfect simplicity and self-possession, he told how he had been brought to God in the camp at Ahmednagar, and instantly felt he must devote his whole life to His service. He wound up by saying, "We

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often hear Christ knocking at our hearts, and we say 'Come in, Lord,' but we have taken care to leave a stone behind the door so that it won't open to Him. Let us each take that stone away."

### KIMBERLEY COMPOUNDS.

*August 11.* Our boy has returned: we had lost him since Wednesday evening, the 5th instant, when we arrived here to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Denoon Duncan, who have been most good to us. The native carriage was slipped at Springfontein station, before we had to change at 7 p.m., and he was actually carried south as far as the seacoast. We found it out at once, and sent urgent telegrams, besides leaving money, and he ought to have been sent on next day, but it seems the station-master here neglected to forward the message. It was not until Uncle Frank dispatched a telegram himself that there was any result. Every one seems to have been very kind to him as far as food and shelter were concerned. Uncle Frank has been unable to sleep or eat from anxiety, whereas Ima-Kombiri says he never worried for a minute. "I knew my 'father' would find me," he said.

A Basuto boy took him to the telegraph office at Naauwpoort, and helped him to send a telegram to Kimberley, translating it into English. But the clerk said he must pay a shilling a word. The Basuto boy said, "No, it is only a shilling for twelve words." No wonder these people don't like educated natives.

On Sunday, though we got into two of the compounds on Sunday afternoon, the most important, the De Beers, was closed to visitors. The gate-keeper said he was very sorry—had often heard of M. Coillard—would have made an exception for him if possible, but his orders were that if the manager himself came with a visitor, he was not to be admitted.

As he talked to us, we looked through the door—a native dance was in progress—the usual Sunday diversion.

Uncle Frank told me that when Aunt C. had been only a few weeks married, he took her to visit a great chief, who was holding his court. Seeing so many people, she innocently exclaimed, "How I should like to see them dance!" Instantly the chief gave the signal, and the whole assembly burst into

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corybantics. The Christian natives who had accompanied them were in consternation, "What has the Missisi done!" they kept saying.

The dance over, he said to these Christians: "Tell me, is there really anything wrong in that?"

They replied: "The whole thing reeks of heathenism: when we see and hear it, we are transported back to the old bad days, even when there is nothing definitely evil in it."

All the same, it would have interested me to witness a dance, and I was sorry we had to hurry away from the first compound we visited without seeing one which was going on. After being shown the hospital, very clean and almost *too* comfortable, considering what natives are used to at home, we went into the church provided by the authorities, and a service was held, interpreted in Zulu by a native present. The place was full, but it had taken a good deal of persuasion to get them in, although a great many were Christians. The fact is, Sunday is their holiday when they mend and wash, dance and otherwise amuse themselves. The whole place, over an acre in extent, is roofed with wire and fenced with high walls against which the houses are built, simply weather-proof sheds with tiers of bunks inside. Just in front of each door, each "mess" does its cooking on wood fires lit within small square or circular ashpits, made on purpose. One cooks the mealie porridge, while the others sit round playing cards, reading, sewing, some writing, others singing a chorus; more usually talking or lounging silently. A good many were asleep.

Uncle Frank, with the Methodist missionary, the Rev. Mr. Dent, lately arrived, walked all round, chatting with those whose tongue he knew and persuading them to come to church. Methods, doubtless, have something to do with it, but it is certain he has a wonderful and incommunicable influence over natives; he seems to understand them, and when he speaks, they comply instinctively.

There were very few Basutos here, and hardly any Barotse, so we were sorry that at the De Beers compound we could not get in, for most of the Barotse are there. We looked down the open shaft. A hot stifling vapour rose from it as from a Turkish bath. The change of temperature on coming to the surface must be very trying.

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We were successful in obtaining admission to the third—a small one. I forget its name. It was really so pretty and cosy and cheerful, one's first thought was that these miners were extraordinarily fortunate in their surroundings. There were trees and flower-beds round a large bathing tank in the middle, and a peacock strutting about. Crowds of Barotse gathered round us, the rawest of raw material. They were overjoyed to see Uncle Frank, whose meetings, however, they had never patronized at home. They listened and sang most eagerly during the short service, after he had chatted with them, and found out where they came from, how long they had been there, and so on. He is just like a father with them. Before leaving, he said, "Now, when you return to Barotseland, you must come and see me there."

"Oh," they said, "if we ever get home, but we die—we die—some of us are dead to-day, and many are in the hospital."

It is pneumonia that carries them off. We spoke to the gate-keeper about this, and he replied, "Yes, a great many have died. They were starving when they came and could not resist the changes of climate and temperature, besides the hard unaccustomed work."

"But were they not brought by train?"

"Yes, they were, but they were starving all the same."

The labour agency seems to break down somewhere: however, they are certainly well cared for in the compounds. The mortality here, though far higher than the De Beers Co. say they could wish, viz. : 29·97 per 1,000 in the month of July, is much lower than in Johannesburg, where it was 106·70 per 1,000 in the same month: more than ten per cent. [*Note*, 1922. It is only right to say here that the recruiting of labour north of the Zambesi is now most carefully safeguarded and is carried out in a very different manner. It was reorganized about two years after the conclusion of the Boer War.]

Kimberley is an ugly place which seems to have reached a precocious and stunted maturity some years ago. It has not Johannesburg's incompleteness nor yet its promise. Everything is a dull whitey grey. There is no rain, not a blade of grass seems to grow, and the surrounding country is a dead level.

We could have no meeting at the Y.M.C.A. here, as M.



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Coillard had hoped, for it was just then in a moribund condition and had almost decided to close its doors. But we have since heard that, thanks to the faith and energy of a few, and especially of Mr. Oliver, C.M.G., it is taking a new lease of life. In South Africa one realizes far more even than in England the need and value of this great society. It is a land of young men mostly without home ties.

*August 13, 1903.* We bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, whose kind hospitality we had enjoyed so much longer than we expected, owing to Ima-Kombiri's disappearance: and started for Rhodesia.

## Chapter IV

## The Road to the North

THE journey to Bulawayo is tedious in the extreme. Two days and two nights of scrub—prettier than the Karroo, I must say, but very monotonous, quite flat, grassy and scantily wooded. At Lobatsi, however, where the old waggon road branches off to the Rand, there are hills on either side. A few wayside huts are scattered here and there. The dust, in fearful volume, increases steadily towards night, as we approach the deserts of Bechuanaland. No food is served in the train after Kimberley (except in the *train de luxe*); very fair meals are obtainable at intervals along the route, but they take such a long time serving them that the train goes off before you have done.

Railway travelling tries Uncle Frank very much; he has had too little of it in his life. I must say he has enough cares to make a much younger head dizzy. We have been trying to bring to the Zambesi:—

- (1) Two young Dutchmen, lay helpers.
- (2) One Englishman, do.
- (3) Ima-Kombiri.
- (4) Another Zambesian, Abraham from Morija, Lewanika's nephew.
- (5) Two Collie Dogs, a present.
- (6) A Schoolmaster from Wellington.
- (7) Various items of luggage for various people, including such trifles as a house, a tent, a waggon, not to mention furniture and bales of goods.

The endless correspondence about these persons and things who were to meet us at various junctions, and who were always getting lost or delayed and missing the connexions (or at any rate, missing the post, which for all practical purposes was

## The Road to the North

just as bad), has destroyed much of the enjoyment, and also much of the benefit of the journey to M. Coillard.

The house is finally decided against, but that is just as well, for it could not go up to Lealui without the waggon, which was ordered from America two years ago. The letter of advice went astray : in response to inquiries, the makers replied some months ago that it had been consigned to a certain firm, their agents in South Africa, *but they omitted to mention their address, even the name of the town !* It is rather a costly thing to mislay, and very inconvenient to be without, as the waggons originally brought by the missionaries are nearly reduced to matchwood—quite useless for long journeys ; and now that all the traffic goes through the Victoria Falls, due north to the Copper Mines, the Barotse Valley is no longer on the main trade route, so that merchants' waggons are seldom available for transport.

Ima-Kombiri, it is true, was restored to us, but at nearly every station he risks getting left behind again, as the natives are not fed till our meals are over, and then it is time for the train to start. As for Abraham, he vanished from Bloemfontein where we had left him while we were at Johannesburg. The puppies, after endless adventures, have been stopped at the Rhodesian frontier, on account of a quarantine against rabies which has already lasted two years : we have not even seen them. The other Dutch helper we hope will find his way to Bulawayo, and also the English engineer ; as for the school-master, I am afraid we must abandon the hope of getting him. Of the tent, furniture and other heavy baggage we hear nothing. In short, of all our impedimenta, we have only a few boxes, Ima-Kombiri and Mr. Brummer. It reminds one of the march of the famous Phairshon :—

Of his fighting tail  
Just three were remaining.

It is no joke in reality, but Africa needs patience, and breeds it !

In this train are only two ladies besides myself ; a number of young officers, and some rather rough-looking " Rhodesians." The genuine Rhodesian, of whatever origin, lives in his shirt-sleeves, with a turn-down collar unbuttoned, untidy hair, and

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a pipe stuck in his waistbelt, from which a couple of buckles hang empty on either side waiting for a revolver-case and a hunting-knife. For full dress, he buttons his collar, brushes his boots, wears a necktie and shaves.

Bulawayo at last ! It lies on the top of a hill, 1,360 miles from Cape Town, as the last mile-post informs the passengers. The train approaches it up a steep curving gradient of several miles. We arrived late on Friday afternoon. We had had no supper the previous night : had no breakfast, nor even coffee, till 10 a.m., and then we did not have time to finish, as the train moved on while Ima-Kombiri's breakfast was being administered, and we had to scramble on as best we could. After that, no more halts and hence no more food : the moral of which is that if you do not travel by the *train de luxe*, you should, by no means, depend exclusively on what you may get by the wayside.

Bulawayo Station is large, and will be imposing when it is built. At present it looks only like a collection of packing cases. It is very noisy : hotel touts in large numbers, and all shouting, police sergeants, Jews, officers in khaki, shooting parties, miners, commercial travellers, custom-house officials, porters, Malays, native constabulary, half-clad urchins, little girls with babies on their backs ; small children under your feet, and the ordinary inhabitants, black and white, masculine and feminine, all tumbling over one another, and their baggage and bicycles. There are nice little victorias with a pair of horses to drive you anywhere : 12s. 6d. to convey us and our hand packages to a hotel seven minutes away !

On Saturday afternoon we explored the streets. The climate seemed to me exquisite ; sunny, warm, breezy and most exhilarating. But the town has been started on a scale which I should think it would take half a century to grow up to. The shops are beautiful, with plate-glass windows, and everything the best and most expensive of its kind. The public buildings and more important offices all in the same style of architecture, red-brick and freestone like the Albert Hall, Italian Manner—some are red sandstone : all harmonizing with the red roads under foot. Here and there a few yards are paved in front of the fine houses ; but these latter are widely dispersed instead

## The Road to the North

of all being impressively grouped together. It is quite a tiring walk, say from the Post Office to the Market Hall. In between are simply blank spaces or ramshackle iron sheds ; dusty roads and side walks ankle deep in sand, with stretches of broken quartz cutting one's shoes to pieces : every few paces one trips over brickbats, bottle cases and barbed wire. A mile beyond Bulawayo lies the suburb, bungalows dropped into the scrub : very pretty, both near and from a distance. The only way to reach it is to take a hack victoria, minimum fare 10s. there and back. No omnibuses or trams. Most people keep bicycles or very minute traps, and are very generous in lending the latter to visitors.

Looking round the vast uncultivated country, you would wonder what Bulawayo existed for at all. It consists of the offices of mining companies, traders and transport riders, doing business with the interior farms and mines. Bulawayo is the junction of the Cape to Cairo extension, which has nearly reached Victoria Falls, and quantities of material are being carried up even now. On the whole, however, things are very quiet, not to say depressing. We were told that 150 families had lately left, and 200 houses were standing empty.

On Saturday we went to a big football match. It was curious to see it being played in the broiling sun, ladies in diaphanous costumes, holding up white parasols.

" Yes, the football season is just over, this is the last match of the season," said a conspicuous member of the winning Matabeleland team, who was casually introduced to us.

" Then you will be playing cricket, I suppose."

" Well, not in the matches. I don't play in the local eleven ! "

" Why not ? "

" Because I can't, you see " (colouring hotly), " because they always finish the matches on Sunday."

Another said the same thing to us another day, though he had captained his eleven at the Cape. It takes a good deal of courage, as well as self-denial, for a young man to stand out in this way, when the clergyman said from the pulpit that he wouldn't say anything to them for playing cricket on Sunday afternoons, if only they would come to church in the mornings (so at least we were told).

## The New Zambesi Trail

Once the English were the guardians of the Lord's Day ; but here in South Africa it is the opposite.

On Tuesday a friend, Mrs. Philip, drove me out to Government House, which stands exactly on the spot formerly occupied by Lobengula's Kraal, where the Coillards' first expedition was held captive for four months. Lobengula was afraid to let them out of his sight, as their lives were not safe at the hands of his people, if he were not there to protect them. He was himself a nomad, and lived in his waggon. Whenever he wanted to move, he never gave them notice till the last moment, but would send one of his indunas to say " The Chief is just starting: you must inspan at once." Thus on New Year's Day they had to abandon their poor attempts at festivity, with which they were striving to cheer their native helpers—take their pudding off the fire, leave everything just as it was and trek at a moment's notice. It was a weary life. Now all is being laid out as a park, and there is a splendid avenue in embryo right up to the summit of the hill, where *Pax Britannica* reigns instead of the bloodthirsty Lobengula.

On Sunday I accompanied Uncle Frank to the native location. After four days' piercing winds and wintry cold, it had turned very warm, and the crowded church was almost unbearable. Round an open space in the midst of the location stand about six or seven little iron chapels at a stone's throw from each other: these are the "missions" of the various denominations here, including the Dutch Reformed Church. I do not know whether they are supported locally, or from head-quarters; if locally, it is surprising, considering how even Christian people speak against mission work. The place was large and full, a couple of hundred men, and about a dozen women. They all took part very heartily in the service, which was in Zulu; the Wesleyan form of the liturgy. The native evangelist, a Fingo, said to me afterwards, "How long will it take, do you think, to make these people Christians?" "These seem to have got some way towards it now," I replied. "Mostly clothes," he said, shaking his head. Very likely. But then he was a Cape Colonist, and these were Matebele—outer barbarians. Pride of race is not confined to white people.

"Some of them are *real*, are they not?" I asked.

## The Road to the North

“We have over six hundred in Church Communion,” he replied.

The trouble with natives is that you cannot in the least judge of their Christianity by the measure of their delight in religious exercises.

We had the pleasure of spending an afternoon at the house of a mutual friend, with Mr. J. S. Moffatt, son of the famous missionary, whom he greatly resembles. He was for many years Native Commissioner in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, and gave us some illuminating sidelights on the history of their conquest and occupation. Like all officials and ex-officials whom I have hitherto met, he seems to have an earnest care for the welfare of the black man. It is so refreshing by comparison with the cynical tone of irresponsible persons.

Not that the natives are cruelly treated: on the contrary, apart from such occasional abuses as must always arise in new countries, they seem to be treated very indulgently, and in many cases paid preposterously high wages, especially in domestic service. But the colonist does not like the native to own land, to be educated, or to have any independence or responsibility: he wants him to be solely and for ever a hewer of wood and drawer of water, and this seems rather hard on him in what is after all his own country. Still, the black man has had his opportunity during some thousands of years, and has not turned it to account, and so I suppose it is the old story, “to him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.” But if we are above the black man, and take care to keep so, the higher we raise him, the higher we rise ourselves: the lower we cast him down, the lower sinks our own platform.

Mr. Moffatt says his most earnest desire, now he has retired, would be to spend the evening of his life in Kimberley or one of these towns, caring for the poor denationalized and degraded natives there, and trying to build them up in Christian life. We know what the corruptions of slum existence are to white people: conceive what their degrading effect must be on these unstable creatures—“children with the vices of men.” He seems to love them with all his heart. “Don’t be discouraged at the way people talk,” he said to me in

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bidding good-bye. "We know our cause is the right one."

In so far as it is the cause of Christ, we know it is. Apart from Christianity, with the best intentions, one may go very far astray if one takes up a partisan attitude.

For us the question is not of the rights of man, but of the purpose of God, "Who will have all men to be saved." As M. Boegner (Director of the Paris Missionary Society) has so admirably said: "*The one object of social work should be to place every human being in a position to exercise its claim to the Divine Salvation,*" and I suppose this is in principle the boundary line (often difficult to trace) that divides "missions" from "politics."





THE BELINGWE CART HALTED FOR THE NIGHT.



OUR CAR ON THE CONSTRUCTION LINE.

THE ROAD TO THE NORTH.

*Ph. : F. Coillard.*



## Chapter V

## Good-bye to Civilization

**M**ONDAY, August 24, 1903. Starting for the Victoria Falls. Up at 5.30 in the dark and off to the station ; baggage has to be registered three-quarters of an hour before the train starts at 7 a.m. This irritating regulation prevails throughout South Africa. We have very little luggage, as we are only allowed to take 500 lb. on the cart between us three, viz. : my uncle, myself and the native boy, and this has to include bedding and tents, food for three weeks, clothing for every extremity of climate from frost to tropical heat, cooking utensils and all other requisites. Quite a number of passengers ; one wonders what they can all be going north for. The mail just arrived informs us that M. Coillard's new tent, ordered from England, is awaiting us at Mbangi Tank, the present terminus ; and the transport agent from whom we have hired the cart says he will lend us another tent gratis, "considering M. Coillard's position in the country," so we have no more misgivings on that score.

The railway runs for twelve hours from Bulawayo, through a teak forest ; not Burmese teak certainly, but a very hard red timber, which, though it grows to no great size, would be excellent for railway sleepers, but for the white ants. Here they have to use iron sleepers. The road runs absolutely straight for seventy-two miles ; the longest stretch but one in the world without a curve. The train carries natives to work on the line, goods of every kind, and several tank trucks, which are filled at the places where there is water, and emptied at the wayside camps where there is none. A French employé came out to talk to us at Sawmills Siding, delighted to find a compatriot in Uncle Frank, to whom he could confide his grievances. The chief one seemed to be that he was paid *only* £20 a month with free quarters, for filling a supply tank

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from the river once and sometimes twice a week (presumably superintending native pumpers). He had no family to support, and I fear he found us rather unsympathetic on the subject.

*Rhodesian Railways. Tuesday, August 25.* I am sitting on a box in a cattle truck (roofed, happily) at Mbanji Tank Station. From here on there is as yet only a construction line. Personally, I prefer it to the first class on this line; more room and more air. We ought to have been at Mbanji at 7 p.m., but after writing the foregoing sheets, I dozed till 8 p.m., and found we were still far from our destination. By this time it was dark, and I was extremely hungry, not having had anything since 5.30 a.m., except a sandwich at distant intervals. Our fellow-passengers were having an impromptu concert in the second-class part of our corridor car. Sentimental ditties unknown to me, then something patriotic, next some evening psalms (our two young Dutchmen, I suppose, the Boers travelling by the same train joining in). Now an unmistakably English voice is singing, solo, "Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom"; a general chorus, "All people that on earth do dwell," instantly followed by a music-hall patter song and others of the same sort. A sultry cloudy evening.

10.15 p.m. We reached Mbanji Tank three and a half hours late; a black night, no stars. Blazing camp fires fitfully lighted up a few iron sheds, against a background of trees and brushwood. A welter of Matebele boys and passengers in shirt-sleeves precipitated themselves on their luggage, by the light of lanterns which are always being whisked away just when you want them. Z.'s man (the transport agent) carried off all our things, large and small, to his office in the woods, including provisions; luckily, we had had our supper. The station-master says we may sleep in the other train, which is fortunate, as there is certainly nowhere else to sleep; the first-class carriage is the only hotel. I share it with a lady, Mrs. Robin Bolitho, who has just come down from the Falls with her husband and brother. They arrived at the Falls one morning, admired them all day, and left the same night, as they have to go up the East Coast to Uganda, visit Entebbe and get back to England by October! Owing to their driver's dawdling, they missed the Bulawayo

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train here, and had to spend three days sleeping in trucks in this desolate place, which they might have spent at the Zambesi.

The line is open for four hours farther on, but only trucks are running with road material. The engine leaves at 6 a.m. Z.'s man says he will call us at five and bring a cup of coffee. Our gratitude was premature as it turned out.

Half the night I watched blanketed figures rolling themselves up and huddling over their fires; tried to sleep—impossible. The fact was borne in upon me that an air-cushion on the top of a hard bag is a very wretched pillow, and it was all Z.'s man had left me. We were all locked in.

For hours our train shunted and whistled, the engine was making up her train for next day. Slept at last. Suddenly awakened by a terrific jolt and shrieks from everybody. All the guns in the racks had been thrown down by the shock on to the people sleeping below. Mrs. B.'s brother presently appeared, asking for water to staunch a cut on his head from his rifle. Great difficulty in finding any; at last a few drops are produced from a tea basket.

Woke feeling it was 5 a.m. Pitch dark—no lamps, no matches. 5.45.—Mr. Brummer, one of our Dutchmen, brought a lantern, so that I could collect my things and leave this train for ours. We all sat on the sand in the grey dawn, watching natives straying about with lanterns. Our kind fellow-travellers handed us tea from the train—our canteen was with Z.'s man, who had not come. Hereupon he bustled up, just out of his bed. Too late—the early morning train had left! He had overslept himself, but did his best to make up for it by offering us his house to breakfast in, and some fresh eggs. So we had a civilized meal, the last for some time. While consuming it, I noticed that the mail bags for the interior confided to his custody had burst, and their contents were littered all over the floor, mixed up with his personal belongings.

At 9.30 an acquaintance of the previous day, Mr. C., a railway employé, kindly invited us to dine at his house. His wife had wanted us to come to breakfast, but he could not find us. They spoke heartily of the intercourse they had had with our missionaries a few weeks before, and of a service

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which the latter had held close by their house, attended by every one in the camp. Mr. C. is full of very interesting talk about railways and iron; their little portable house, and two sweet children, all as pretty and dainty as could be. At 2 p.m. we went into the truck which was to take us on, in which I write these lines. It is full of railway people, white and native. One of them informed us that the shock we heard in the night was caused by collision with a truck of dynamite, 200 cases, left on the lines in the dark. A mercy we were not all blown up.

We leave the teak and enter the *Mopane* forest; trees with butterfly leaves of glossy green, useless for timber, and always indicating poor soil. Many baobabs—it is the elephant among trees as much by its size as by its pachydermatous bark, and the distinctly elephantine character of its gigantic curves. Very pretty country; the line runs round sharp curves and steep gradients under hills crowned with castellated rocks and dark green *Euphorbia* bushes. We come upon gangs of natives working on different sections of line; deep gulleys where bridges and culverts are being constructed; fitted girders and cylinders stand waiting here and there among the trees till their sockets are prepared.

We reached Lukusi, the present railhead, just at sunset (6 p.m.). In the dull red glow, tents and shanties loomed through clouds of dust against the surrounding trees. We found our future driver, H—, a typical Boer. Z.'s agent here was very kind, brought us tea and chairs, but said it was too late for us to think of trekking to-night, though the post-cart was starting, and offered us sleeping accommodation in two waggon tents, taken off the wheels, placed on the ground, and curtained with tarpaulins. They were furnished with Kartels, i.e. wooden frames about three feet from the ground, crossed by a network of cord forming a very nice bed: these are what people always sleep on in waggons. He fetched clean cotton blankets and pillows out of store to make them comfortable for us; they were just like two little huts. Our two Dutchmen slept *al fresco*, as doubtless they had often done before on commando. While Uncle Frank was inquiring about our baggage and especially the tents, I watched the inspanning of a large team of oxen—a novelty to me. It was

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a most beautiful sight: the long-horned oxen are called up one by one to face their yokes, which are attached to the trek chain, then placed in position till the span is complete.

The camp is a dreary and hideous spot, but picturesque between lights, the wood fires and lanterns gleaming here and there, and the last glimmer of day illuminating the dust clouds, so that men and beasts seem to move in a dim aureole. "Any lions?" we asked. "One got a boy last week just down there," said Z.'s man, pointing towards the dry river-bed close to our sleeping-berths.

We supped wearily and uncomfortably, too tired to cook and consternated by the discovery that there were no tents! A preceding party had carried off the one bale containing the new tent, not knowing what it was. As for Z.'s, his agent laughed, "Never had one here." However, he found a large tarpaulin for us, with which to cover the cart and thus make a tent for me. Uncle Frank and the others will have to sleep on the ground: not a pleasant prospect.

My waggon tent was very cosy, but a dog, getting underneath where he was evidently used to sleeping, "shivered my timbers" most disturbingly, and, of course, I thought through my slumbers it was a lion.

Off next morning, *Wednesday*, in the dark. Up at 4 a.m. This is real campaigning. We are travelling in a Belingwe cart, which is like a Cape cart, only on two wheels instead of four. It has good springs and is very comfortable as long as it is going on, but directly the oxen (eight of them) are outspanned it drops forward aslant to the ground, so that it is anything but agreeable to sleep in it.

The two young Dutchmen who volunteered at Worcester, Mr. Kliengbiel and Mr. Brummer, we left at Lukusi. They are not going to the Falls at all but to Kazungula, the old entrance to Barotseland, with Uncle F.'s heavy baggage.

Scarcely had we started than we had to cross the deep dry drift. The cart nearly went over: our food box was thrown out; our precious eggs *all* smashed and the wheel crunched our only bread into the sand. We had to eat it afterwards all the same.

We pounded on through dusty woods; but the first trek

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was very delightful nevertheless. At our first halt, 10 a.m., I saw the first pristine savages I have yet met. A man playing a Kangombio, and three pretty young girls beautifully dressed in skins and beads. One in particular would have been a joy to any artist. She wore an antelope skin softly dressed and dyed to match her own rich chocolate colour, and embroidered all over in triangles of red and white beads, and strings of the same (here and there a blue one) on her head, neck and arms.

From the centre of her necklace hung a kind of medallion, a circular piece of ostrich egg-shell pierced in the centre. Her ear-rings were of copper. (By the way, I once saw a native in Cape Town, contemplating Mr. Rhodes' lions at Groote Schuur, wearing a couple of swivel watchkeys as ear-rings, and very neat they looked.)

The second girl wore strings of huge green and white beads, and a few red ones; the third had a blanket dyed to a beautiful dark terra-cotta shade, and her front hair arranged in a thick fringe, every woolly lock being threaded through two white beads, on her person she wore many strings of the same. No. 1 had beaded her hair too, but only slightly, whereas No. 3 had a regular cap of them.

I walked round them and admired them, which seemed to gratify them very much: doubtless they had come out to be looked at: we also took their portraits. I wished I could have carried off some of their finery, but these things were betrothal gifts from their prospective bridegrooms, so they would not have parted with them; and besides it is not permitted to carry skins about for fear of infection on account of the rinderpest. Another thing is that the beautiful texture of the embroidered leather was due to the grease rubbed all over it: so all things considered, I doubt if I should have carried it far.

The scenery here was lovely: high wooded hills all around, in the morning light a blue distance. A highly scented sort of honeysuckle shrub grew here, attracting butterflies. The water, however, was shocking; it looked like *café au lait*, so we did not use it. As it takes too long to boil and filter water and leave it to cool, the custom is to quench one's thirst with tea or coffee. Ima-Kombiri makes both, the best you ever



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tasted, with the worst appliances—just dropping the tea leaves or ground coffee into the kettle the water is boiled in. We use Ideal Milk, which is better than condensed.

Here we changed oxen. H——, our Boer driver, says he will go all night if we like: he only awaits our orders. The next trek was hotter and indeed very trying, through the coal forest to Wankie's Coal Fields, which we reached at midday. The dust was black and so voluminous we could not see even the hind oxen. The dark shale cropped out of the ground: the mopane trees were blighted, and everything grimy. We were half-choked.

In these blackened woods one thing is unsmirched, an exquisite pale flower, growing scantily on a bare slender stem, and lifting its delicate sprays, faintly tinted, towards the light. Each blossom has a purple heart: it is the only flower to be seen, and it has a peculiar property of reflecting sunshine, lighting up the remotest thickets with its soft brilliance. [This is *Hibiscus cannabinis*, a fibre plant, related to the hollyhock.]

Wankie's is a very pretty place, a large deep hollow, like a Welsh valley, ringed with hills which are covered with brushwood, and crested by the huts of the employés, largely white people. We all look like stokers, and I feel quite ashamed to dismount at the "boarding-house." It was a boarding-house and nothing else: only with the greatest difficulty could a basin of water be procured, a cake of Sunlight Soap, and a towel, which had apparently served for a dozen people as grimy as ourselves: luckily I was not dependent upon it.

We dined on four courses of tinned meat with tea: 10s. was charged for this luxury served by a Hindoo cook. Off again: dusty still, but not black—grey instead. We outspanned at 4.30. Before I am out of the cart, Ima-Kombiri seems to have a fire alight and the kettle filled. The vehicle is simply a wooden box or tray with seats, hooded, but without side curtains—a serious omission. It only holds four with luggage. We could not get a wagonette, which would have been better for camping, as it forms one tent above and another below: but a cart is pleasanter in the daytime, one can see and breathe.

Here we had trouble with our driver, who, in spite of his previous assertion that he could trek all night, thought he had done enough for the day and wanted to camp at once.

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He did not know that this time he had an old campaigner to deal with. We knew that if he did not make three stages in a day we could not arrive when we wished, so Uncle Frank insisted upon going on. It ended in victory, but our man was in a fury.

He is a primitive person, a Cape Dutchman named H——, a volcano of ardent feelings—mostly good, but childishly uncontrolled; handsome, kind-hearted, full of a winning simplicity. He fought with the Boers in the war, has since been campaigning in Somaliland. “What did you think of Somaliland?” “Sand, palm-trees, no water,” is the reply.

He passes on to the perfections of his wife, only fifteen when he married her two years ago. “But you would not think she was so young; she is broad—large—stout,” and he spreads his arms admiringly. “What does she do while you are away; does she work?” “*Work? my wife work!* No, I work. I can keep my wife. I can get 12s. 6d. a day and never had to ask for a job. I could drive eight horses when I was five years old.” He abuses the cattle, and incessantly apostrophizes the “leader,” by all the powers of darkness; this is euphemistically called “encouraging” them.

The “leader” is a native who walks in front holding the trek chain to guide the team. I do not wonder he didn’t want to go on. The new moon is very beautiful, the slender crescent hangs horizontally between its horns: the rim of the full orb glimmering faintly out of the sapphire sky like some frail silver basket with arched handle. But lovely as it is, it gives a very poor light, and our road is very bad, up and down ravines, over rocky torrent-beds, all through the woods. My neck felt broken long before we reached the outspan.

H——, beginning to recover his temper, talked cheerfully about the lions which abound from Wankie’s onward. All day I had been wishing to hear a lion roar—a desire which the advent of darkness considerably modified. “Where is your gun, H——?” asked Uncle Frank to reassure me. “Left it at Bulawayo,” he replied imperturbably.

For a transport rider to leave his gun at home is like an Alpine guide forgetting his rope. “What will you do if a lion comes?” “Throw a bunch of burning grass in his face: that will frighten him away. It always does.” Illustrative

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anecdotes failed to reassure me. I addressed the question to Uncle Frank. He suggests trusting in Providence. This seems a better plan, especially if one is a bad shot. Knowing a gun would be of no use to *me* if I had one, I decided not to worry about it till the lion appeared.

We camped at a very lonely spot on a hill—just a scherm or stockade for the oxen, and some lean natives in charge of it. Quite dark but for camp fires by this time. H—— demanded water. The natives replied—“How can we get water from a mile away when there are lions about, and we have not been paid for two months?” Finally one went off with a martyred air, and two pails. I felt much happier when he came back alive, and almost inclined to pour the water out on the ground, *ex voto*, like David.

The cart, unharnessed, was all on a slope, but boxes and cushions transformed it into a very acceptable sleeping place for me. “You’ll hear the lions roaring to-night,” said H—— cheerfully as he closed the tarpaulin over my improvised tent. I woke up and thought I did, but it was only the snorting of the oxen. The camp fires were out, no one was watching. I wondered what I should do in the morning when I arose and found a family of lions feasting on my protectors, who were slumbering in the open air. But we were not molested, not even by mosquitoes.

Up by 4 a.m., off by 6 a.m. A beautiful open country, long grass and sparse trees, now leafless: the aspect is much less wild than one would expect. Indeed it is like a rather neglected park. Our first halt was in a lovely spot, where there was nice clean coarse sand like the seaside, instead of the dirty impalpable dust everywhere else. We are crossing a high plateau; a dry and thirsty land indeed. I, who never suffer from thirst, wanted to be drinking water all the time. H—— says, “Here is the lion’s walk, where I always see his spoor (tracks).” He points out the “lair,” a hollow in the red earth, quite close to the road, which I gaze at respectfully. Very steep descents, twice we had to get out and walk down a hill.

About 4.30 we reached the limits of the plateau, and saw an exquisite green plain, rolling at our feet. We alighted and walked down to the river, a real river with water in it. Just

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as I was thinking how much a human figure would improve the landscape, we saw a man by the wayside. A gun, a roll of blankets and a tin kettle seemed to comprise his effects.

“ I’m a prospector,” he announced. A prospector has been defined as “ a man who has no prospects, and lives on them,” and certainly this seemed to be true of those we met from time to time. They all looked half starved and tired out. Some are commissioned and paid by mining companies, but most are working independently. There are very many up and down the country ; one seldom meets them on the beaten track. They live on what they can shoot or find—and that is very little. One longed to give him a good meal, but if he had shot anything I dare say he had a better one than we did, for our own campaigning was not luxurious. We have had hardly any bread and that only what we brought with us. Uncle Frank had left some supplies and cooking utensils in Bulawayo with a friend who entrusted them to his boy. When we called for them, this conversation ensued (or something like it).

“ Where is M. Coillard’s bag of flour ? ”

“ The mice ate it.”

“ And the bag of mealie ? ”

“ The mice ate that too.”

“ And the frying-pan ? ”

Silence. We were left to infer that the mice had eaten that also. Anyhow we have done no cooking on this trip except making coffee and soup.

Just beyond the river lay a wide pool with green grass and brushwood and leafy lofty trees, a perfect oasis in the sere woods around. We camped at 6.30. Here we found two Greeks, one was the sub-contractor for a section of the railway, the other his aide-de-camp. They were on the way to the Zambesi. The country beyond Wankie’s is too broken for the railway to run parallel with the road, but at first we kept coming upon bits of it : sometimes the smoke of an engine through the trees : or shouts from a car full of natives : sometimes we had to wait till some blasting was over. But now we are in the still virgin wilderness.

“ This is the very middle of the lion country : you’ll be hearing them all night,” said H—— as he took his blankets

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with an air even more convincing than the previous night. But I was not at all nervous this time, *because* we were getting supper two hours earlier than the evening before. I do not know why the prospect of being made a meal of should be so much more alarming when one is hungry oneself, but so it certainly is.

*Friday, August 28.* As we had outspanned early, but too late to trek again, Uncle Frank said we must be up at 3 a.m., and we were. We breakfasted, rearranged the cart, packed up our bedding. No driver. Uncle Frank went to where he lay sleeping, and considerately—not *called* him, that were too great an indignity but asked him if he felt better than the evening before, as he had complained of indisposition, due, I fear, to "Cape smoke" or "dop." Judging by his mood he did not. His business is to conduct "tenderfoot" parties who know nothing of Africa, and to arrange the journey to suit himself. What he would like would be to get up when he chooses, and tell his passengers that he has let them sleep far too long, and that if they don't hurry he won't answer for their safety towards evening. To find that his employer is a more experienced hand than himself does not suit him at all. Accordingly, he was in a fury, which he worked off upon leader and oxen with kicks and cuffs and vituperations, and upon us by relating all the blood-curdling lion stories his memory could furnish. In reality they covered a considerable area of time and space. But sitting there shivering in the dim starlight, and watching him wave his long whip to emphasize every fatality, I received a general impression that they all began with, "Last week just about here," and one did!

"You must excuse my *speaking* [a very mild euphemism] to the leader: I really can't help it: he's so lazy."

"Why do you say that?"

"He won't go fast: he says he's afraid of the lions, because one night last week a man was leading a span of oxen here, and a lion came out and carried him off, and the cattle stampeded and none of them have been heard of since."

Who escaped to tell the tale was not very clear: but my sensations were not enviable, when a minute after this he called a halt and said: "We're coming to a bad place where the post

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cart has been upset three times, so you had better get out and walk."

We did so for about 200 yards. I breathed more freely when we were back in the cart again. Previously it had seemed a very poor shelter ; but by comparison with the dark rocky road it was a perfect ark of security. We had trudged close behind it, but that was not much comfort, for the lion is said always to jump upon the hindmost. However, neither then nor afterwards did we see or hear a sign of one, except the lair I mentioned before.

The sky was glorious : east and west, Sirius and a planet (was it Jupiter?) shone effulgent high above the hills. Presently the stars all seemed to dance, sparkling with a sudden flickering brilliancy ; then they paled as the clear dawn rose in the sky. For the first time I understood how "the morning stars sang together : and all the Sons of God shouted for joy." The sun did not actually appear till an hour later.

We changed oxen at 8 a.m., but there was no water at the outspan, we had to use the little we brought with us, and go on again as soon as possible, namely, at 9 o'clock. The trek lasted till 3.30 ; it was the longest but one Uncle Frank had ever made, he said ; six and a half hours through a wearisome scrub and all uphill. How our driver kept up I do not know, wading all the time ankle deep through choking dust, cracking his whip and shouting to his team. "Transport riders don't last long on this road," he said, "the dust gets into their chests and carries them off." Yet he likes the life. He is most kind and attentive, especially to me. We have been making three treks a day whereas two is usually the maximum.

At last at an open space we met a special cart. It contained two men who bowed with effusion, and we were so pleased to meet some fellow-creatures that we responded cordially. A minute later our feelings changed, when we learnt from their driver who was lagging behind at a muddy waterhole, that they had carried off the only relay of oxen at the next outspan, and that their own had gone back to the Falls. This meant we had to finish our journey with tired beasts, and we had hoped to arrive at the Zambesi that evening, Friday !

Well, there was no help for it. We halted at a very pretty

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little camp. Scarcely had we alighted when a white man came out of a tent with two hammock chairs, which he placed at our disposal. Nothing could be more welcome. The back of the cart is formed by a loose curtain, and affords no rest for the head, and after being jolted since 4 a.m. we felt in Cornish phrase, "scat a' in jowds." After our repast (tea and tinned peaches), this gentleman, Mr. Guyon, came and talked to us : he was one of the engineers for this section of the railway which, however, is only surveyed as yet.

At 6 p.m. we went on with our tired oxen. They could hardly drag along, so we were forced to camp at 8.30 by the wayside. There was plenty of the long coarse rye-grass about, of which Uncle Frank had hitherto made his couch, but as this was not a proper outspansplaat he had no one to cut it for him, and had to sleep on the hard ground. The oxen lay down beside their gear, relieved only of their yokes. We supped wearily by the uncertain light of grass fires. Lanterns invariably burn out just at the critical moment. We had had to send the leader on ahead to the river to bring us the oxen our supplanters had sent there, and Ima-Kombiri had taken his place. It was a new experience for him, and one he did not at all enjoy. No wonder, for we found the poor little boy (he is about thirteen or fourteen) instead of *guiding* them, thought he had to take the pole and *pull* the whole equipage, oxen, cart and passengers by main force. By this time I was quite at home in my cart, and slept delightfully ; nor was I the least nervous about the lions, though this was the night if any ; no shelter of any sort for the oxen, and no one to watch or keep the fires alight.

The lions young may hungry be  
And they may lack their food ;  
But they that truly fear the Lord  
Shall not lack any good.

Close by us were about twenty Barotsi, returning home from the mines and starving. They cannot carry enough food to support them on these long journeys. What a boon the railway will be to them !

It was half an hour before we reached this place that we had the first glimpse of the Falls from the summit of a hill ;

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the towers of spray about three miles off, glimmering mystically in the moonlight on the far horizon. The roar of the cataracts filled our ears all night. One felt, like Alexander, there were no worlds left to conquer! at least none within our reach. The stars alone are unattainable.

Here under their great kindly canopy, how newly the records of Genesis appeal to us. We seem to be transported back to the childhood of the world, and of our race, taking the way-side water and the herbage for our cattle from the immediate hand of Providence, just as Abraham did. One realizes too how the old Voor-trekkers identified themselves with his seed. "Get thee out from thy country and thy father's house into a land that I shall show thee. . . . And he obeyed . . . not knowing whither he went." So did they, though for another reason—to find their kingdom.

"When I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers: the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? . . . *Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands.*"

It is a strange and thrilling sense that comes over one in these solitudes: a sense one never has in crowded cities, namely, the dignity of man's place in Nature. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet—all sheep and oxen, yea, every beast of the field." Not a soul to dispute our right. Yes, overpowering as surrounding Nature is, we stand upright in the midst, "*all things under our feet.*" Surely it is this that drives a man out into the wilds, to realize his lost royalty for a brief moment, till he finds there, not a kingdom but a grave.

For it always eludes him. That boasted dominion—how long does it last? Just till his next meal time. If food and water fail, the elements triumph over him.

No! the dominion is ours no longer. There must be some secret of sovereignty we have lost. Shall we ever recover it?



## Chapter VI

## The Victoria Falls

**S**ATURDAY, *August 29, 1903.* The last instalment of my diary described our arrival within sight of the Falls late at night. We rose at five next morning, and after the usual cup of coffee and the last crust of our bread we started. We had not long to wait before perceiving the columns of spray once more, and at one turn of the road saw through a clearing the great river with its islands and palm-trees looking amid the morning mists like a great opalescent lake set in an emerald ring.

By 9 o'clock we reached the outspan which is quite close to the cataract, so close that the intervening woods quite conceal it. The noise too, strange to say, was much more audible at a distance of two or three miles than close by. After a hasty walk and a glimpse of the Falls, of which we could only see a very small part from this point, we resumed our trek. We had misjudged the distance from our destination and had thought it not worth while to open a fresh case of provisions so near the end. From 10 a.m. to 12 we skirted the river, but at a considerable distance. The heat was very great. Palms and palm-ferns abounded, but I must say Kew Gardens is a great improvement upon nature—no doubt that is why Eden needed Adam. It is the exquisite lawns of Kew Gardens that set off the arborescence to such advantage, while here it springs from the sand, shaggy, straggly, and disfigured by withered branches. Perhaps it is not so in summer; this season corresponds to March at home. Two huge placards affixed to trees flank the highway.

Evidently the days of untamed Nature are already gone by. "Trespassers will be prosecuted" and "Keep off the grass." It was not exactly in these words, but an adaptation of the same to local exigencies; one commanding travellers and traders to camp on the south side of the road, and to abstain

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from cutting down palms or brushwood for fuel; the other warning them that they must, under grave penalties, "declare" everything they bring into the country to the appointed official. No question after this, but that N.W. Rhodesia is a civilized country.

### CLARKE'S DRIFT.

At midday precisely we reached the Zambesi at *Clarke's Drift*. Mr. Clarke is the trader and agent to the B.S.A. Co. and intermediary between the Northern Copper Mines and civilization, and seems to act as a kind of Honorary Lord Mayor, organizing festivals and everything else unofficial. He owns the steam launch which plies across the ferry. I was disappointed not to cross in a native canoe—till I saw one! The cool breeze crossing was delightful, but we had to wait for the launch an hour and a half: the most disagreeable of my existence. The sun was vertical and penetrated the leafless woods remorselessly. We had been up since five, and had had no breakfast, a circumstance to which hardened Africans seem quite indifferent, but one requires more than a week to get acclimatized in this respect. The two Greeks we had met once before caught us up here, made lemonade with sparklets and offered us some. H——, our driver, also nobly presented me with the remains of an English plumcake. I don't know which is the more miscellaneous in these out of the way places, the food provided for the body or for the mind. The odd kinds of literature one picks up in a camp are most surprising.

### WOMEN IN AFRICA.

On receiving these bounties, I realized for the first time that a tramp's gratitude for what he calls "a poke-out," undemonstrative though it usually is, may really be too deep for words. Mine at least was—but there is a stage of hunger at which the wolf refuses to be appeased except by a square meal. I don't think I shall ever see a "Weary Willie" again, however undeserving, without longing to give him one. After all, what was I but a tramp myself? I asked myself, and as for "deserving," there isn't a native woman in Africa

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probably who does not lead a more useful and productive life than a South African traveller who is not a scientific explorer. I sat under a tree, wrapped in most recriminating thoughts on this subject; thoughts which I confess calmer moments have only ripened into convictions.

The industry and resourcefulness of the South African woman, both white and black, fill me with admiration. I don't mean the black woman whom we take (unfortunate necessity!) from her natural sphere, and try to turn into an inefficient servant to ourselves—no, but the black woman, e.g. of Basutoland, who sows and cultivates and reaps, who sifts and grinds, bakes and brews, makes walls and floors, baskets and mats, rears the children and carries on traditions, customs and history from one generation to another. The tragedy of her life is that she is a mere chattel, and doesn't want to be anything better; her higher faculties are dormant; her life is passed grovelling in the grossest materialism. But we, with liberty and ideals—are we of equal use to the community? Are our awakened faculties as usefully employed? As for the white women out here, I hope the posterity for whom they are spending themselves will honour them as they ought to be honoured.

This is a digression, but not altogether out of place, as one comes for the first time into a pioneer camp, and sees what the life means for the women bred to every comfort and refinement who are "comforting the waste places." Here one realizes that the present rage for gardening with one's own hands is simply a primitive feminine instinct reasserting itself; a return to nature. In savage Africa the garden and field is woman's sphere, as the hunting and herding of animals pertains to man. The white women cherish their gardens too. Doubtless it was Eve's first and dearest resource in exile to try and reproduce ever such a little bit of Paradise. "Thorns also and thistles"—no one could conceive what they were without coming here. As to thistles—one cannot blame the soil of Africa. It was a man—and a Scotchman at that—who introduced them, and now they are a scourge like locusts in some parts—not here as yet, fortunately.

Delightful as our cart journey had been in many ways, it was a very pleasant change to bathe and dine and have a

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good rest, first under Mr. Clarke's hospitable roof and then at the mission station, ten minutes away in the bush. Here we were kindly entertained by some friends—settlers—who were occupying the station in the Coisson's absence on furlough. I was very glad to enter a house that was a "going concern" instead of having to picnic there all the time, as we had expected to have to do.

The mission station, which Mr. Coisson has entirely built and planned himself, stands on the peninsula formed by a bend of the Zambesi which flows close behind it, though the front of the house is quite a little walk from our landing place. Within a stake fence stands a spacious church, a cottage with veranda and a high-pitched thatched roof, divided into two rooms, another much smaller cottage divided into kitchen and store, and three or four round huts. Uncle F. has one of these, our hosts another, the others are pack houses. I am lodged in the house itself, ceilings of reeds, walls and floors of mud. There is also close to the front door, a tiny garden with spinach, lettuce, etc. On one side the bush is fairly open towards the river; thick woods close it on the other sides. A very tall tree grows by the back gate shedding immense blossoms all over the ground. Imagine musk flowers as large as melon flowers and cut out of crimson velvet. The husks of last year's fruit still hang on it, long pods like cucumbers. Seed vessels lie all about, most curious and interesting: some are large flat disks, four or five inches across, with prickly rosettes on either side; others butterfly shaped.

Next day, *Sunday, August 30*, our host sent his boys round with a big bell to the native camp to tell them the missionary invited them to a service at 10 o'clock.

There is really no native population here: it has moved farther inland before the onrush of the white men. These natives were their heterogeneous and ever-changing personal servants, and employés, mostly "untainted by missionary influence." However, they seemed well imbued with the "Gospel of Labour" which a pioneer at Mbangi had enlarged upon, and which *Punch* once summed up in the lines:—

" This world is full of rare good things,  
I'll try to get a few."



1903. THE OLD MISSION STATION AT VICTORIA FALLS.



TOMBS AT SEFULA OF M. AND MME. COLLARD, FOUNDERS OF THE BAROTSE MISSION, AND OF MLE. KIENER.

*Ph.: Monteverdi.*



## The Victoria Falls

For the two messengers came back unsuccessful, charged by the *invités* to ask "how much the *Moruti* would pay them if they came?" Uncle F. and Mr. T. therefore set out themselves into the highways and hedges. I wanted to go with them but could not catch them up before I missed them in the woods, and wandered for two hours in the blazing sun before finding my way back to camp. The sun *smiting* is more literal than figurative. You feel just as if some one was hitting you over the head; however, I was none the worse.

As the natives have moved into the bush, there is no regular congregation as yet. It is a very different thing from Europe: fancy how an ordinary parson would feel if he had to form his congregation in this way every Sunday by dint of a two hours' tramp! "Undignified," some would say. Dignity has its place on the Judgment Seat, but this is not the Dispensation of Dignity, thank God. It is always breaking in upon me afresh, how extraordinarily little we realize that if we would seek and save the lost, we must lay aside our own importance, even on occasion our real and legitimate position. It seems to be making oneself so cheap to be trudging round, offering people what they don't want, warning them of dangers they don't believe in, trying to rescue them from the very mire they enjoy.

But our aloofness will not save many. If we stand on a cliff, let us say, and try to haul a man up to our level from the bottom (which we can only do if he has the strength to hold on himself), it requires a much greater leverage than coming down to *his* level and hauling him up over a pulley at the Top. It always seems to me that civilization is the former kind of leverage; and Christianity the latter:—

Thus He laid His glory by  
When for us He stooped to die.

By 12 o'clock, Uncle F. had managed to collect a group of twelve, gradually increased to sixteen. One was a "Cape girl," i.e. coloured woman about forty, and two were Blantyre boys: these were Christians, and brought Testaments and hymn books; they seemed to appreciate the service, though it was not in their language, and joined heartily in the Lord's Prayer.

Natives seem to love doing things in unison: dancing and

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drinking if they are heathen, singing and praying if they are Christians ; it is not necessarily a mark of abounding virtue or spirituality, but at worst it is a kind of religious sociability ; at best a real manifestation of Divine Life. One must be patient and remember that as with children, love outstrips obedience. Their Saviour is *real* to them, and I believe He would say oftener than we think, " Their sins which are many are forgiven, for they loved much."

With the others it was beginning at the beginning, and first a little talk to find out where they all came from, and if they had ever heard the Gospel before, which they had not. They were in native costume, skins and rags, " like the dyer's hand subdued to that it works in." A favourite toilette seemed to be a goatee beard, each hair strung with white beads, forming with ivory teeth and eyeballs an attractive finish to the face. Uncle F. has a singular power over natives. Soon they all seemed at ease, confiding their bodily and other complaints, and ready to be pleased with the hymn we sang them, " Come to Jesus," which, in Sesuto, they easily committed to memory verse by verse with the refrain. Then they learned John iii. 16, in the same way, with constantly interspersed explanations.

It was just like teaching an Infant Class in a Sunday School except in one particular which, when one comes to think of it, covers nearly the whole ground, namely, that disinterested love conveys no meaning to them, whereas references to evil in all its forms and depths, they understand only too well. They have no ideals. We have been told this scores of times, but face to face with these blank expressions one realizes that, and understands many other things : e.g. the gratitude of the Primitive Church to the Prophets, Saints and Martyrs—what it means to be a " living epistle," and why " the *Life* was the Light of men."

After tea, we strolled down to the broad river, unspeakably beautiful in the red evening glow. We passed a missionary's grave and another, and from the improvised churchyard we passed to the improvised church, namely, Mr. Clarke's dining-room—a round hut—where Uncle F. was going to hold an English service, by request, at 8 o'clock. Nearly all the residents, Dutch and English, must have turned up ; there



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were twenty inside not counting ourselves and the blacksmith's five children, and a few who could not stand the stuffiness and stayed outside. There were several ladies. Uncle Frank preached "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God." The exalted pedigree, how to be adopted into it; and the privileges and responsibilities of the position. We had three hymns, "Holy, Holy, Holy," "O God our help in ages past," and "Rock of Ages," which every one knew by heart and sang heartily; we had no hymn books, and couldn't have seen to read them if we had. There was nothing perfunctory about this service, every one seemed to enjoy it heartily, and it is touching to see the universal respect for M. Coillard. But it is only in travelling that one can appreciate his extraordinary unselfishness towards every one.

There were present the Magistrate, the Controller, the Accountant to the Government and his wife, the Postmaster, the Chemist, several police, traders, storekeepers and settlers. It is getting to be quite a community.

Mr. J. S. Moffatt had been up a few weeks before, no other parson for a twelvemonth. I suppose when the railway comes, they will have some one or other. It goes to one's heart to see white people in outlying places starving spiritually, while we are preaching to the natives.

We had two days' rest (badly needed) before going to visit the Falls. It gave me an insight into the life of a pioneer woman, of whom I saw several. "One's life seems to slip away so uselessly," said one. "Oh," I replied, "you don't know what it looks like to us at home. We think of you as Making History and Building up Civilization." "To me," she answered, "it just seems that I am clearing away a little dust here and there and always beginning over again."

Kipling has written of the men who "are breaking the ground for the rest." I hope some one will fitly celebrate the women.

*Wednesday, September 2, 1903.* I wished we could have employed these two days in seeing something of mission-work, but that is the worst of these semi-nomadic people, the Zambezi-ans. No sooner is a mission station established (which

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takes two or three years) than the population, having exhausted local resources, decamps to some other neighbourhood, and that is what has happened here. They have all gone far inland, and are at present being looked after by a native evangelist. Uncle F. will go to see them before returning to the Upper Zambesi, but it is too far for me. Meanwhile this is a strategic point of the highest importance, a transport station for the interior, a sanatorium for the exhausted missionaries of the Upper River; and when the railway comes, it will be an important mission centre, as so many of the evangelized natives of the Barotse Valley are working on the line, and really need looking after.

This day we started for the Falls, which are six miles off, down-river. We were going with the stream. A strong wind was blowing, lashing the whole surface, nearly a mile wide, into wavelets, often tipped with foam. We could only progress safely by keeping close to the banks, and even then we were always getting into rapids. The water broke over our little steam launch, saturating the screens we made of our biggest and thickest cloaks; Mrs. T. and I were soaked. The boys had to keep baling, and the craft would not always answer to her helm. In spite of the little naked engine (10 horsepower, I believe) going full steam ahead, the slender bronze pistons pumping away for dear life, it was all they could do with the tiller hard astern to keep her head in the right direction. We stuck in an eddy, then in the rushes, fortunately not on a shoal. This sort of thing lasted over two hours, during which we made only three miles, having to cross at one time to get under the lee of a large island, as the wind and current were too strong on the north bank. It was not very comfortable, especially with the thought that a hippopotamus might come along at any time and complicate matters.

I supposed it was the usual thing, but, when we landed at a creek, the others said they had never known such a stormy passage. We were still three miles from the Falls, but it being the dry season, the water was too low for the launch. Uncle F., Mrs. T. and I now embarked, not in a native dug-out, but in a tiny, leaky skiff, while the rest of the party walked through the woods, with guns, five cameras (of which three were Uncle Frank's), camp fixings and food. Our canoe

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journey occupied an hour of perfect enjoyment. We had considerable difficulty in getting through the rapids, but no danger except of a ducking, as the water was so shallow. Now and then we had to get out and walk. We saw a hippo. swimming out of harm's way. White feathery rushes waved along the banks, and fringed the lovely islets under the tall palms. We saw no water birds, however: the stillness was perfect. On the islets the grass grows very fine and slender, mingled with bright pink blossoms. It is too early for the flowering season, but we found a few, corresponding curiously in colour, appearance and habit with European flowers of a totally different family, as e.g. a blue herbaceous plant growing abundantly in shallow places, just like forget-me-not, turned out to be *compositæ*, as was also what *seemed* to be an elder-tree.

At last we landed, perceiving no hint of the Falls, only seeing before us a screen of rocky-based bright green forest, apparently closing in the river, like a lake. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the camp, on a cliff which literally overhung the gorge, and we saw the cataract thundering down into the Boiling Pot at our feet. The walls of the chasm, 400 feet high, were spanned by a rainbow (11 a.m.). We gazed, had our lunch, gazed again, and set off walking to other points of view. The charm of these Falls lies not in the one overwhelming crash as at Niagara, but in the cumulative effect of various glimpses, the matchless beauty of the surroundings, and the strangeness of the whole setting, but chiefly in the columns of spray (the Thundering Smoke), and in the ever-changing rainbows. As every one knows, the mile-wide river suddenly drops into a yawning crack in the ground, stretching right across the stream at right angles to the banks, a foaming trough, quite narrow, of which the walls rise 400 feet above the surface of the water. How deep they are below I do not know. To this trough there is only one small exit, near the north bank, through which the whole furious mass of water forces its way, and enters the deep gorge, winding for fifty miles farther on. Uncle Frank took many photographs. I attempted a drawing meanwhile, but I felt one might as well have tried to sketch the Day of Judgment.

We stopped in our walk at the site where the bridge is to be. At present it is crossed by four wires, and a copper telephone wire at a slightly different angle, glittering in the

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sun. I believe these wires had just that morning been laid. The first was fired across by a rocket. We had returned to the camp for a rest, when Uncle F. came up with three official personages, politely craving tea. One of these was Mr. Beresford Fox, son of Mr. (now Sir) Charles Fox, the designer of the bridge, and another was the engineer himself, M. Imbault, a Frenchman, from Marseilles, in the service of the Cleveland Bridge Company of Darlington, which has the contract. You may be sure it was a very agreeable surprise to Uncle F. to find a Frenchman charged with the task of spanning the gulf, in a material sense, which *he* has been trying to span morally and spiritually for so many years; and it is very nice to think that French and English are joining hands over this part of the work as well as the other. M. Imbault seems very young for such an important responsibility. He was delighted to meet Uncle F. Till April, 1904, when the bridge material is expected to arrive, he will be building his house near the site of it, and he said, "When your missionaries come to Sesheke (Lower River) for the conference next year (1904) you must all come and visit the Falls, and I will entertain you at my place." The rest of our party now arrived and tents were pitched for the night, Mrs. Tulloch and myself sharing one.

Darkness soon fell, and we sat on the cliff edge and watched the ghostly water. A pale rainbow lay across the chasm, white in the moonlight. The clouds of spray rose up like disembodied spirits. After supper I came back alone. The aspect seemed changed: the columns no longer shining white, only the cataract falling headlong, like the rebel angels in Turner's picture. Holding on to a tree, I bent over the brink and listened. A fearful sound ascended like drums and thunder, mingled with the chattering shrieks and laughter of the baboons. It seemed like looking into hell. There is nothing like it except the closing chapters of the Apocalypse, just as there is nothing like Niagara, except its opening passages—the sea of glass, the emerald-circled throne, and the majesty that speaks peace, not terror. But Mosi-oa-Thunya images nothing but the Dies Iræ.

*Thursday, September 3.* The spot where our party camped

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is the brow of a great cliff jutting in front of the Fall, the Knife Edge. After an early breakfast, Uncle F. and I went down to the bottom of the ravine below called the Palm Forest. It was too much of a scramble for Mrs. T., and every one made a fuss about my going, but it was quite easy, nothing like steep places in the Weald of Kent, not to speak of Switzerland, and only took thirty-five minutes. However, one had an enjoyable feeling of Pioneering with a big P. It was all our fancy pictured it in *Jungle, Peak and Plain* and similar books of childhood. Baboons jumping overhead along the thick lianas roping the palms and other forest trees together, so that we had to hew our way through—no path!

But how much more thrilling and adventurous our sensations used to be in exploring a preserve at home: the blackberry thickets quite as impenetrable, the jays and magpies chattering as loudly as apes overhead, and the gamekeepers so much more terrifically savage than any natives we meet—armed to the teeth too! If we had only had a good big axe to “pioneer” with in those days as we had here, these early explorations might have ended less ignominiously than they generally did.

Emerging we found ourselves on the brink of the Boiling Pot: we could not see the Fall at all, only a narrow passage like the Lorelei, about 100 yards wide and the cliffs 420 feet high where the whole great Zambesi passes between two points of rock and turns sharp round a corner. The ground shakes under one's feet. What must the depth be!

Uncle F. stayed two hours taking photographs with the native boys. On our return we found the camp struck. We had a difficult journey back—one of our party seriously ill lying in the bottom of the skiff. Our journey *up* the rapids took three hours: at the end of an hour the skiff had two big holes in it, getting larger every minute, and the remaining two hours my energies were occupied in holding an umbrella over the patient and baling without any intermission, two tasks somewhat difficult to combine in the broiling sun. The atmosphere around the Falls is extraordinarily exhilarating. I suppose it is the cool incessant motion of the air. Anyhow it was for me a day of the most unremitting exertion under the most

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unaccustomed circumstances, gone through, not merely without any sense of fatigue, but on the contrary with the keenest enjoyment, sorry though one was for the circumstances, which obliged one to be cook, housemaid and hospital nurse for the rest of the day. The "boys" speared two fish, a kind of bream, quite delicious, and baked them in hot ashes: we had them for dinner at 9.30 p.m., and after every one had gone to bed, I was not too tired to sit up till past midnight writing my diary to send home.

The white ants are a pest, they make big holes in the floor in a single night, and carry the earth all over the clothes hanging on the walls or over a chair.

*Friday, September 4.* We left the station at 4 o'clock. We were to have left at 2 p.m., but the wind was so high that the steam launch nearly capsized in the morning, so the skipper (an Italian engineer, by the way) put us off. I was grieved to leave the patient still so ill, though I knew she had friends at hand. She was lying in bed too ill to lift up her head, and yet trying to mix the yeast from some complicated recipe so that the boys could make bread. These are the ups and downs of African life, even in a lovely spot like this in the fine cool weather. Picture it then in the hot season, on a remote station where there are no traders, no supplies except one's own, no residents, no chance visitors—mission and schools as well as housework standing still, and perhaps three or four children to be cared for, while the house mistress is unable to move, her husband away, and everything must be left to two or three shiftless and mischievous little servant boys of fourteen or so. This is no fancy picture, but one often repeated.

Life is very difficult just now at the Drift: no cattle or game: hence no fresh meat or milk. The Commissioner's camp is beginning to supply vegetables on sale to the settlement.

Ima-Kombiri made bread for our journey in an iron pot, but as we had no yeast, and he committed the mistake of kneading the dough with baking powder in it, our provision consisted of lumps the size and colour of his own black head, and weighing like cannon balls.

Soon after we started in the cart on the S. Bank, a native,

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our driver's usual baker, ran out of the woods to him with two light crusty loaves. H—— insisted upon giving them to us and also some eggs. I don't know what we should have done without them. We camped quite close to the Falls. It was a most exquisite evening, stars twinkling above the palms in a violet sky, a glimpse of the spray-cloud above the forest—could you picture a rainbow in pastel tints and thrice its usual breadth? Anyone who did not know of the cataract would wonder what mysterious portent it could be.

### THE SOUTH BANK.

*Saturday.* This was the great day for the Falls. Unfortunately, I was feeling much knocked up from the exertions of the last two or three days. But it was worth making an effort for. It was marvellous, even though the river is immemorably low just now. We walked from point to point, Uncle F. taking photographs. Rainbows bridged the gulf: the sun lit up the green depths of the abyss, and a crimson foliage crested every rock. It was a carnival of colour. At the edge of the cliff grew little green ixias, and the long grass was knotted into bunches, an act of prayer or thanksgiving for a safe journey on the part of numerous natives towards the Spirit of the Falls.

But these manifestations of natural religion, often beautiful and touching as in this case, always end *en queue de poisson*—in some puerile anti-climax. They are persuaded that we white people manufacture white calico and striped blankets out of the abyss—somehow materializing the fleecy Fall and the rainbows. “Why *look* at the blanket, there it is before your eyes!” they said to the Magistrate who was trying to enlighten them.

If ever there were a natural Sanctuary of power and beauty, it is this! yet even here that thrilling sense comes over one, “Thou hast put all things under his feet.” Even this irresistible torrent is being bridged and harnessed: all this energy hitherto running to waste is to be stored and turned to man's account. And I am glad to think that even we are not so much a part of surrounding nature as *above* it. God our Father deigns to associate us with Himself in ruling the work of His

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hands, and gave us His Son to reveal to us—what Nature cannot do—His heart.

That once known, one sees a thousand glories in the world one never saw before, and yet it no longer fully satisfies. One never feels that more strongly than here where Nature, if anywhere, is perfect: something says all the time, "If this were all!" Yet one feels all the capacities need enlarging in order to appreciate anything so stupendous: it was a relief to turn to the little ferns and blue lobelias in the fine grass: the characteristic flower of South Africa.

We walked along the slippery rocks facing the Fall. At the centre you could see nearly the whole extent if it were not for the obscuring foam-clouds. As this is low water, they were not so heavy as at flood-time, and every now and then the wind blew them about, and we had glimpses of the cataract thundering down not as one overwhelming avalanche, but in a million Staubbachs. Then we were caught in the cloud as in a tropical downpour. Blinded for the moment and afraid to move for fear of falling over the edge, I stood in the midst of the warm wafting spray, rainbows glancing all around over the bright pebbles. Why did Mr. Rider Haggard plunge "She-who-must-be-obeyed" into an underground furnace to be rejuvenated, when he might so naturally and so much more appropriately have brought her to renew her youth by bathing in this prismatic shower?

I emerged soaked to the skin but completely revived: never was hydrotherapy so efficacious. It is surely the apotheosis of the water-cure; and the invigorating effect lasted during the six days of our return journey.

It was very hard to tear ourselves away; indeed I don't know how I could have done so but for the urgent necessity of getting dry clothes. We left at midday: the sun was shining down into the gulf, two rainbows lay within it; the variegated stones and weeds and water repeated tints as vivid. We went back to the grey dusty camp, and sent Ima-Kombiri (who had been carrying the camera) with the Coissons' boy, Bonabi, back to the Falls to await Uncle F.'s return. This is to save his fare in the post cart when Uncle F. leaves me at Bulawayo and goes back in it.

Having no boy to do for us, things are even more difficult,



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especially as all baggage by post cart being charged 1s. 6d. per lb., Uncle F. is leaving everything possible behind, and we were short enough before of cups, plates, etc. Now, too, he has to spread his blankets on the rough uneven ground, as there is no one to cut grass for his bed at night. We have stayed too long at the Falls and are travelling against time to catch the train at Bulawayo.

At the outspan there is no time to cook, not even at night. We unload the cart while the "leader" makes the fire and fetches the water.

Then we make tea, coffee or soup in ten minutes, tear open a tin and divide the contents (first setting out our tablecloth on a box with plates and saucers), wash up and perform a hasty toilette. It was not nearly so hot on the return journey, a cool wind meeting us all the time; but we had so little luggage there was no ballast for the cart, and oh! how we were thrown about!

We saw quite a different country from that coming up, as now we passed places by daylight that previously we had traversed in the dark and vice versâ. When the scrub widens out, vast prairies of tall grass look like fields of red wheat against the forest background. We saw no wild creatures except locusts; the traffic on the road frightens them away. We crash over all obstacles, nobody ever takes anything out of the way; young trees, e.g., lie right across the road for the next trekkers to pick up. One of the things I was not prepared for, is the painful state of hands and ankles from veld-sores. Soft gloves are soothing, but exposure to air or water almost unbearable. I don't know the cause, for there are no mosquitoes. Otherwise, it is extremely enjoyable, as long as the cart is moving—couldn't be more so.

*Sunday.* While we were breakfasting at the Railway Survey Camp (called Leo), a gentleman, not the one we had met there before, came and brought us chairs, joined in our morning service, and kindly invited us to dinner. It was very strange to unite in the "Te Deum," three people alone in the wilderness, and very cheering to be reminded in these solitudes that "The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee, the Father of an Infinite Majesty."

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We had some very interesting talk on African affairs. Our engineer friend, who has been out since 1898, told us that he had calculated the span for the bridge by triangulation for the Railway Co., and when M. Imbault did it for the Bridge Building Co. with a chain and rocket by actual measurement, there was only six inches difference between their estimates. The exact distance is 580 feet; the bridge is to be an arch with girders resting on rock buttresses which Nature has conveniently placed on either side, rising half-way up the cliff.

We discussed the wages of native domestic servants, which seem to me preposterous. His gives his cooks £8 a month and all found! The Blantyre boys at the Falls get £5 a month. (The railway pays labourers only 10s. a month.) On my asking what they did with all this money, Mr. — said they were induced to squander most of it by small Jew and Indian traders, as they don't know the value of money, but Uncle F. says they have to give most of their earnings to their chiefs, and to buy things for their families to whom they are very generous.

At the next camp they told us that the lions (as to whose existence I had grown rather sceptical) had been prowling round the kraal after the oxen, since we passed a little more than a week ago. Farther on, we saw platforms in the trees built by the travelling natives to sleep on out of the way of these lions; they infest the country just here.

The full moon rose the same instant the sun set. I love these great skies. I have only two tiny books with me. One is Bacon's *Essays* and the other is *Silex Scintillans*, and sometimes when it is not too jolty, Uncle F. says, "Read a little bit." He appreciates Henry Vaughan very much, and I find he too must have been a man of the open air, and one who knew what it was to trek by night.

As travellours when the twilight's come,  
And in the sky the stars appear,  
The past daie's accidents do summe  
With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

*Monday, September 7.* We met many natives either coming back from the mines or coming up in gangs to work on fresh sections of the railway. But we saw *none* hastening south

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to take the places of those returning home. The latter were mostly in very poor condition, some quite starving and emaciated, with wolfish eyes, others hardly able to walk. One in particular—we gave him a drink of water—how he swallowed it! The reason is, they cannot carry supplies enough to last them through the long treks. Also many of them return ill, with chest complaints and dysentery, the latter from the coarse mealie meal supplied to them. All said they were satisfied with the *quantity*, but not with the *quality* of the food. The Zambesi natives, Uncle F. says, are most particular, not only in grinding their meal, but in sifting it, which they do twice over; and certainly the meal we saw served out to them at the mines was very coarse indeed compared with what we saw them preparing for themselves, e.g. in Basutoland. At home the native works only by fits and starts; and this monotonous diet without grease, vegetables or sugar, seems inadequate to our ideas for such continuous labour in a much colder climate. Poverty of blood betrayed itself in large ulcers.

Naturally, their poor distorted minds fly to sinister conclusions. “We are all going home to tell our own people not to come and work for the white man. The meal the white men give us has been ground in grinding machines greased with human fat. They want to poison us with it, and get more fat from our dead bodies to grease their machines.” Such was the tale they kept telling Uncle Frank, nor could he disabuse them of it. Two or three times natives started up from the road and begged him to alight and look at a sick man in a wayside shelter. The Railway Company has a medical officer to look after the native workmen, but he can't be everywhere at once; and as a matter of fact he had just gone down to Bulawayo to act as best man at a friend's wedding.

The rule is (to prevent malingering) that if a man does not answer the roll he loses his ration; after two days the doctor (if within hail) pays him a visit, and if certified sick he gets sick rations, I suppose. But owing to the doctor's absence, all the sick had been for some days without either food or certificates or treatment. The Zambesians are quite good-natured in sharing their food with a disabled countryman for a day or two, but once the case seems hopeless—good-bye to

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pity! In one hut, a white foreman or sub-contractor (I don't know which) was tending a sick native with real devotion ; in another the natives, with their usual callousness, had not only abandoned a dying comrade, but had stripped him of all his possessions—money, clothes and even the poor blankets of his death-bed.

This is the fruit of the "gospel of labour" which everybody tells us suits the native so much better than the Gospel of Christ. "Each man for himself" is worse than the heathen system in which there is a certain sense of tribal solidarity and mutual helpfulness.

It is one of the paradoxes of Christianity that the more one thinks of Eternal Life, the more value does *human life* assume in one's eyes ; and as a missionary has pointed out, the reason the African has no sense of the value of *time* is because he has no sense of the value of Eternity. It is not till one sees this, and sees how differently white people, though sometimes professed unbelievers, regard those two matters, time and human life, that one realizes the gulf between heathenism on the one hand, and on the other human nature as moulded by Christian training, even when personal faith is confessedly absent.

*Tuesday, September 8.* A pleasant departure at sunrise. Breakfast at 9.30 in a horribly windy spot ; nearly blown away. Several transport waggons halted here in charge of natives. We had already met some white men, as the day before, sub-contractors and foremen of gangs working on the line, mostly Italians and Greeks.

Here a pallid handsome man was lying propped against one of these waggons in the conventional attitude of the Man who Fell among Thieves. Uncle F. approached him. "Any antelopes about?" he asked faintly. Uncle F. replied, "We have not seen any."

"Oh, I look for antelopes. I die of hunger and thirst. Brothers of me—gone on—left me to look for water." "There is water close by," said Uncle F. in French. The man, who proved to be an Albanian, replied in French as broken as his English, "*No one told me.*" Of course he and the natives here could not make each other understand. We sent our "leader"

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for some, gave him a tin of milk we had just opened, and for once in my life I had literally the luxury of giving away my last crust. But as we had breakfasted, the sacrifice was not meritorious! He was deeply grateful. Two minutes later we met two Italians, and commended him to their care, as they were on the same job.

What a Babel South Africa is! not a Dispersion though: that would simplify things enormously. If gold and diamond mines had been found on the plain of Shinar, I doubt whether any confusion of tongues would have induced its builders to disperse, judging by what one sees out here.

Next we met a gang of Barotse navvies accompanied by ladies of their race—quite civilized, one very stout, in white skirt and jacket edged with red braid, and a panama hat turned jauntily up in front.

Now we re-enter the coal-fields; dusty, leafless, grey woods of mopane. Midday halt, broiling and shadeless. Reached Wankie's about three in the afternoon. We had run out of bread and meat; and as we alighted from the cart on the top of a mound we looked about for the stores. Instantly a gentleman ran down the steps of a nice pretty house and invited us in to tea, and showed us each into a sumptuous bedroom to rest and refresh ourselves. A good Samaritan indeed. We didn't know him a bit; but he turned out to be general manager of the mines, who has often shown such hospitality to members of our Mission. He asked us to return to dinner after we should have bought our stores. We were not exactly dressed for a dinner-party, but it couldn't be helped. Anyhow I had the unexpected luck to find a pair of clean white gloves, which I donned as a symbol of ceremony, and Uncle F. had a white tie. Symbols are convenient at times when you can't have the real thing.

First, however, we bought our bread and repaid two loaves to H——, our driver; then we went to the big store for meat. A good-looking, elderly Scotchman served us; he seemed so pleased to see Uncle F. I asked outside who he was? "I used to know him at Khama's Place; he had a store of his own then, and was one of the pillars of the Church there; it distresses me to see him merely an employé." The cause was the usual one—the curse of South Africa!

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Mr. —, a Methodist minister in one town, said to us, "There seems to be something wrong with the churches at home, the kind of people they send out to us here with glowing recommendations seem to have so little staying power. At college, we used to divide those we knew into 'live churches' and 'dead churches,' as we called them. The former were always full up with 'revivals,' 'missions,' 'forward movements,' and so on; the others went on, as it seemed to us, in cold formality from year to year. Well, my experience is that the men who come from those 'dead' churches are the ones we can depend upon, while those who come out here from the 'live' churches frequently go to pieces as to their Christian life, and sometimes their moral life too, in six months. They rely on constant stimulation, and fall away if they don't get it."

I don't wonder myself at people falling away out here. It is a proof to me of the reality of Divine grace that so many don't, that God is not forgotten, and so much kindness and respect is shown to His servants.

Camp life, even in this short experience of it, seems most withering to the inward life on account of the constant pre-occupation with material cares, while one is so isolated that there is little or nothing (as in ordinary home life) that makes appeal to the sense of duty, nothing to draw out affection, tenderness, or anything but purely physical heroism. It is just forging ahead all the time, and any obstacle to one's progress must look out for itself, or it will be run over. And the conditions of camp life characterize the greater part of Central Africa. Although there are so many churches and religious organizations, the opposing current of materialism is very strong.

Some shake their heads over the rampant love of pleasure here, even among professing Christians. True, it does strike a stranger. But, in Europe, we are surrounded by people tacitly claiming our ministry—poor people, sick people—the aged of our own and other families, and little children. In our spare time, if we want to employ ourselves usefully, we can always find something to do within our domestic or Church circle. Here—nothing of the kind, say in a place like Bulawayo. The place occupied by the poor is taken by the natives:

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only qualified people can visit and minister to them. The skilled artisans are far too independent and generally prosperous to be objects of philanthropy. Children are scarce, and there are no old people at all. Nothing but young men and women, isolated from all natural claims, sympathies and burdens—nothing to occupy them but business, business and amusement. So what *are* they to do with their leisure? It is not an easy problem.

People are very kind to each other, hospitable and generous, but mutual charity does not fulfil *all* the claims of God. Here, however, as elsewhere, we meet those who, in Rutherford's phrase, "have learnt in their sore spiritual famine to lay their pipes up to the Fountain-head."

When we returned to our host we found Mr. Beresford Fox had arrived on his way down to Bulawayo. This was a very pleasant evening. Fresh meat for dinner after three weeks' "tinning"; though a luxury not to be despised, was the smallest part of our enjoyment. We compared the Victoria Falls with Niagara (both of which, curiously enough, all present had seen, Uncle F. excepted), and also discussed the measures to be adopted for preventing the despoiling of the former by travellers and engineers.

Mr. P. told us the punishment for carving one's name in the neighbourhood of the Falls is to be penal servitude for life in the Wankie's Mine! It is the exclusive privilege of the discoverer, Livingstone, whose initials are still proudly pointed out in the island that bears his name. Mr. Fox, who is superintending the building of the bridge on behalf of the Railway Company, says the design of the arch was taken from the rainbows, so as to harmonize with the natural features of the surroundings, and asked us to suggest what colour it should be painted to adapt it still further to the environment. He says as soon as they have got a strong enough chain across they will have a passenger basket slung to it, plying from side to side. They also intend to put a canoe on the surface of the rapids below, and lower two men into it from this temporary chain bridge. I should like to know the premiums that would be asked for insuring their lives before making this experiment.

Our host confessed that it was he who named the descent

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down to the Boiling Pot, through the Palm Forest, "The Lovers' Walk," though any story to justify this title has yet to be invented or enacted. Doubtless there will be plenty such in the future, when once the spot becomes a world's playground.

He told us the history of Thwanka or Swanka, the big chief of these regions. He declined to assist or countenance the white men's advent, or to allow his people to work for them: rebelled, refused parley, was threatened with force, and ran away with his people, burning his kraal, full of live cattle, behind him; was pursued, taken prisoner, and sent to work in the mine for punishment, where he soon died. A tragedy of civilization, yet, I suppose, a fitting end to the reign of blood and terrorism. If it had not been for the Mission in Barotseland there might have been many similar tragedies there. Swanka had no missionary, else perhaps he might have been persuaded gently to open up the resources of his territories himself, and to head the new current like Lewanika, instead of blindly opposing it.

Twenty-three lions were killed in and around this camp during the rainy season.

After dinner we spent a few moments on the verandah while H—— was inspanning, and looked from our eyrie upon the darkened landscape. Twenty years hence, when Wankie's is a black and smoking hole like Buffalo City, how we shall all remember the perfect beauty of that night! Heights and hollows gleamed with camp fires; the bush was burning here and there on the more distant hills, amethystine in the glow: the flaming sunset circling the whole horizon, and over our heads the deep sapphire sky. It looked like a Coronation night, as some one said, or a festival to greet the moon (full yesterday), which rose majestically golden, and hung

Like a suspended opal, huge in heaven.

The cart was ready and we trekked—a short trek to our camp; the worst we had yet struck. A weird scene too; a huge fire blazed beside a well, and round the windlass a group of natives grumbled and gesticulated. We approached; they were Barotse navvies, and eager to talk to Uncle Frank. The spokesman was a tall, fine-looking man, naked but for an



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orange-coloured waistcloth and a collar of white beads, forming a striking picture. They coughed and showed their ulcerated arms and legs; declared all their shifts were shorthanded through sickness and death, only ten on this one instead of thirty; and they trotted out the same old story of the English giants, "I'll grind their bones to make my bread," in other words, who were bent on taking their corpses to lubricate their machines, "Our mealie is ground with the husk: that gives us dysentery, and they grease the mill with human fat. We are going to warn all our people against coming down to work," they said. Uncle Frank endeavoured to disabuse their minds of this disastrous notion. Those who are not actually suffering look very fit, I must say.

*Wednesday, September 8.* A cold and wretched night, especially for Uncle F. on his rocky couch. Trekked at 8 a.m., later than usual, as we had been up so late the night before. Both suffering dreadfully from excoriated hands. Water at midday camp simply mud. Second trek brought us to Lukusi camp, the railhead, and the most wretched place conceivable. Here we had to stay from 3 o'clock one afternoon till 8 p.m. next evening waiting for the train, which has as yet no scheduled time.

No shade, no shelter, no privacy or next to none; sere wood, through which the sun shone pitilessly at every level. We sat on the ground; tents, grass booths and iron shanties all round, natives and white men, empty tins and bottles, filth of every description, pariah dogs, puppies and fowls snatching morsels from plates, and even hands; transport riders drinking and quarrelling all day; water scarcely to be had.

"Have you *ever* been more uncomfortable than this?" I asked Uncle F. "Many, *many* times; far worse," he replied, and I felt rebuked. Certainly it might have been worse. It might have rained or blown a gale: the people round us might have been objectionable, whereas they were harmless and even amiable. At sunset, to our surprise and pleasure, we heard children's voices singing hymns. Found two women here, one Dutch, one English, both from Cape Colony, well-dressed, comely and very pleasant. Their husbands were both

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absent getting ready new homes for them at Wankie's, against the railway arrived there. One was a transport rider, the other a butcher and baker. The Dutch woman had one child here, and another in the Roman Catholic School at Bulawayo. The English woman had her six children with her.

Slept in waggon tilts again. Mine was nearly set on fire by the overturning of a candle ; a heap of paper blazed up ; I had a great fright ; but luckily a basin of water was at hand and it was quickly put out. As all the dwellings touch each other, and were in a most inflammable condition, it might easily have caused a conflagration.

*Friday, September 9.* After breakfast we went to visit my two women friends and buy bread from the baker's wife. She was charmed to see us, introduced all her pretty sturdy children, and brought us into her "Ky-osk," as she called it (a booth of stakes, walls and roof of grass, thatched), and made tea for us. It was so cosy and tidy, and even pretty : bright candlesticks and teapot ; tablecloth, easy-chair and books ; Latin Grammar, Colenso's Arithmetic, Spelling Book and *Livingstone's Travels* (Murray's new edition illustrated from Uncle F.'s photographs).

"We try to keep up their lessons so that they shall not forget everything," said the mother, "and every night we let them sing their hymns." So there are bright spots even here ! They were cheered by our visits and little gifts (of chocolate and a Marked Testament to the flaxen-haired girl of twelve), and absolutely refused to let us pay for our bread. It is true what Uncle F. says, one of the many privileges of the missionary's life is that everywhere one meets with the best side of human nature. I have not the honour of *being* one, but with him I share its benefits, by me unmerited. How I wish it were possible to requite—to give back some of the happiness that these many many kindnesses have shed upon one's path ! Well, if Uncle F.'s prayers can avail to bring down blessings on all those who have been good to us, I can testify that they will certainly have that reward abundantly.

*Friday, Sept. 9.* Train left at 8 p.m. Nothing but roofless coal trucks recently emptied, frightfully dirty, and so high that

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the only way I could get in was by being mounted, as if on to a horse. Here Mr. Beresford Fox turned up again, and there being no other way of getting to Bulawayo, he had to share our truck. Notwithstanding the grime and the jolting it was a pleasant run in the moonlight, sitting on our baggage. Mr. Fox spoke much of his sister, Dr. Selina Fox, and how he valued her counsel. "I have great confidence in my sister," he said. He took a real interest in mission-work and seemed to appreciate Uncle Frank's conversation.

Four hours' journey to Mbangi—an hour's wait there in the dark, sleepy and sulky officials slashing at their Kaffirs who had to unload the trucks. H——, our driver, whose engagement with us ceased at Lukusi, where we gave the cart up, is unremitting in his attentions, though we have no longer any claim upon his services. He made tea for us in the train, or rather truck, and fetched a stretcher for me from a friend far in the Mbangi woods. On this I snatched a few hours' sleep in the brake van, nowhere else to go. Had to turn out at 4 a.m. and enter the Bulawayo train. A long hot day; nearly stifled when we had to boil the kettle for tea and breakfast: we can't eat dinner in the train, it makes one too sleepy. Most people, however, find this an advantage as it helps to pass the time.

I got out a little silk work-bag and began to mend a few things. It is frightful the way one's clothes wear out in this life: they drop into huge holes when you least expect it, and have to be thrown away. "How nice to see some one sewing!" ejaculated one of our fellow-travellers. Most of the folk one meets look as if they did not see it often, but no one seems to mind rents or rags, and all the men live in their shirt-sleeves. Even the Administrator at Bulawayo received us coatless in his office. It was almost too hot to read, and I had only one book besides the little *Silex Scintillans*, namely, a duodecimo of Bacon's *Essays* and *Locke on the Conduct of the Understanding*, printed 1838. It always opens at one of two passages which give such abundant food for thought that there is no use going on. If I began on Bacon, it was certain to be "Of Plantations" (i.e. Colonies, as Virginia).

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“ Plantations are amongst ancient, primitive and heroical works. . . . I like a plantation in a pure soil ; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others ; for else it is rather an extirpation than a planting. Planting of countries is like planting of woods ; for you must make account to lose almost twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end. . . .

“ For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel, and let them have commission to exercise martial laws with some limitation ; and above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always and His service before their eyes : let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers . . . and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen than merchants, for they (i.e. the latter) look ever to the present gain ; let there be freedom from taxation till the plantation be of strength. . . . If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles, but use them justly and graciously with sufficient guard nevertheless. . . .

“ When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as well as with men. . . .”

Let us hope Bacon's ghost would be pleased with N.W. Rhodesia. It is applicable also to the planting of missions, especially the sentence about losing twenty years' profit. If on land—how much more on the bodies and souls of men ! But I had read this about a dozen times during the week at the Falls, so as we were now traversing S. Rhodesia, I opened at another place—the other place.

### “ BOTTOMING.

“ To accustom ourselves in any question proposed to examine and find out upon what it bottoms. . . . For example, if it be demanded whether the Grand Seignior can lawfully take what he will from any of his people ? This question cannot be resolved without coming to a certainty whether all men are naturally equal ; for upon that it turns, and that truth, well settled in the understanding and carried in the mind through the various debates concerning the various rights of men in society will go a great way in putting an end to them and showing on which side the truth is.”

Which opens up such endless vistas of thought about native policy, e.g. the story of Swanka, that all the times I have read it I have never yet turned the page, nor did I now. For “ those various debates ” which Locke thought so nearly at an end are still in full swing here.

The law here is very definite on the subject and protects the

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native's person. To-day's papers give an account of three white men—well known and important—summonsed by a Matabele for thrashing him under great provocation. Fined 10s., 5s., 5s. respectively. The citizens, "governed by the noblemen and gentlemen in the country that plants," complain that the natives are pampered (for fear of their revolting) to the detriment of the white people who can't revolt. I don't know what amount of truth there is in this—anyhow the Matabele do not attract me as the other natives do. They look fierce and insolent. It is one thing to be compassionate to a "poor dark African": altogether another thing to behave rightly towards him when he regards you as an interloper and himself as your superior in power and numbers. And his economic condition is so infinitely more prosperous (in relation to his necessities) than that of our own poor in Europe, that I don't wonder at people who do not look below the surface advising us to keep our help for home needs. It needs a continual adjusting of the inward eye to the Divine standard to realize

"O God, the awful need of those  
Who feel no need of Thee!"

"Who being *past feeling* have given themselves up"—that describes the state of the heathen, and is it not a worse state than that of those who at least *know* their wretchedness and believe, however vaguely, that there is a cure for it somewhere? Therein lies the difference between our own submerged classes and those of Africa.

*Bulawayo, Saturday, September 9.* Our journey together has come to an end. This day, Uncle F. saw me into the train for Cape Town: he to leave on Monday for Lealui, as usual enduring hardness. He says he feels ashamed to have been travelling *so luxuriously*. Such expressions are strictly relative. It did not strike *me* as luxurious.

Often, in making this swift, safe, delightful journey, there has been cause to remember the Forerunners, the missionaries, explorers and traders, who opened up the way, "in peril, toil and pain." May their successors be worthy of them.

*Sunday, September 10.* A solitary Sunday in my coupé, reading Keswick reports in the *Life of Faith*.

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*Monday.* Broke an axle of the parlour car : had to picnic in the dreariest place possible for six hours, while it was being detached, levered up and taken off to a siding. A really bad accident narrowly averted. Meanwhile, I explored with a dear little boy of six—a dismantled block-house, a horse's skull and horse-hair of his tail caught in the barbed wire fence afforded material for a thrilling romance. In spite of the heat my little friend proudly wore a Norfolk jacket to-day and a stiff collar instead of his sailor's suit. "When you wear a collar," he asked, "doesn't it hurt you a little bit just under your ear?"

"Sometimes," I replied, "does yours?"

"Yes, but (heroically) *I like it.*"

*Tuesday.* The Hex River Pass beautiful beyond description. Snowy-crested mountains; and a carpet of the most gorgeous flowers, marigolds, daisy flowers and mesembryanthemum, chiefly, spread from the Hex River through the corn and wine country to Cape Town; bright birds strangely hovering over them—ditches and meadows full of white arums: fruit trees in blossom against dark cypress woods: grassy heaths, golden bushes of genista, and pools, now dried up, lined with the brightest crimson bog-moss. As we drew near Cape Town, avenues and woods, yellow with Mimosa and Port-Jackson Willows.

*London, October 23, 1903.* I wish there was time and space to dwell upon the two or three weeks of my stay at the Cape, with kind Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, and the two short but happy visits to Wellington. The second was for the Convention. There I saw Dr. Andrew Murray presiding, but looking very feeble. May he long be spared to preside over the South African Keswick. There, too, I met Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Maynard, and Mr. T. B. Miller, the Treasurer and Chairman respectively of the S. African General Mission, returned from their mission tour in Swaziland. We had a happy voyage home together in the *Kildonan Castle*. Everywhere my way has been smoothed: everywhere I have left dear friends, black and white, and without ever having had African fever in my veins (which is said really to work the magic), I feel like all others who have lived there, that no narrower horizon can ever satisfy again.



A TYPICAL NATIVE VILLAGE.



A TYPICAL INHABITANT.

BAROTSE VILLAGE SCENERY.

*Ph. : F. Coillard.*





Part II

1920



## Chapter I

## R.M.S. "Saxon"

**O**N May 14, 1920, I left Southampton in the R.M.S. *Saxon*—a happy ship, a perfect day and the precursor of a halcyon voyage.

There were only two drawbacks, the excessive overcrowding of the decks, especially with children, who, poor little things, had not nearly enough space to play about; and the fact that I knew no one on board. However, one makes acquaintance somehow, and it is surprising how in chance talk some illuminating word may light up a wholly new point of view. The first Sunday afternoon, I was reading the life of Sadhu Sirdar Singh. He was just then in England, and I had happened to catch sight of him at a railway station on the way down to Southampton. This led to some conversation with a clergyman going out to Mauritius, who remarked that he thought St. John's message rather than St. Paul's, suited the Indian mind.

From that, we passed on to question the relative value of the ascetic, as compared with the patriarchal life for the missionary in presenting the Gospel to the heathen. The majority of missions in Africa have exemplified the patriarchal plan; the missionaries, leading the household life like Abraham, but as strangers in the land, lacking nothing in a sense, yet possessing nothing except their tombs. The Universities' Mission, however, has been run from the first on the ascetic principle. The Archdeacon then mentioned that we had on board a member of it, the Rev. Arthur Shearley Cripps (the poet of Southern Rhodesia), but that he was travelling in the third class. He kindly promised to make us acquainted, and did so, the same evening. Mr. Cripps seems to be one of those magnetic and apostolic men of whom Africa has attracted and developed so many. He reminded me of François Coillard,

## The New Zambesi Trail

notwithstanding differences of age, nationality and ecclesiastical views, they would have understood each other. He gave me some of his pamphlets about the Native Reserves in Southern Rhodesia, which are being finally settled and which he considers quite insufficient. It is hard to judge how far he is right, but every one must admire his courage and devotion in "opening his mouth for the dumb." Besides these missionaries of various societies, we had several Anglican clergy on board, who had a celebration of the Holy Communion every day at 7 a.m. Others on board were Dr. Martyn Watney, going out to join the Andrew Murray Memorial Mission of the S.A.G.M. in Muye, Angola, also the Rev. and Mrs. Neville Jones, of Hope Fountain (L.M.S.), near Bulawayo; and Mr. and Mrs. Salter and Mr. Cyril Taylor of the Pentecostal League, going to the Belgian Congo. Our intercourse, though slight, was very pleasant. I heard that some of the ship's officers held a daily Bible reading among themselves on the upper deck to which one or two of the missionaries attended by invitation.

Notwithstanding his deafness and mine, I had some quite interesting conversations with my table neighbour, Mr. H——. He was an elderly opera singer, a member of a company going out in the *Saxon* to tour South Africa with Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas. I am sorry to add that a few months later I saw in the papers an account of his sudden death while taking part in a performance in Johannesburg. He knew that his tenure of life was very precarious. He had been working very hard all through the war as a platoon sergeant, too hard for his age and had overstrained his heart. He was a thoughtful and cultivated man and a good deal of what he said is worth recording as it had a definite bearing on a higher vocation.

He had first gone in for oratorio music, then for Italian Opera and finally for Gilbert and Sullivan, and he asked me if I had seen any of their plays. I said:

"No, but I know some of them well. I suppose it would surprise you to hear I have never seen any play?"

"Not a bit," he replied, "lots of people never go to the theatre and *I* wouldn't go near one if it wasn't my business."

His views of the modern theatre were cynical in the extreme.

## R.M.S. "Saxon"

Certainly he spoke much more strongly against it than I should dare to do.

Another day we went on from Wagner's music to discuss various theories of art and amongst others, individualism, i.e. some people not caring to listen even to the best interpretations of their favourite composers because they preferred their own personal rendering. There is a claim of private judgment, it seems, in art, as well as in religion, and it leads to similar results—small mutually exclusive coteries which are sometimes narrow and futile, but, occasionally, really prove to be the nurseries of new and valuable methods.

Mr. H— rather defended this. "An amateur," he said, "might understand a composer better than a professional, might have a clearer insight into the purpose and spiritual meaning of his work, and yet be less able, or even, quite unable, to make others perceive it for lack of possessing the right technique and power of expression."

"We have a formula on the stage—'You've got to put it across to them'—that means, across the footlights. However much *you* feel your part, and however well *you* understand your author or composer, if you can't make your audience feel it, your performance is a failure."

How I wished every missionary and preacher could hear this and lay it to heart. He hastily added—"But when I talk of the spiritual meaning, I'm getting on to rather delicate ground."

I learnt that he had been brought up amongst the Baptists. "Some people think them very narrow, censorious and hard-shell," he said, "but I never did." He had always been very happy amongst them and he hoped soon to leave the stage and go back to his old home in America, where his aged mother still lived. However, this was not to be.

The last Sunday, we had Mr. Cripps's lecture in the second saloon, after a very cheering little word from the Rev. Neville Jones, L.M.S. (Hope Fountain, near Bulawayo). The subject was Jesus walking on the water and the disciples toiling in rowing, and he applied this to the isolation and unforeseen difficulties that awaited so many on board in so many different walks of life in Africa, and how He would come to us just when our need was greatest and we least expected His intervention.

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It was just the thing to help everybody, but *very* few to hear it. At 9.15 Mr. Cripps began a simple and touching account of his work (though he would not call it *his*) in Mashonaland, which he read rather haltingly from a MS. The text from which he started was "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." "Do I?" he asked. "I do not. There are far better missionaries than I am here, but I desire to."

He then spoke of the Southern Cross and its five points of light, reminding us of the Five Wounds. The idea was, that when we convey Christ's love to those who are ignorant of it, whether wilfully or helplessly ignorant, we staunch those wounds, figuratively; when we grieve Him and fail to convey His love, we reopen them. And indeed, if the Church is His Body, this is true. ("Why persecutest thou Me?") He evidently deeply loves the people. He told us how he came to the country from a London curacy; and of an aged lady nearly seventy years of age at his station who now devotes herself to the children, and of various dedication services, each illustrating some aspect of the work, one, in particular, at a Mining Camp, and here he referred once more to the Southern Cross close up against the mysterious inky darkness of Magellan's Lake (the Coal Sack, as they call it in South Africa), "the Cross on the brink of Hell." He spoke of the injustices of a so-called Christian Empire, and how we must be ever brave to strive against them; and lastly, how *we* should desire to bear in our own bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, "*His* marks, not the self-inflicted marks of our own impatience, irritability, resentment, and anger, even righteous indignation. The marks of the Lord Jesus are sorrow like His over sin and suffering, and love that *hurts*, for sinners and sufferers alike."

We were arriving early next morning. The little company that remained to the end parted very cordially. The Rev. Mercer, a very nice ex-Army-Chaplain (who had been acting as padre to the ship) said, as he shook hands, "Aren't they both splendid men? We didn't want to miss either of them." Agreed, *nem. con.*

## Chapter II

## The Rhodesian Railway

ON Tuesday, May 31, 1920, we reached Cape Town at 2.30 p.m. It was a splendid day, the sea like a mirror.

The extraordinary beauty of the Cape Peninsula strikes one ever afresh, especially that great grey rampart facing north with its two buttresses stretching down to the sea on either hand and enclosing the town with defensive barriers, whether against the storms of nature or the violence of man. But little is heard at home about the Peak beside it, which is really far more beautiful to my mind. The view of it from Rondebosch is perfect, rising from the foreground of green common and dark stone pines till it seems to pierce the sky.

My former host in 1903, Mr. Earp, was there to meet me and I was very hospitably entertained for a week in his beautiful home at Rondebosch.

Little could be done, however, during these days owing to a terrible storm, the worst in many years. It delayed the incoming mail steamer for six days, and in consequence my letters never caught me up till six weeks later at Lealui.

It cleared up, however, before Tuesday, June 8, on which day the mail train started for Rhodesia and Elizabethville (Congo Free State). These transcontinental journeys are very trying. One has to live and sleep for a week in the travelling compartment and in the enforced company of total strangers. There are no bathrooms and the basins are the size of salad bowls, choked with dust, and the small tanks frequently run dry. The attendant will supply blankets and pillows and make up the bed at a fee of *2s. 6d.* for the trip, but it is really better to bring one's own bedding and likewise towels. I did not suffer either from the cold at night or the heat by day nearly so much as in 1903. The country looked

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dull as it was the dead season and no flowers, the Great Karroo more desolate and horrible than ever. We soon began to pass the scenes of the Boer War ; first De Aar, quite unrecognizable ; then Graspan, Modder River and Magersfontein, these stations not much altered, but tidied and beautified. In 1903 the country was still showing scars of the conflict. Now all are covered up. I wish one could believe they were healed too.

Soon after passing Mafeking (at 7 a.m. June 9), now quite a populous and civilized place, we reached undulating country with open scrub. Then came Lobatsi, where the old coaches used to leave for Johannesburg and where the Jameson Raid started. It is a very pretty spot, the meeting place of wide valleys radiating in all directions between richly wooded hills, and it is now a great centre for horse rearing and racing. Here we saw the first batch of primitive natives, and at Ramoutsa the first native village.

At Gaberones (12.20 p.m.) or just before it, the line bends westward to the Kalahari Desert and enters a level stretch of fearful dust. At Artesia Station there are standpipes at intervals all along the line, each duly numbered. The train is drawn up with one coach opposite each standpipe, and hose are passed from it into the toilet tanks. When the corresponding number of coaches has been supplied, the train moves forward, and a fresh set is drawn up into line and filled, and so on, till the whole train is ready to start afresh. However, they soon gave out, and we often could not get a drop to wash with or to drink. Palapye Road was reached at 8.30 p.m. on the same day. Very smart and pretty. In 1903 it *was* a road and very little else. Now, Euphorbias, candelabra trees, tall and short, decorate the station, alternating all along the platforms, each standing in a circle of white stones fringed with red geraniums. It is the station for Khama's country and a place of many memories connected with African development.

*June 10.* Woke in real Rhodesia. Breakfasted very early, but the saloon was already full and a handsome, elderly lady kindly invited me to sit at her table. Seeing my enjoyment of the scenery (such a change from the day before) she told me the castellated rocks were called *dwalas*, and talked



## The Rhodesian Railway

to me about other natural features, plants, and especially the great variety of beautiful grasses. On my mentioning I was visiting mission stations, she remarked heartily:

“*Loathe missions!*”

This was a facer (especially so early and after a bad night)! However, I meekly replied, “I’m sorry,” and continued my breakfast. Not having stirred me up sufficiently, she continued:

“I would never have a mission boy. Must take care of one’s spoons, you know.”

This was slapping the other cheek, so I thought it was time to take another line, and I said:

“You see, I know that but for missions, we shouldn’t any of us be here.”

She replied, “Oh, shouldn’t we though?”

“Not without a terrible war. I am speaking of Northern Rhodesia. I have seen documents from Mr. Rhodes and others acknowledging this.”

After a little more in the same strain, finding she was not dealing altogether with a *blanc-bec*, she graciously said: “You’re letting your breakfast get cold.”

A more genial person one couldn’t meet, but there are hundreds like her who not only “loathe missions,” but tell you so. And these are just the people who complain that missionaries have no tact!

And alas! mission boys do sometimes steal, and, more often, they give away their master’s stores to their friends. They think it is grand to pose before their neighbours as sovereign dispensers. A missionary told me that the raw natives seldom steal anything except food, simply because they have no use for our things. A trained boy acquires a taste for civilization and its adjuncts, and if not really changed at heart, is liable to find temptation too strong for him. Perhaps the new psychologists will soon be able not only to tell us why, but how to prevent this. The sole cures at present known are either a true conversion or a wholesome fear of consequences, and preferably, a combination of both. However, even St. Paul had to say to Christian slaves—“Not purloining.”

We reached Bulawayo at 7.30 a.m. and had to wait there

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some hours. A huge board announces under the name of the station :—

Distance from Cape Town	. 1,360 miles.
Distance from Beira	. 673 miles.
Height above sea-level	. 4,469 feet.

The height above sea-level is posted up in the same way at every South African station, even the smallest. Baths were advertised at the station too, and after four days in the train, we hastened to avail ourselves of the privilege but the bathrooms and basins were all locked up. Very bad management, for if they are not ready for the mail train passengers, when would they be ?

What a change since I was here last ! Instead of the ankle-deep expanses of dust, littered with packing-cases, tarpaulins, rusty barbed wire, and crumpled bits of corrugated iron, a series of broad, neat, platforms extends to the fine stone-built offices, through which the traveller passes out into well-metalled roads. Instead of the shabby little victorias charging 12s. 6*d.*, a smart rickshaw drawn by a Matabele, magnificent in plumes and anklets, takes one the same distance—viz., to the Rhodes memorial in the centre of the town—for 1s. 3*d.*

I went to the Post Office, a most beautiful building, with a lady from the *Saxon*, who was just going to rejoin her husband at Gatoomba near Gwelo. We spoke to a Salvationist there, inquiring first for a direction and then about his work. Saw a happy smile awaken and we had a brief chat. Fellowship is cheering and I imagine he did not get too much of it—from travellers at any rate. We then went into a very delightful restaurant and had "morning tea," that South African institution, and fancy cakes as our farewell to civilization. The same idea seemed to have struck a good many of our fellow travellers.

When I was here in 1903, it was very chilly indeed, except for the last day or two, and I had one of the worst colds of my life all the time. Now it was hot, though mid-winter. The town has grown up, and the vast blank spaces between the few but imposing buildings of those days have been filled up. Half the houses were then to let ; now there are not nearly enough. The white men now are all smartly dressed ;

## The Rhodesian Railway

then, cold as it was, coats and waistcoats were scarcely seen, even in the Government offices: high officials received us in their shirt sleeves!

Our train carried almost more women than men: when I came up in 1903, there were only two in it besides myself. Beautiful shops display the latest goods from Europe and America. Provisions and groceries are dear, and so are fashionable garments, but plain cotton dresses and materials (old stock) could be bought at sale prices much below those then current in England, e.g., quite wearable muslin frocks offered for 10s. and 12s.

From Bulawayo, the railway stretches in a perfectly straight line, the longest straight bit one is told in the world.

Soon we came to the places I had traversed with M. Coillard in a cattle car, but to my regret we went through Wankie's Coal Fields during the night. [I saw it, however, by daylight on the return trip in October. All the brushwood has vanished; the trees too; the pretty hills are mere mounds of slack and tailings, or glaring white slopes, patterned by black trolley lines; and a row of factory chimneys beside the shaft completes the picture—a bit of the Black Country transplanted to Africa. I was told that coal could be mined here for the cost of 6*d.* a ton, at the pit's mouth! October is April here and in the Coal Forest the Belladonna Lily was here and there pushing its crown of waxen bells through the grimy soil, a lovely flower. In Rhodesia those I saw were faintest shell-pink and almost rested on the sand—no stalk above the soil. At the Cape they grew tall like Crown Imperial, their colour deep and rosy. They are planted abundantly in cemeteries.]

Elsewhere all is much the same here: the mopane scrub a little more dreary if possible. Natives, weirdly garbed, haunted the stations and offered curios and skins. Here were culverts and embankments I had seen under construction, and first heard the expression "a wash-out" when the rails had to be relaid after rain.

Every one was up by sunrise next morning. It was delightful in that fresh morning air to sit outside our coaches and enjoy the green forest. Everything for miles round the Falls is relatively fresh, dewy and dustless. It is like Devonshire scenery, the good red earth and all, only minus the cultivation.

## The New Zambesi Trail

We reached Victoria Falls station, near the hotel, on the south side of the Zambesi gorges, at 8.15 a.m. on Friday, June 11, having left Bulawayo at 1 p.m. the day before. In 1903, our light spring cart (not a waggon) took us from before dawn on August 24, Monday, till mid-day on the following Saturday.

Now there is a little station at the Falls, and the hotel is seen through the forest, as if standing in its own park. My companions alighted here, as did most of the passengers, except the Belgians. After a long halt, the train started again and we were summoned to breakfast (and glad of it!). Another halt; the train whistled to warn foot-passengers and waited for them to clear off the bridge, and then we found ourselves crossing it, lashed by the spray from the Falls, at that moment thundering down in fullest flow.

What a moment for one who had seen the first cords stretched across that awful gulf! Of the four then standing there two have already crossed the Other Bridge.

May the missionary's work stand even firmer than the engineer's and carry as many, and more, to the Other Side.

What has become of the fourth of that group, Mr. Imbault, the French engineer, who supervised the actual construction? One would like to know.

My table steward told me he had seen the last rivet driven. In the evening the bridge was finished. It was built, as we all know, on the cantilever principle, gradually pushed forward from both sides till the ends met in the middle. They not only met but overlapped about an inch or two, and so the last bolt could not be secured. What could be done? Various expedients were tried, nothing succeeded and darkness forced the engineers to desist from their efforts. "Next morning," said the steward prosaically, "they put it all right and drove the last nail." How! He didn't know, but the explanation is said to be that the heat of the day had unduly expanded the metals. During the night, they cooled and contracted, and the last piece (corresponding to the key-stone of an arch) could be fitted in perfectly, and the work was complete.

## Chapter III

## Livingstone

**I**T took us about eight minutes to traverse the Bridge going at the rate of five miles an hour. Quite long enough to be hung up in mid-air! At 8.45 we reached Livingstone, two hours overdue. Here, our Missionary, the Rev. John Roulet, met me with a smart little motor bicycle and side-car and whirled me off to the Mission House on the outskirts (or rather, beyond the outskirts) of the new town. It is a charming four-roomed brick bungalow (a special gift to the work from one of its best friends), nestling amid poinsettias and bougainvilleas: the Coillard Memorial Hall is close by. I was cordially welcomed by Madame Roulet and her little girl and boy. I told her I was expecting to see the old ramshackle cart with a pair of prehistoric mules which had hitherto conveyed every visitor to the Mission House; I was glad to learn from her that they were less immortal than I had supposed.

I had hoped to spend at least a fortnight here before beginning the voyage up the Zambesi, but I was informed we should have to start in three days, as the Conference of Missionaries at Lealui was to begin on July 18, and it would be as much as we could do to arrive in time for it. This was rather startling, as it was impossible for my luggage in bond to arrive in time, and that meant all my camp kit and all my cool clothes would be left behind.

Curious that for quite a different reason I and my luggage were separated for months during my former journey! Some people would say, "It shows how little you need." But not altogether. Impossible to travel without camp things. However, few situations are hopeless. The Roulets kindly said they could lend me a folding-bed and mattress if I did not mind their being old. I did not mind at all and spent several

## The New Zambesi Trail

hours on the verandah patching them up. Sheets and towels were also forthcoming; and the blankets I had intended to buy here, for one can really get more suitable ones than in England: and as another missionary, M. Lageard, was just arriving, in transit for the Cape on sick leave, he kindly lent me his tent and mosquito net. I regretted my two folding-chairs, and, as one must have something to stand things on, I got the loan of a collapsible table. It had the defect of collapsing at the wrong times, but most camp things do this. A lantern, enamel basin, pail and soap dish, completed the equipment. Happily, I had held on to my eiderdown, thermos, and covert coat and skirt, and the local store provided a much better and cheaper solar topee than the only one I could find in London.

After this welcome and breakfast No. 2, my mind being thus set at rest, M. Roulet took me into the town, to visit the Bank and buy stores. One can get quite nice things here, and really not so very dear when you reckon the heavy cost of transport and duty. Many of the shops are run by firms with Hebrew names, such as Jehiel Jacobs (we never hear these fascinating alliterations in London), others by English folk, and in these latter shopping appears to be a social function, frequently punctuated by tea and soft drinks, so that it takes a good deal of time.

In 1903 "Livingstone" was merely a name given to a camp, consisting of half a dozen trading stores located in makeshift shelters at the Old Ford, six miles up river. This town was actually founded about 1909, but it has only grown up during the last nine years. It stands on high ground two or three miles from the river, with wide streets fringed by pretty bungalows; even the shops are, for the most part, bungalow-built with verandahs, and all around lies the lovely forest, many of the residential houses dropped into it as though standing in a natural park. Walking about, however, is rather tiresome: only limited sections are paved. The rest of the time one is trudging through deep red sand or over sharp broken quartz.

The thing that strikes one most is the large number of white women, nearly all young, and (needless to say) attractive and prettily dressed. Throughout Africa almost all

## Livingstone

women wear white shoes and stockings—not for vanity, but because they are cheaper to buy and easier to keep cleaned than black or brown. The effect is very pleasant, imparting a universal air of festival. In 1903 I only saw four or five white women, two Dutch, two English and myself—a visitor. Perambulators too in plenty, with chubby little occupants, whilst sturdy-looking older children running home from school seemed to verify the boast that Rhodesia is fit to be a white man's country.

However, a sadly large number have been laid in the cemetery with their young mothers; I am told the total deaths number 200 in ten years out of a white population now numbering 500. On our way back we stopped at one of the hotels, a modest one-storey building, to see the Misses Beamond, two young ladies going up to the Open Brethren's Mission founded by Mr. Arnot in the Va-lovale country, ten days' north of Lealui.

M. Roulet told me that when we left a few days later for the conference at Lealui, we were to escort these sisters up river and also Mrs. Broun, who was going to take charge of the Government Hospital at Mongu (near Lealui). At Sesheke we were to pick up the Rev. Louis Jalla, his niece Graziella, and Mlle. Schneller, who has come out to replace, as far as possible, her fiancé, the Rev. Robert Dieterlen, of Lukona, who was killed in the War. So our three weeks' journey up the Zambesi would be with quite a fleet.

M. Roulet had arranged to give up the day to me and proposed visiting the Falls the same afternoon. The old station at the Drift where I had stayed before was half a day's journey from them by boat. This time we went on the motor bicycle in about half an hour, Mme. Roulet riding pillion, myself in the side-car.

M. Roulet charged straight for the edge (why *will* men do these things?), rushed the machine at it and slewed round about six or seven yards from the brink. Recognizing the spot, I was in a perfect frenzy for fear it should get out of control, but Mme. Roulet assured me he *always* did that and stopped just at the same place where the path swerves round!

All is now tidied up, paths constructed and marked with white stones, rustic seats pavilioned with thatch placed at the

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right view-points. One can't say that, in this respect, the change is for the better; one feels no more the thrill of the wilderness, but it is something to have seen it again before the gorges are lined with turbines, the banks with factories and the forests cleared for cotton fields, as may possibly be the case some day or other.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, the custodians jealously guard the natural beauties, and certainly all these changes make for the greatest happiness of a greater number, including the fairly numerous tourists who had come up in our train and were already (some of them) walking about with cameras. No shooting is allowed for five miles round, so that baboons and hippos disport themselves audaciously and sometimes alarmingly. The very next week the latter attacked a boat full of tourists and bit a piece out of it! We looked down into the winding gorges. Their rocky sides formerly clothed with forests had been denuded in part by brushwood fires, due either to carelessness or malice. Part of the Rain Forest in front of the Cataract has also suffered in the same way. Every one is very sad about it.

The land faces the Fall for over a mile, broken only at Danger Point, a quarter-mile from the north-eastern bank, where we had arrived. From this side, the cliff runs out in a narrow spur called the Knife Edge. The steep and rocky side of this faces the Fall on the right as one walks along it; the other side, covered with trees and brushwood (the left), slopes more gradually into a glen called the Palm Forest, reaching to the water's edge at the bottom of the gorge. On the top of this Knife Edge, a slightly undulating track finally terminates in a lofty and precipitous crag overhanging the gulf. Opposite to it, still loftier and still more overhanging, is the pinnacle known as Danger Point. These towering crags stand like sentinels as if forced apart by giant hands to make a gateway for the floods which pour between them into the gorges. In 1903, Danger Point could only be reached from the south-western bank by walking a mile through the Rain Forest which faces the Falls on the other side and, owing to the blinding spray and slippery grass, the walk was not free from risks.

<sup>1</sup> The Company's Charter and Trust Deeds of the Victoria Falls Power Company contains the most stringent safeguards for the beauty of the Falls and the environment.



## Livingstone

Now one can traverse the bridge and mount the slope in a few minutes from the side we were on.

Having a constitutional horror of precipices, I tried to muster all my courage, but finding the journey, the bad night and the excitements of the morning hadn't left me any, I decided on the uncomfortable course of crossing without it, and, wonderful to say, found it again on Danger Point ! For the second time in my life I experienced the extraordinarily reviving effects of that sun-warmed spray. It is glorious to feel and see those soft prismatic showers falling over one, breaking into diamond drops and dissolving in rainbows round one's feet. But apart from the beauty, there is a definite effect of calming and bracing the nerves. Just as before, all the nervous terrors, giddiness and tremors due to fatigue vanished instantly. I mention this because I cannot but think these effects might well be investigated by doctors and a Cataract Cure inaugurated. Now it was nothing but a delight to lean over the rocks and feel them shake with the thunder of the waters. The Cataract just there hangs like a white, swaying curtain in the wind. The river was then at its fullest, and I did wish to see the rest of the Fall, but it was not possible to spare the time that day ; nor did we achieve it before beginning our journey north.

Needless to say, we returned dripping. Some ladies in delicate voiles, who were taking photographs of the Falls, having arrived that same morning, had asked us if we thought it worth while to cross the bridge, and they looked somewhat aghast at our drenched appearance on our return. We were glad to take off our chilly garments and drink hot tea out of the thermos. A native came up and asked me to buy a fly-whisk for half-a-crown. M. Roulet advised me to do so in view of the journey, and it proved an excellent investment. Every one travels with them here. Home at full speed over all obstacles, myself enjoying it this time instead of cowering in panic as before.

*Saturday, June 12.* To-day was devoted to seeing the mission station and its work. It has been generously granted four acres by the British South African Company, two on either side of the road (and also a farm, at present leased to a

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Dutch farmer). Two are occupied by the house, garden, vegetable plot and open compound, and the Coillard Memorial, wagon sheds and pack houses. Here, the goods of the missionaries up-country are stored in transit; barter being not yet replaced by cash in the remoter places. M. Roulet acts as the agent and general treasurer of the whole mission, so that he has much to do besides pastoral work.

The other two acres across the road are not yet enclosed; they are destined for the native teacher, whom, alas! we do not yet possess. His future abode is occupied by a Scotch couple with their children, railway people, who are here a privileged portion of the community. They are Government employés, signalmen, platelayers, etc., very highly paid compared with English rates, and claim a principal share in the ministrations of doctor and clergy. Another of them was later on introduced to me with the remark: "Mr. — has just been buying a motor-car; all the railway people seem to be buying them now."

This plot is situated at the extremity of the township, which has not yet grown up to it, so that it occupies a very isolated position, with the cemetery just beyond and forest all round. The Coillard Memorial Hall, built by friends in Great Britain, stands just outside the compound facing the open veld, and is a starting-point for some of the waggons going up-country. The verandah is already being devoured by termites, in spite of its being built on iron piles. The three little rooms behind serve as guest chambers. Over the verandah grows a beautiful creeper, the foliage dark green like passion-flower, but the blossom, in great flame-coloured clusters, looks like a species of honeysuckle. With scarlet pointsettia and hibiscus, pink oleander, purple bougainvillea and beds of petunia, geranium and yellow heliotrope framing the red brick of the bungalow against the bright blue sky, it creates quite a Bakst colour effect.

The hall is chiefly used at present for a night school, as it is too far from the native locations for the regular church services to be held in it except on Saturdays and Sundays. The principal duty of the missionary at Livingstone is pastoral work among the so-called Blantyre people—the skilled natives from Nyasaland—a large proportion of whom are already Christianized.

## Livingstone

However, evangelistic work is not neglected, and there had been eight baptisms the previous Sunday. As we were leaving this hall on Saturday after the meeting, we espied some men limping across the veld towards the forest "villages," and Mme. Roulet went over to see what was the matter. We found only the last lagger, and he had huge suppurating ulcers on his legs. He said he and three others had just arrived by rail after a long previous march from the south, where they had been employed in stone-breaking. This being evidently a case for the Good Samaritan, Mme. Roulet acted promptly, washed, cleansed and bandaged, and finished by telling him to take away the swabs and bury them (burning would be better, but might lead to forest fires).

This he did, reverentially wrapping them in newspaper. I am sure he thought that part of it was the magic, but Mme. Roulet said she explained to him it was only a hygienic measure—one which they always insist upon, as the natives must do all their own clearing up. It was a most picturesque sight, literally Lazarus at the gate full of sores and the two dogs licking them, or, rather, trying to, Eric keeping them off by main force! The patient received this improvised out-relief for eight days. Mme. Roulet said, "You can have it all done for nothing at the dispensary," but he replied, "Oh, no, I'd rather come here and pay."

As there is a free Government dispensary for them here, the mission is not allowed to give medical treatment except on emergency, and then the natives must pay for their drugs and dressings. This is expected to act as a deterrent, but it does not altogether have that effect. In fact, I was assured they would not go unless their masters made them, as they often do. Perhaps they think what costs nothing is less valuable than what they pay for, but what they assert is that they are handed over to the tender mercies of a native orderly, who treats them with harshness and neglect, and that they get well much sooner when they are treated "with affection." And does not the newest mind-science bear this out? (It is only right to add here that on returning, in October, I learnt that the authorities had arranged for the hospital nurses to take it in turn to exercise supervision every month over the native hospital and dispensary, and there is evidently a real

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desire among those responsible to give the natives the care they require in sickness.)

On Saturday evening one or other of the native locations is always visited, in order to invite the people to the morrow's service, and I accompanied Mme. Roulet to the Camp of the Zambesi Saw Mills Company, which has acquired a forest concession right up to Sesheke, and possesses a vast enclosure covered with every kind of timber. Mr. Knight, the manager, courteously showed us round, exhibiting the various woods and explaining their destiny. The sawing is done by machinery, neither coal nor water power is used; they just burn up the chips, and have more than enough fuel to run the mills. It had only been six months at work, but already thousands of pounds' worth of timber stood stacked up for export to the south, and they hope to turn out at least £25,000 worth a year.

All those beautiful trees which our Waddell's<sup>1</sup> eye was the first to appraise from the craftsman's point of view are now marked down and identified and lay around us in various stages—woods of all grains and colours, huge trunks, planks and short lengths, some which they call "teak" and "mahogany" for railway sleepers and waggon work; others for house construction or props for mines; fine woods for furniture, down to a specially light wood sheared or shaved off in thin sheets and strips for crates and fruit punnets. It was a craftsman's paradise, but, to the lover of trees, more like a slaughter-house. The Company is under no obligation, it seems, to replace any of the big trees they cut down. The manager said it was not necessary; they would grow again of themselves. However, this is not so certain. In Basutoland, the pioneers cleared the natural timber growth, including many olive trees, and it has never grown again. Many experts nowadays think that the clearing of the forests is helping to cause the drying up of Africa, and one is sorry to see the process being hastened.

The native workers here were Barotse. We only saw one woman in the whole camp, as they are not allowed to bring

<sup>1</sup> William Waddell, a Scotch cabinet-maker, who accompanied the Coillards as artisan-missionary in 1885. He contracted a terrible and lingering disease, of which he died some years ago—a true martyr.

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their wives with them, their unstable character giving rise to too much disorder. All that can be said here on this painful subject is that if it makes matters simpler at Livingstone, it certainly complicates them in the Barotse plain, where the families are left behind.

It is partly in consequence of this that, defying regulations, a certain number of women, adventurous spirits, runaway or deserted wives, find their way here, forming "villages," i.e., groups of huts, a mile or so out in the forest, centres of drunkenness and every kind of disorder. These women have nothing to do—no natural duties, no industries, no tilling. A child is scarcely seen. Their husbands, earning good wages, can keep them in idleness, and the result is that they are apt to sink lower than even those living in primitive savagery. This lack of home-life makes the work here specially hard.

[Since this was written the authorities, responding to M. Roulet's urgent representations, have had these villages cleared out. So I am informed.]

Of the other employés here, mostly the Blantynes and Chinyangas from N.E. Rhodesia, and a few Basutos, many bring their wives and families and live respectably in the locations provided for them either by the Government or (as in this case) by their employers.

The camp at sunset was most picturesque, the straw huts and courts being occupied each by five or six friends forming a "mess," and as they sat cooking and eating their manioc dough and fish sauce we saw two friends "dipping their morsels in the same dish." Some of them were indifferent and scoffing; but one of them replied seriously, "Yes, I *will* come to church; I *like* to come," and he did. Most of them are really pleased to be visited and talked to, as it is lonesome away from their own country.

Sunday is the busy day here. We walked early to the prison, a long distance, M. Roulet having preceded us early in the motor bicycle to hold a service there; but ladies are not allowed inside. Some of the prisoners are Christians of a strange sect called "The Watch Tower," from N.E. Rhodesia, who made a rebellion because, like the Thessalonians, they thought the Second Advent so near that they need not work or pay taxes or obey any earthly government. They are serving

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a long sentence and are indulgently treated, as they behave very well. They also sing beautifully, and the Misses Beamond were waiting for us, listening to them outside.

We went on together to the chief location, where an informal service was held under a large tree for all the raw natives that could be induced to attend it. They brought their little stools and seemed very attentive. From there we went into the iron church. It is built in another large court, where the Blantynes have their homes—long, low barracks, divided into single rooms, for which they pay 5s. per month. Inside is a bed-shelf just behind the green door, and the width of the door, or a trifle over, constitutes the sitting-room. In reality, they do most of their sitting outside in the sun, and their cooking also. The fathers, smartly dressed, brought their little boys and girls to church in starched white suits and frocks, quite like English folk.

Other children trotted about outside, "Some in jags, and some in rags, and some in velvet gown," literally, for many of them wear the cast-off garments of Europe. One pretty little thing about five years old was trailing one of the robes, of dark cotton with elaborate border, with which the Blantyre women gird themselves under the arm-pits, the border hanging down vertically and most gracefully. This little maiden was trying to dance in her long train and not altogether failing.

The second service was in English and, at the conclusion, to my great surprise and pleasure, a group constituted by the Y.M.C.A. (native), after singing an anthem, read aloud a letter of welcome addressed to me, as representing the friends and helpers of the work at home. Here is the leading paragraph :—

"Your presence to-day reminds us what the late Rev. Coillard did in this country, for many years ago we know he had many wearisome troubles, and suffered in opening a way for the Word of God in this dark country, which was unknown for many years. . . . Through him, the Word of God is being preached in this country, and we have also the privileges of having Sunday services in the church here at Livingstone. The Y.M.C.A. was organized by the Rev. E. J. Roulet in 1915, and we are meeting every Wednesday. It is a very great help

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to us and we are interested with it. We hope you will not forget to remember us.

“ May God bless and keep you through your journey when going up and coming back home. . . . ”

A touching feature of this service was the singing of a hymn entirely by the little black children, tiny ones, below the choir-boy age, the parents looking lovingly on.

Coming out, all sorts of cheerful greetings were exchanged, and I had to be introduced to the schoolmaster and the leading elders, or they to me, and to admire numerous babies tied on their mothers' backs. What a loss of fellowship there is in giving up the habit of united worship! It seems as if that friendly pause outside the door and greetings exchanged with those we never see on week-days just gave one the right chance to put into use the Christian feeling stimulated by the morning's worship, which otherwise tends to evaporate in barren emotions.

After the afternoon service in Sikololo (the Barotse dialect of Sesuto), held in the afternoon at the Coillard Memorial Hall, another letter was read, addressed to the Misses Beamond as well as to myself, the composition in both cases being quite unaided :—

“ We, the members of this church at Livingstone, beg to tender herewith to you our sincere greetings, and we also wish to avail ourselves of this opportunity of cordially welcoming you to our midst.

“ We have heard of the great interest you have taken in this mission ever since its commencement, and we beg you to convey our thanks to those sympathetic Christians in England who may always have assisted you in the raising of means for the dissemination of the Gospel in this dark land. . . . This building—The Coillard Memorial—stands as a living witness to the work of the Founder of the Mission in Barotseland.”

Some response being called for, I told them a little of how the Hall came to be built and designed and how M. Coillard's device for it would have been, “ Not I, but Christ.”

Afterwards, on reading his own records, I found the story of Eleazar Marathane, the Basuto evangelist who died just as they entered the country. His last message was: “ Give

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them Jesus—Jesus only: Jesus wholly (*Jesus seul—Jesus entier*).”

Three English friends were present on this occasion, but, speaking generally and apart from Government officials, the people of Livingstone, though kind and friendly personally, take very little interest in what is done for the natives.

The domestic servants are largely drawn from the Barotse, who are considered tractable and intelligent. The Basutos make good drivers, being accustomed to horses; the Blantynes are generally clerks, interpreters, typists or craftsmen.

Very few real Christians on the whole enter domestic service as they are qualified for higher posts; the mission boys who give the work a bad name are, in many cases, the failures.

In the afternoon the Blantynes have a service amongst themselves in their own language. Many of them are very well educated and good preachers. We had to return to the station for the afternoon service at the Coillard Memorial Hall for the Barotse. About 100 were present. It is difficult for many of them to come at all, as Sunday, here, is the great day for picnics, river parties and shooting, and they have to accompany their masters to cook and carry guns.

Sunday work is a problem everywhere, but Sunday pleasure does not simplify it. This is one of the reasons, too, why people do not care to have mission boys, and also why really Christian natives do not care to enter domestic service.

The Blantyre women have a very pretty, modest style of dress and particularly becoming turbans, a large handkerchief arranged like a toque, the corner covering the crown, the ends folded (not wound Indian fashion) and coquettishly tied in a fly-away knot at the side. One is struck by the trend of the newest fashions at home towards the native type and taste. The negro dances and jazz bands have long been recognized, but besides this I note:—

Loose-fronted jumpers, with short sleeves.

Short and very full skirts.

Draped over-skirts, formed by shawls or scarves half covering the skirt and loosely knotted to one side of the waist.

Strings of beads.

Gaudy colours in cretonnes and cotton foulards.



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Whole animal skins worn over one shoulder and under the other, the feet meeting in front.

Fringed strips of long fur.

Narrow bands of ribbon or velvet round the head and forehead. These last are worn exactly as by young girls in Europe.

The profile now admired in England is just that of the pretty little negresses. The tip-tilted, slightly flattened nose, and eyes wide apart. As regards clothing, however, most of these things are not meaningless fashions here, they have a purpose. The skin or tali serves to carry the baby on the back, and the legs to tie it firmly in front ; the fulness or bustle of the skirt forms a support on which its weight rests : the folded handkerchief protects the mother from the sun, and the short skirt is a necessity in the long grass, or in the mealie field. True, the beads, in both cases, are purely ornamental. But it is altogether a singular retrogression towards primitive barbarism.

Such intelligent and often beautiful expressions some of these Blantyre Christian women had. One of them said to Mme. Roulet, showing her lovely child (yes, lovely, though black as a hat), " You are my *friend*." This was because she had twice saved the baby's life (ill with pneumonia), trudging twice a day for a week over the heavy sand to the location to administer cow's milk and poultices, and the result to herself was a breakdown.

Infant feeding is a great problem here and lies at the root of many native arrangements, which shock European conventions. With all its progress in business, Livingstone does not boast a single dairy, even for Europeans, and white babies are usually reared, it seems, on patent food (Australian Lactogen). The Mission owns a few cattle and their milk is often in request for sick babies, but cows in Africa give so little (the calves getting nearly all of it) that they supply only just enough for the household. Needless to say, however, it is never refused if there is any.

The next few days must be passed over quickly. The Misses Beamond left their hotel and came to the mission station till Thursday, when they had to depart. Together we received a true Scottish welcome on two occasions from the Highland dame occupying the teacher's house. I mentioned

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that our clan and hers had been deadly enemies for centuries, but we buried the hatchet (or should it be the claymore?) in a pile of scones, the flakiest ever seen. She insisted on the girls accepting a quantity of them for their waggon journey that evening. I gave her little daughter a Testament and had to write her name in it, "Helen Gilländer Campbell, from Brora, Inverness." The music of the Highlands—even more melodious in the wilds.

We cut short our visit as it was past the time for their waggon to start, but Mrs. Campbell prophetically remarked, "Ye'll jist start when the oxen settles it," and the oxen settled it at sunset instead of at 2.30 p.m. They seem to prefer that time of night—it must be an ancestral habit from the not remote days of the tsetse fly, which does not bite in the dark. The rinderpest in 1895-6, in destroying large game and the cattle of N. Rhodesia, left this legacy to the good, that the tsetse fly is no longer such a menace to transport.

The front part of the waggon, as everybody knows, is a dray piled up with baggage; the covered part is to the rear of this and you enter it behind, a gymnastic feat, as it is almost seven feet from the ground. In this the girls were to sleep; the others under it. A row of small boys assembled to see Eric off. They looked genuine little pioneers in their shirts and shorts and broad-leaved veld-hats and their miniature guns, which they can all use to some purpose (to *good* purpose some would say, but one hates to see children killing turtle-doves). Botha was the surname of two of them.

Our provisions for three weeks were loaded up. One box was full of onions, another of oranges (naartjes, a sort of tangerine), another of tomatoes, and so on. The sun glowed red on the horizon, the long whip cracked, the boys cheered. "Trek!" and the eighteen oxen moved off through a cloud of glorified dust.

NOTE.—The Census taken on May 3, 1921 (the year after my visit), showed a total population in Northern Rhodesia of 983,539 persons (just short of a million). There were 3,634 Europeans, 56 Asiatics, 145 Coloured and 977,674 Natives. The European total included 1,371 women and girls as against 376 in 1911. The total increase of the European population during these ten years is 2,137. I am indebted for these particulars to the courtesy of the British South Africa Company.

## Chapter IV      The Voyage up the Zambesi

*(This chapter is transcribed from a journal, supplemented here and there by letters and later observations.)*

**S**ATURDAY, June 19. We were up at 6.30. The arrangements for our journey up-river fell out most fortunately. Ordinarily, one has to go by ox-waggon to Katomboroa, a creek about 35 miles from Livingstone, and the waggon which brought M. Lageard took M. Roulet, little Eric, and the Misses Beamond and their tents on Thursday to this place. Here, the boats start for the trip up-river in order to avoid the rapids just above Livingstone. The journey is properly three days, but in bad weather it sometimes takes six days or even more. By a happy chance (to which I would give a better name), Mme. Roulet, Yvonne and myself were able to do it in less than three hours on Saturday morning in the motor-car, which was conveying the Government's nurse, Mrs. Broun, for which privilege we paid half the fare.

The motor-car with Mrs. Broun arrived before we had begun breakfast, but the milk didn't, so we hastily swallowed black coffee, with the entire Campbell clan ranged round the room looking on, to bid us good speed. They had kindly brought some eggs for little Yvonne.

Packed ourselves in, and off by 8.45. Such a journey! I do not know the make of car (or I would certainly give it an advertisement) which dashed over boulders, banks and brush-wood; took dykes flying, like a seasoned hunter (or so it seemed to the occupants), hung on to the edge of a light trolley line like a gyroscope, flew through the forest, scattering startled antelopes and baboons, and finally deposited us safe and sound at the landing-stage, with only one rib broken between us—that of my blue-lined umbrella! This, for the next three

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weeks, lent me an air of caricature, especially as the spray from the Falls had caused all the colour to run, and I finally had, for dignity's sake, to bestow it on Nasilele, the paddler, who used to carry my belongings ashore—to his unbounded delight.

The run was beautiful had we had time to look about us, with blue glimpses of the Zambesi now and then, lake-like among the trees. At one place we had to mount a steep bank rising from the ditch in order to get on to the trolley track of the Sawmills Company. The chauffeur put her at her fences, the motor baulked two or three times; finally, we had to alight, and when we opened the door on the near side (the off side facing the sky) we almost tumbled out. The chauffeur ran her along the bank and got her on to the track somehow, but it was a near thing. We passed the waggon on the way which had started three days before. A few hours later it overtook us with M. Roulet and the others, and after a picnic meal we embarked upon the Zambesi about 4 p.m.

The creek is a lovely spot, screened by wooded islands. The palm-trees spring from beds of feathery green papyrus, in the shadow of which lie all sorts of small craft—pleasure boats, long, light, punt-shaped skiffs with awnings in the middle, native dug-outs, and the huge transport barges of the traders.

In the morning while we were waiting here, the transport agent who was providing the boats for Mrs. Broun and the Beamonds, invited us up to his bungalow and offered us morning tea on the verandah. This is an African institution, every one meets for it about 10.30 as regularly as at 4.30. These big boats charge £45 each for the trip each way, I understand, including the food of the paddlers and their pay, but the travellers board themselves.

I had a pleasant conversation with a Government official who had come with some friends for a few days' fishing. I asked him what had happened to the trout which Mr. (now Sir Robert) Coryndon, formerly the Resident Commissioner of N. Rhodesia, had been trying to naturalize when I was here before. It turned out that this was the very person who had taken charge of the experiments, but unfortunately, after many months of enthusiastic effort, they proved unsuccessful and had to be abandoned.

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We talked a little about my former visit and about the pioneers, and he said, "Mme. Coillard must have been one of the first women to see the Victoria Falls." I replied, "She was *the* first" (that is, with Elise Coillard, their niece). But the Royal Geographical Society, not being aware of this, has ascribed the honour to Lady Williams, claimed for her by her husband. They came up a few months later. When this statement appeared in his autobiography, I had a friendly correspondence with Sir Ralph Williams on the subject and he, very courteously, though regretfully, acknowledged Mme. Coillard's prior claim. Mr. S—— remarked that it was a pity there should be an error in the historic record, and so it is; however, Aunt Christina was not out to make records. He believed in Missions, he said, and was very sympathetic about the difficulties, but I assured him that there were great joys also.

The very instant the waggon came alongside the spot where our boats were berthed, the oxen were outspanned and the waiting crews of paddlers began to load up the boats under M. Roulet's direction. This is always the main job of the leader of an expedition and it is by no means easy to trim the boats properly and, at the same time, to keep within reach the things most frequently needed, the paddlers contesting every order. It requires great tact to control even one boat's crew, because, the navigation being entirely in their hands, they are apt to imagine they must control the transport too, which is quite another matter. And when four crews have to be manœuvred, two of them consisting of our Mission paddlers, and two of those of the Government agent, all with their own ideas about things, diametrically opposed to those of all the others, it may be imagined that it takes some time to get them all into shape. But once started, it was wonderful how they all played up to one another—instinctively, as it seemed, like a school of porpoises. The agent's barges had not yet arrived from up-river, but a skiff was lent to the Beamonds *pro tem.*, and Mrs. Broun came into my boat. We embarked about 4 p.m., and two hours later reached a pretty camp where we were to spend Sunday.

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Domestic camping is very different from military. Speed and punctuality are secured as far as possible, but order and precision, scarcely. The best idea would be for each person to have a tarpaulin or ground sheet over their luggage in the boat, take it off on landing and place all their bedding and belongings on to it at once. Instead of which everybody's baggage was unloaded pell-mell on to the sand and stubble and sorted afterwards. The paddlers did this before Mr. Roulet arrived ; naturally his boat had to bring up the rear. The Government lent to Mrs. Broun a beautiful new tent with a fly (double cover) and a still better one to the Roulets, because they were escorting her. Mine was neither new nor beautiful, but small and snug. The Misses Beamond have a separate mess, and a splendid little tent, kit and canteen. They were lucky enough to get the whole equipment of two ladies who had been coming out and then gave up the idea. My outfit, being only for the trip, and not for a life-time, is much less elaborate, but quite sufficient. We have a good trestle table for meals, and a carbide lamp, and sit on chairs. After supper we went over to the paddlers' bivouac and chatted with them over all the events of the day and the prospects of the voyage, thus getting on good terms with them—a very important beginning. M. Roulet asked me to speak to them, he interpreting. I did so, briefly, describing M. Coillard's first voyage and the barbarous condition of that part of the country in the time of their fathers. They listened, and responded very appreciatively.

Impossible to convey the charms of this voyage, especially the first fortnight among the enchanted islands and forests of this wonderful river. It seems as though Frances Ridley Havergal must have seen it with the poet's inward eye when she wrote :—

Like a river, glorious  
Is God's perfect peace ;  
Over all victorious  
In its bright increase.

Perfect, yet it floweth  
Fuller every day ;  
Perfect, yet it groweth  
Deeper all the way.

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There is nothing more enjoyable in the early morning than watching the paddlers moving in beautiful concert with every motion of their leader, instinctively guiding the boat through eddies and whirlpools, following the current or avoiding the rocks or shoals, swaying backwards and forwards, to this side and that, with a more than mechanical unity and perfection of action, their bronzed shoulders gleaming in the sunshine. They never seem to get tired. Indeed, I believe it is pure enjoyment to them. On the banks one saw very little life, very rarely a crocodile or a hippopotamus. Along the upper waters there are quantities of birds, especially herons and ibis, but at this season we saw few. It was midwinter here when we started on June 19, and M. Lageard had told us that on *his* voyage down-stream they had had frost, and ice in their basins, but though the nights were certainly very chilly, we had nothing so bad as that! We were bound to accomplish the journey in three weeks so as to be in good time for the Annual Conference at Lealui, consequently the days had to begin very early and last very long!

The usual routine was as follows:—We rose at dawn and breakfasted post-haste at a folding table at sunrise, sometimes a little before the sun was visible. Meanwhile the paddlers would be taking down our tents and loading them and the baggage on our boats, and the moment they had finished we embarked. The said boats are punt-shaped barges, but very, very long (about 40 feet) and flat bottomed; the chief paddler stands in front with two others; at the other extremity are six or seven more, of whom one steers (with his paddle only) at the "Captain's" orders. All face in the same direction as the boat travels.

In the middle is an awning or howdah, covered first with a mat of reeds, and over that a canvas sheet, which keeps off the sun, but makes the inside very stuffy, especially as all the heavy baggage is heaped up at the back, including the rolled-up mats, basins and baskets of the paddlers, and also their food supplies. As this includes manioc flour (which has a pungent odour), and any dead fish they may pick up *en route* to season their rather insipid porridge, the atmosphere is not always agreeable.

In front of the passenger sits his personal boy or a house

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boy, in charge of food baskets and cooking pots. All these things add to the smell and attract the flies. Sometimes the laundry is spread out to dry on the top of the awning. Beneath it is just room for two small low seats side by side, standing on a mat, under which bilge water ebbs and flows with the motion of the boat. Normally, however, there is only one passenger to each boat, and one can really be very comfortable in a hammock chair, with cushions, bags and baskets handy. Things are not packed up as in England, but carried in open boxes or native baskets, so as to be readily accessible. You think you will accomplish a great deal of reading and writing, but the heat, stuffiness and glare from the water dazzle the eyes, and the motion of the boat gives a headache, indeed occasionally, seasickness, so that one is fain only to look out at the never-ending panorama of the river and the wonderful movements of the paddlers.

The boats never stop till towards sunset, except for about three-quarters of an hour at midday for a picnic lunch, and once or twice to give the paddlers a breathing space, when the passengers also are glad to stretch their cramped legs. Tea, if any, is gulped out of a thermos on the boat. Some time between 4.30 and 7.30 p.m. the paddlers stop at a suitable landing-place; at many places it is impossible to land, so that there can be no fixed hour. These camps are usually shady and picturesque, and some were delightful spots; others, horribly dirty and swarming with ticks and mosquitoes. But, in the cold season, there is really only one place—Mambova—where insects are troublesome.

Instantly on arrival the small baggage is brought ashore and the tents set up, while the passengers unfold their blankets and make up their beds; and the house boys (we had only two amongst us and the Misses B—— one) collect sticks and start the cooking. If not too late, the missionary endeavours, not always successfully, to shoot a guinea-fowl or reed-buck (his instructions from his Committee are that he is not to indulge in sport except on journeys and in case of necessity). But in these days of native hunters with guns, the game has all been frightened miles away from the river banks. Sometimes a tiger-fish is caught and steaks fried in hippopotamus lard; and the ladies make the bread two or three times a week.





MME. ROULET  
AND  
YVONNE,  
MME.  
BARRAUD.



ON THE WAY TO KATOMBOROA.  
(MLE. JALLA AND MLE. SCHNELER.)



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After supper, we generally sat round a camp fire and sang hymns until the paddlers had finished their evening meal. We then went over to their bivouac and had evening prayer and hymns with them. It is a strange and thrilling experience the first time one hears these men, so lately heathen, joining in our hymns—"Abide with me," and others equally familiar, and in the Lord's Prayer. Not that they are all Christians—by any means; but, at least, their Light has come.

The river flowed calmly between high wooded banks until we reached Sesheke. Here we spent two days, and M. Jalla, his niece and Mlle. Schneller joined us, raising our sea-power to six boats. From this time for the next ten days we were constantly passing the rapids, which are much more dangerous than they look. Finally we reached Seoma, where the river narrows to eighty yards' width (or less, according to the season), and where the canoes have to be entirely unloaded and dragged overland four miles by oxen. Here are the Falls of Gonye, only less beautiful than Mosi-oa-tunya (Victoria Falls). Above them the scenery completely changes; the banks are flat and sedgy and before long they seem to fly away to east and west, leaving only a sedgy, reedy shore, and the wide treeless plain of Barotseland opens out.

Sundays were, of course, days of rest. Before reaching Nalolo we were met by the Rev. Adolphe Jalla and his young wife, who had come to meet his daughter Graziella. By Friday evening, July 9, we reached Nalolo, and here our party broke up in all directions. I was left there, very thankful to have a few days' rest before going on to Lealui—with Mlle. Amez-Droz, who was alone at the station, the missionary, M. Lageard, being absent on furlough.

The easy and delightful conditions under which this voyage is made nowadays cannot be realized except by contrast with earlier days. *Then* the missionaries had to travel in the native canoes about thirty inches wide, and often without a shelter from the sun. M. Coillard has described the rapacity of the paddlers, who would chase any stray boat from an inferior tribe—"I'll have his paddles, I his knife, I his fish," and so on. When they landed they would order the villagers to bring them food gratis, and then abuse them because it was not better and more abundant. M. Bouchet, of Sefula, relates

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how, at the end of the voyage, and even before the end sometimes, they would collect round him, each with his hatchet, and demand extra pay with menaces.

Now, nothing of the kind. The rate of pay and food is fixed, and a present of cotton-stuff at the end and liberality when any game is going settles all scores. I asked if this were the *Pax Britannica* or the Truce of God and was told that it was the latter, since plunder and disputing of pay had come to an end some years before the *Pax Britannica*.

Other improvements, however, are due to self-interest and Government direction. Formerly the people at Seoma were a slave tribe; they had to transport the canoes and baggage without pay, and were not allowed to build decent huts—only wretched grass shelters. By M. Coillard's influence the embargo on building was removed. A herd of oxen is now kept there by the King for the boat service, and the people are properly paid. The transport agent sees to this.

The following passages from my diary will show how our days were spent during these three weeks:—

*Sunday, June 20.* A lovely shady spot dotted with huge ant-hills, which conveniently screened our camp from the natives. Service with them at 10.30. It is very, very difficult amid all the responsibilities of directing a great expedition, for the missionary's own spirit to be at liberty. Sunday is no day of rest in camp. We were going to a place without fuel, so logs had to be collected, bread had to be made and baked, and several large tiger-fish were caught—terrible creatures comparable to pike, with great, long, spiky teeth and scarlet fins.

But after supper a short informal Bible-reading reminded us once more that we do not live by bread alone.

*June 21.* We heard the hippos snorting through the night and were a little afraid they might invade our camp, but they didn't. Mosquitoes tiresome. Breakfast 7.15; very cold. Left camp 8.30. The boats promised by the agent have not come yet, so we had to leave the Beamonds behind to wait for them, with two Christian natives and the dogs to guard them.

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No sort of danger and we even met the boats coming down-river for them, but how different from the old days! Still I should not have liked it, and I thought them very plucky to make no fuss about it.

Before long we passed Kazungula, the old ford and key of the country, where the waggons used to be floated over the Zambesi after the long trek through Bechuanaland on the Kalahari Desert. This was before the Matabele power was overthrown, so that it was not safe to go through Matabeleland. Livingstone crossed here, Holub, Serpa Pinto from the north, the Coillards and how many more. For them it was the final severance from civilization, the plunge into the Great Unknown.

M. Roulet pointed out the great tree on the opposite side, still forming the chief landmark. It stands exactly at the meeting place of four great provinces, viz., Southern Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, the Caprivi Strip (German till 1914) and Northern Rhodesia. Around it are native huts, but on this northern side there is not a trace of habitation, though it was formerly the village of Yetta, the present Paramount Chief representing his father at the entrance to Barotseland. When the Matabele power was broken and the railway carried to Victoria Falls, the transport to the north was deflected through South Rhodesia and Bulawayo; Kazungula, losing its importance, dwindled to a very lonely outpost, and Yetta, then called Litia, obtained permission from his father, Lewanika, to remove his seat of prefecture, Mwandu, and set it up side by side with Sesheke in the western corner of his province, although still exercising his authority over the province.

We were now approaching the confluence of the great Linyanti River with the Zambesi, and here we halted and walked for an hour through desolate burnt scrub. M. Roulet stayed with the boats while the paddlers took them through the rapids of Mambova. It was midday and terribly hot. We saw a snake and Eric lashed about at it with his stick, while Yvonne wept with fatigue; it was all exactly like *Little Rosy's Voyage of Discovery* in Frölich's delightful pictures. We had the house boy with us and he transferred his kettle and faggots to us and carried the little girl. At last we saw our goal, an iron-roofed shelter on a hillock, but our rising spirits (and shoes) were damped by having first to cross a

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swamp nearly knee deep. I had bought a beautiful pair of rubber boots for this very contingency, but they were in my delayed luggage. Arrived at the shelter, we found M. Roulet, and the cook boy with a nice picnic lunch all ready for us, and re-entered the boats quite revived. It was then between 1 and 2 p.m. and we never halted again till we reached the Mambova Camp after sunset, 6.30.

It was a horrible place, all stubbly sand which, owing to the constant burning of the undergrowth (a necessary precaution against wild beasts) was mixed with black dust that got into everything. Moreover, it was alive with the most virulent mosquitoes. This was the only place where they were really bad, for in this winter season the river route is generally free from them, but it was quite enough. After the first experience, residents seem to be more or less inoculated, but in the new arrival something like blood-poisoning is apt to set in.

We were very tired; what must the paddlers feel? These men amaze me. At 6.30 or 7 they take down our tents and load the boats, having had no breakfast; Africans never eat before 10 a.m. at earliest. At eight or earlier, we start and they keep paddling all day long. We only stop for a bare half-hour about midday for lunch when they eat too, then we start off again and do not pause at all unless accidentally till 6 or 6.30 p.m. Then they partially unload the boats and put up the tents and make their own bivouac and ours, fetching water and firewood while the house boys get the supper, which is the chief meal of the day. We then have prayers, mercifully brief; and *after that* they have to get their own supper, having had to prepare their own grain, stamp it, grind it and sift it, as it was not given them ready ground where they came from. For this work they are paid at the munificent rate of 15s. a month with the food above described and anything their employers can shoot for them *en route*. Out of this they have to pay 10s. hut tax annually and buy the blankets needed by themselves and their families and the minimum of clothing for warmth and civilization.

It is true that, unlike ourselves, they get their housing material and sites free, also fields and fuel, and the wives do most of the tillage. But they can't have much margin, and compared with the natives of the Transvaal and Basutoland,

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they are mostly very poor. They live on maize or mealie, manioc, Kaffir corn and dried fish: the fats being supplied by monkey nuts (arachnidæ), one plateful a week being the usual allowance for three house boys. (Kaffir corn is extremely nice for breakfast porridge, especially the red kind, and also for puddings.)

What strikes me is this. We, though coming from a cool climate, sleep under tents with mattresses and several woollen blankets apiece. They, though used to the hot sun, sleep upon mats on the bare ground, wrapped in one thin cotton blanket, and their usual body garment, an old sack. They seem to think it quite natural and we can't alter it without upsetting the economic basis of the Protectorate, not to mention our own, but, considering the message we bring, it raises problems.

However, the missionary toils too. This fortnight or three weeks on the river is his vacation; yet he has to take all the responsibility of camping, loading and unloading boats, and getting them through the rapids as well as shooting our meat supply. He brought down a crane to-day for our supper which proved delicious, whilst Mme. Roulet has to provide food for us all and does so most wonderfully. Owing to the shortage of hands, the Beamonds could not obtain a cook, so Mme. Roulet lent them one of her three boys. Neither Mrs. Broun nor I could get a personal attendant at first, so we had to do our own washing, carry our small baggage ashore, and roll up our own bedding in the morning. But all this does not alter the difficulty of preaching to the natives about One, Who for our sakes, became poor, when we are obviously not doing so, from *their* point of view.

The whole question of self-denial in the mission field bristles with difficulties. It has been tried by our Society and others with the almost invariable result of death or degeneration. Some have had to quit, discouraged or disabled for life. So must we take it that the self-denial should be rather of the spirit than of the body? Not that one would advocate self-indulgence.

Out here, one realizes the difficulties of daily life in a way one did not before; and also the deadly danger of ceasing to struggle, and for convenience sake dropping towards the native

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level of living. People at home often express the opinion that missionaries should suit their requirements to the resources of the country. I can only say they would think differently if they could realize that the issue is not as between asceticism and self-indulgence, but as between sinking to the level of the native or raising him if not to ours, at any rate nearer to it.

The fact is, what ennobles the character and braces the mind is not the deliberately doing without things, but endeavouring to have them as they should be, notwithstanding the difficulties. Faculties unused degenerate. This is a truism, but one often forgotten. Self-indulgence is not the antithesis of asceticism, often they go hand in hand. Self-indulgence tempts in a hot exhausting climate to neglecting of the person, to neglecting of health, to neglect in care of food, furniture, etc.—to all that we stigmatize as “slackness”; and spiritual loss to oneself and those one seeks to influence is the inevitable result. Yet this often is what the world sees and applauds as self-denial. *Real* self-denial means expending time and energy in keeping oneself and one's surroundings up to a certain mark, and also at the same time doing everything to increase one's *spiritual* efficiency. This, so far from being self-indulgence, is a plain duty, though often a hard one.

To put it in other words, one must distinguish between the negative and positive forms of unselfishness. The former, the “giving-up” of things, always impresses outsiders more, though the latter is incomparably the more difficult to practise.

After leaving Mambova, we had a nice midday halt on a steep silvery bank. The children took off their stockings and paddled as there are no crocodiles just here, but the huge feet of the hippo had left many holes at the top where we spread our cloth. Any scout wishing to learn woodcraft should commence by tracking the hippo. I think even I could pass an examination in that branch.

Here M. Roulet showed me a new kind of fibre plant (*Hibiscus cannabinis*) from which a very tough thread can be spun, for sacks, cords, etc. It grows plentifully as a weed in tall



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slender wands with rosettes of lustrous, creamy white flowers. The plant is something like hollyhock or mallow, but not so leafy: it has a very thick, fibrous cortex and a thread-like inner pith. This was the flower I admired so much in the Wankie's Coal Forest in 1903, and here, as there, the silkiness of its texture gives it a wonderful power of reflecting light. One sees very few flowers as this is not the season and those in bloom are nearly all varieties of Scropulariaceæ and especially of scutellaria, blue and very inconspicuous. There is, however, a very pretty pink pentstemon, or perhaps it is a foxglove, on the banks. It would quite reward cultivation and I secured some seeds.

The river here is very wide and glassy, with wooded banks. One sees the masses of blue convolvulus Livingstone describes, but it is not in bloom and there is a total absence of animal life. The hippo is too remorselessly hunted on the Zambesi to show himself nowadays, and the birds seem all to be hibernating except a very pretty one with an ugly name, the tick bird, pure white, which often flits across the river.

During the afternoon we met the Latham family party, exchanging their Government post at Sesheke for one at Livingstone. We stopped our boats and had a brief chat in mid-stream. That night we camped at a lovely little spot, all silvery sand and mosquitoes. (N.B.—Less silvery when we left it next morning.)

The longest day in England, the shortest here.

*June 23.* We are moving due west, so it is difficult to know what the hour really is. M. Roulet tells me that when occupying a room at Lealui, which had been M. Coillard's, he accidentally found a paper drawn up by an astronomer (no doubt Uncle Frank's friend Sir David Gill, the Astronomer Royal at the Cape), giving the exact hours of sunrise and sunset at each of our stations every day for a year, so that one could calculate the true time everywhere. What kindness for a busy official to take all that trouble! So this discovery was turned to account at once.

We passed a stupendous crocodile on the farther bank, the first I had seen. I had no idea they were so huge and

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fat. This one seemed to dominate the horizon and the description in *Alice in Wonderland* is exact:—

“ How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws.”

He inspired one with absolute loathing. They are very numerous and dangerous on this reach of the river, till a good way past Sesheke. M. Coillard always said it was because the former King Sepopa used to amuse himself by feeding them with human children; this he heard in 1879 on his first visit. M. Louis Jalla, who lived many years at Sesheke, but arrived later, says he never heard this, but certainly, till a much more recent date, it was the recognized punishment of crime for adults to be thrown to them. They are long-lived creatures and have never yet lost the taste for this terrible diet. They are also very prolific, laying forty or fifty eggs at a time and hiding them in the sand, so there must be a great infant mortality among them as their numbers do not seem appreciably to increase.

We reached Sesheke about 10.30 a.m. We could have arrived overnight, but a late arrival might have inconvenienced our hosts. The approach, which is very gradual, is most beautiful under the high banks, winding past one bluff after another, wooded, and in the most picturesque spots, overhung by lofty trees, green and stately. First we passed a deep cove, the port for the traders close to their residential quarters. Then, rounding a promontory, we came in sight of the two villages, which, as already mentioned, stand side by side, a wide, low beach between them, where women were drawing water and carrying it away on their graceful heads. Sesheke and Mwandí, though almost joining one another, are the capitals of two separate provinces, stretching east and west respectively. The nucleus of the village is the chieftain and you may see half a dozen, all clustering together, but each a separate entity.

During the whole of this journey up-river the boats hug the banks so as to avoid the strong currents in mid-stream, so it was only when we turned the last corner, a rugged cliff crowned

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by a mimosa tree, that the station came in sight, standing high upon another cliff. Between the two, native boats were drawn up in a steep, sandy cove with shrubs and palm-trees rising from sides and summit. The houses are almost hidden in the gardens. The next instant we made contact. M. Louis Jalla sprang on to the boats, followed by the two girls in their light frocks, cries of welcome resounded, the paddlers and their friends flung themselves upon each other and exchanged snuff.

There were the Christians assembled on the cliff to greet us, some who had known the Coillards, all smiles and delight, at seeing me because I belonged to them, and still more at seeing the Roulets, who had spent some years at the station. It was a happy, thrilling moment and the setting a perfect one.

M. Jalla's party had arrived only three weeks before and were still only camping in one of the two unoccupied houses, and we were installed in the other. All the verandahs are enclosed with mosquito gauze. It was here that, in 1902, Dr. Reutter, of the Paris Missionary Society, put up the first mosquito-proof house in the country at his own expense<sup>1</sup>: now, every one has them and the effect on the death-rate has been miraculous. The original house has now been transported to Nalolo. The paddlers bivouacked in a vast shady compound behind the old mission house of wattle and daub.

So we had actually arrived at the historic spot. There was Livingstone's tree, a gigantic banyan (*ficus indicus*), where he, and later on, Dr. Bradshaw, the ornithologist, and every subsequent traveller had camped: here, François Coillard had landed in 1878, in the nick of time to rescue Serpa Pinto, from his insurgent paddlers; and here, the Mission was founded amidst treachery and bloodshed impossible to foresee or to cope with. Here were the tombs of five white pioneers and five of their children, those children of the missions, whose little graves all over Africa form the tidemarks of the advancing Kingdom. For that Kingdom, like the Babes of Bethlehem, their lives were unconsciously laid down, and surely, a special place is prepared for them in Heaven. If the observance of "Innocent's Day" has any meaning, should they not be amongst those gratefully remembered then?

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, page 17.

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The gardens are full of loaded lemon-trees, paw-paws, and other fruit-trees, none of them ripe as yet and none of them indigenous, all introduced by the missionaries. M. Roulet's first task was to shoot the "ox of welcome"; sent by the local chief, and an hour or two later, we had lunch on the verandah. Eric, getting bored between courses, strolled out with an admiring piccaninny at his heels and shot a bird, about the size of a large wood-pigeon with parrot bill, magpie tail and peacock crest; its plumage, a uniform sooty grey, was singularly soft and beautiful. The boy, of course, was elated, but I thought it was more amusing when alive. It is called a go-away bird from its cry. In the evening we walked to Mwandu, the village of the chief. Mme. Roulet pointed out the enclosure by the shore, hedged with lemon-trees and cotton shrubs which his elder brother Yetta, the present Paramount Chief, had made for his photographic studios. The village women kept coming down to the bay with their waterpots, extraordinarily graceful both in form and movement, most of them wearing very pretty variegated stuffs arranged in modest draperies. Mme. Roulet showed me round the native village and introduced me to old friends of hers in one courtyard after another. As two women were cooking, the little grandson of one of them squatted by with a little toy bowl on the burning sticks in which he was pretending to cook his own supper—viz., roots of waterlilies, esteemed a dainty here. We saw some terribly dirty people and rickety babies, one especially, quite a marasmus, with legs like sticks. The mother said she had no milk and had to feed him on corn like the rest. No Glaxo here! . . . The evening ended with our singing hymns in the moonlight. A wonderful, exciting day.

*June 24.* One of the odd coincidences of life. Sitting on the verandah yesterday, I was reading in Keswick Week Report of July, 1919, an anecdote about a lady who had a yacht and when the captain told her the rudder had gone, said, "Oh, it won't matter, nobody can see." The speaker naturally applied this to the inner, hidden things which inevitably tell on the outward course of the Christian life. Just at my elbow, later in the day, as I was resting, lay a pile

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of odd magazines. I picked up *Punch* of September, 1919, hence, two months *later*, and there was this very story served up with a funny picture. Had the dates been the other way about, it wouldn't have been so surprising!

This morning we were invited to visit the Chief Imwiko, one of Lewanika's younger sons who acts as prefect here for his brother Yetta, the present Paramount Chief. His village Mwandi lies on the farther side of Sesheke, which is the village of his cousin Akanagisoa, a daughter of the formidable chieftainess the Mokwae of Nalolo, old Lewanika's sister and co-ruler.

We took a native canoe to the landing-place—my first experience of a dug-out on this trip. Serpa Pinto has aptly compared them to magnified skates (or skis would be more accurate), on which their owners glide over the glassy water. They are not supplied with seats, so one has to sit very still to preserve equilibrium on a native stool, also hacked out of a solid tree trunk.

On landing we passed through a wide courtyard, clean swept and surrounded by a reed fence, and shaded by one or two large trees, into a smaller one, the floor of which was paved, or rather smeared, with the usual local "concrete," hardened in the sun. In it were two large bungalows and a separate thatched place. Under the verandah of the first one, sat a large group of men, Imwiko's privy councillors.

The larger house facing us, more or less at right angles to the first, had a steep gabled roof, beautifully thatched, and finished with gutters of galvanized iron in the angles. M. Jalla, who met us there, said that the plan had been copied from his own first house but carried out in native style and on a more imposing scale. In principle, it was based on the usual South African design, double fronted, with deep, projecting bays, which formed the private apartments and between them, a large reception hall. A verandah ran all round it, enclosed to three feet above the ground with mud walls, which like those of the house, were smeared in a graceful pattern formed by the natural outward movement of the hand and fingers in spreading the mud. The pattern is quite common both in classic and Oriental ornament and is generally used to symbolize waves and ripples. Here we saw its origin.

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Women on their knees were laying down an extra pavement round the walls of the outer court in the same way. The princesses themselves plaster the inner and outer walls of their houses and pride themselves on doing it artistically. One is left to suppose that their hands are more delicate. Thus, "every wise woman buildeth her house," and the joy of little girls in making mud pies is clearly an atavistic instinct!

Reed mats in a continuous line hung from the eaves shading this verandah from above and keeping the house cool and free from flies.

Imwiko met us a few yards from his verandah, standing bare-headed in the sun and wearing Oxford tweeds, very well tailored and groomed, and received us with the unexaggerated courtesy of a gentleman. He is not a Christian, but leads what the natives consider a respectable life with two wives who never quarrel and the children of one of them; the other has none. They were awaiting us on the verandah, where they welcomed us modestly and gracefully; they were slender, pretty creatures, as like as two peas. The Barotse fine ladies have a style of dress all their own. Both wore neatly folded turbans bound tightly round close-cropped heads, high-necked, but short-sleeved blouses, and very full skirts elegantly draped with silk shawls, the ends knotted gracefully on the hip with long, loose ends. One had a yellow patterned drapery falling square over a mauve petticoat, the other, a blue and white silk shawl drawn three-cornerwise over a red petticoat. These skirts are puffed out at the back in a huge bustle that forms panniers of larger or smaller dimensions at the sides. They are formed by rolling up older skirts underneath, and the higher the rank, the vaster the crinoline.

Inclining forward as they advanced to welcome us with what used to be called a Grecian stoop (but much exaggerated), our hostesses formed a very pretty decoration to the pale background of the verandah. Imwiko invited us in and we entered the large, dim, lofty hall. It contained a long table covered with green billiard cloth, and a set of drawing-room chairs and a settee, on which we were installed, but as we were a large party, and there were not enough seats to go round, the little ladies themselves brought out folding chairs from their inner apartments. Imwiko apologized by saying their

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furniture was all at another residence. He sat down near the head of his table and the princesses subsided gracefully on to a mat behind him, taking no part in the ensuing conversation.

There were no windows, the light came in between the rafters and the top of the wall. This space is always left open in native houses for ventilation, and, as it was screened by the mats outside, it was nearly dark, though cool. M. Jalla then drew me into conversation with the chief, who, with a cousin of his, was educated in England at Mr. Kendon's school at Goudhurst. Although it was nearly eighteen years since he left, he had not forgotten his English. I was very glad to have a definite topic of interest for him. One of his former schoolfellows, Capt. H——, was returning from captivity in Germany, and at Copenhagen, some kind folk sent a quantity of English reading matter on board, including some copies of our magazine, *News from Barotseland*, to which some leading members of Danish society had long been subscribers. He was very much surprised and interested and wrote to ask for news of Imwiko and his cousin, and requested me to convey a friendly message from him to them. This was a quite unexpected opportunity for doing so. The chief was evidently very pleased by this remembrance: he said he remembered Capt. H—— very well: he used to call him Reggie and teach him Sikololo words, and he would like to send him a letter of thanks.

M. Jalla took some photographs and introduced me to the councillors who had assembled to greet us and who seemed quite content to sit in the sun for an indefinite time, doing nothing. Some of them remembered the Coillards: the Prime Minister was a Christian, a broad-headed philosopher whose form and features strongly recalled the ex-Lord Chancellor's. The others looked decent enough, not at all suggesting the brigands of 1886; and it seemed as though that generation of chiefs had died out, or perhaps been killed out. The chief, Imwiko himself, recollected very well coming to our house in 1902, on the occasion of his father Lewanika's visit to England. The strongest impression was made by two little flaxen-haired boys who rather timidly offered the old black King some toys for his grandchildren, one of them a lion which wagged its

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head and roared when you pulled a string, and Imwiko assured me it was still preserved at the Capital, only the strings were broken so it couldn't do any more physical jerks.

In the afternoon while we were having tea, the scions of the royal house were brought to see us. The eldest, a thin boy in a sailor suit, had a little tricycle. I showed him a child's picture book of Africa which Eric explained in his own language, and which he was graciously pleased to accept, though it amused his attendants more than it did him.

At 5 p.m. we all ran down to the harbour to welcome the Beamonds. It had taken them all this time to catch us up; the boat supplied to them was so heavy and so loaded: moreover, it had no awning, so M. Roulet had forthwith to go and improvise one. It was too bad to send them in such a one for a five weeks' voyage.

M. Jalla then took us for an evening stroll to visit the cemetery which lies a little farther along the cliffs overhanging this part of the river. We passed first a huge tree, one of the royal tombs which dot the Barotse plain and then the site of the Coillards' first mission station, of which nothing is now left but a few of their hedges and ditches. Here Mme. Coillard and the Jeanmairets spent many perilous months whilst M. Coillard was answering the King's summons to the Capital, and here a little girl, Marguerite Jeanmairet, was buried, the first white child born at the Zambesi.

To recall but one incident. On a certain Sunday when M. Jeanmairet was about to begin the open-air service, he saw two companies approaching him from different directions. They proved to be the chiefs of the rival factions with their retinues and they had come to ask him kindly to remain at home for the day as they intended to fight a battle in an hour or so, on that very spot, but, as they had no wish whatever to injure him or his, they wanted him just to keep out of their way till it was over! If he did not, they would take no responsibility for the consequences. And similar encounters, though less premeditated, were the events of every day.

This former town of Sesheke as marked on Livingstone's maps was situate beyond the cemetery on the same line of cliffs facing a large island which divided the Zambesi into two



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branches. The deeper, though narrower, stream flowed past this village, and formed the main thoroughfare for river traffic. But the quantities of sand it brought down, adding their bulk year by year to the apex of the island, eventually converted it into a peninsula and so this deep channel has become a fiord, and it will soon, to all appearances, be a lagoon, for the silt being daily carried past the island by what is now the only stream, is deposited at the lower point and there being no second current from above to wash it down, it is gradually forming a bar right across, which already looms golden through the steel blue water. In consequence, the town was removed from this backwater to its present position on the mainstream further to the south-east.

The still surface of this fiord, sheltered by wooded cliffs, forms an ideal breeding-ground for mosquitoes, and this is the cause of the mortality of which the cemetery gave sad evidence. Ten members of our mission have been laid there, five of whom were children, besides other Europeans, including a good many Jews. There one realized afresh what the opening up of Africa has cost.<sup>1</sup>

Mme. Roulet and I then went on to visit the Princess Akanagisoa, daughter of the Mokwae of Nalolo. She is a middle-aged woman, who, after a *jeunesse orageuse*, has settled down many years since, with her present husband, a handsome but hen-pecked individual, formerly a slave. He stood looking embarrassed whilst our hostess was doing the honours of her establishment, and suddenly remarking his presence, she said sharply, "Give your hand to the ladies," (or words to that effect), and a limp claw was sheepishly advanced, a courtesy I could certainly have dispensed with.

Akanagisoa is quite a type of native beauty according to their standards, tall and stout, with large eyes, tattooed all round to look like tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and bridging the nose which melts into her cheeks. She was more quietly dressed, but in the same bunchy style as her relatives, stooping forward in the same way to offer us chairs with much *empressement*. "Everything," she said, "was packed up as they were

<sup>1</sup> A letter just received announces that one of the lady missionaries had nearly died of hæmaturic fever at this station, December 28-29, 1921, although at other stations it is nearly a thing of the past.

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leaving for Nalolo next day for a fortnight" (this meant, "next week for several months"), so she hoped we would excuse all deficiencies. She showed us her sleeping apartment, now dismantled, a lofty room with no windows. A sort of cabin or canopy stood there, curtained with mats, and the European bedstead fits inside it. There were rails all round the walls on which to hang the blankets and rugs during the day. The mat screens, she explained, had been put up for the night; by day they were slipped against the wall behind the posts which held up these rails at intervals. All the plastering she had done herself, and also the frescoes, executed in coloured earths, chocolate colour on a pale buff ground, in a bold conventional design and two life-sized male figures silhouetted, one at either end. Both she and her works were very Egyptian in character. The figures, though clumsy, were full of life. She had just caught the exact outline and poise of a man's head, with chin beard, glancing over his shoulder. "I take a reed," she said, "to get the straight lines, and earth from the river." I asked after some pictures she had done in these earths, portraits of chiefs, which Uncle F. had told me about, and she replied with a gratified smile, that they were at Lealui.

All this wall-work reminded me of the dictum that "when it comes to royalty, you must lay it on with a trowel," and being a mere guest, I did my best to be civil. The missionaries, however, are seldom complimentary. Like Job they "know not to give flattering titles to men," they would soon lose their influence if they did.

Akanagisoa is quite an artist in her way, and house-proud, and we must, I suppose, attribute her vagaries to the artistic temperament. She escorted us to the limits of her precincts and scolded violently some people working there: just like the Queen of Hearts shouting "Off with his head."

Supper was followed by a moonlight stroll at the river-side. It would have been a pleasant evening, but I was suffering really terribly from the bites of the mosquitoes at Mambova and from the lack of any palliatives—in fact, I have not discovered that any palliatives exist. The station having stood vacant for eight months, there were no medical stores.

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Drinking tea, I found, greatly aggravated the irritation, and yet tea is the only safe drink, travelling, and it is being administered off and on all day.

*Friday, June 25.* We resumed our journey from Sesheke, our flotilla now numbered six boats; and the loading up took a very long time. However, entertainment was duly provided for us all by

### THE DEAF AND DUMBIE.

As Mme. Roulet stood on the landing-place knitting (she never loses an instant of time), a father approached, abjectly beseeching help for a child with an ulcerated leg. Back went the knitting into a bag: and the medicine chest, already loaded, was disinterred from the depths of the boat. Treatment is rudimentary, a packet of dressings hastily smeared with zinc ointment was handed over, with instructions and a bandage: and out came the knitting again, when suddenly, another individual dashed up at the double, halted at three paces, stood attention and saluted with an exaggerated military gesture, evidently acquired from the police. He next went through a pantomime which should have started his fortune as a film actor. He exhibited the threadbare sack that half-covered his shoulders; pointed to the blanket-clad paddlers squatting near, and then indicated by wild gestures towards the river that he was very cold, and that a fishing-net would be just about as much use to him as the meshes of his sack. Finally, with both hands extended and an irresistible smile exuding from his whole person, he invited the "Missi" to supply his deficiencies. It is only close to nature unadorned we can realize that it is not only the mouth but the whole body that smiles. The Missi hastily explained to me that he was deaf and dumb but knew how to make himself understood (no doubt about this!) and that she would give him sixpence. Being rather deaf myself, I had a fellow-feeling with him; the evening air was very nippy, but it seemed absurd to think of giving blankets to natives, when the kind Missi herself had

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none too many for her household. They cost from 15s. to 30s. each, and besides, the deaf and dumb can dig a plot or paddle a canoe, so why should he trade on his affliction?

However, I had an old scarf in my bag, cherished because of its peculiarly pretty colour; and I thought his performance had surely earned it. He accepted it, first by softly clapping his hands, then holding them both out in the form of a cup to receive, and finally, recompensing the donor by an extravagant pantomime of gratitude and rejoicing. Having thus gratified the dramatic sense, he proceeded to delight another—the eye! but all unconsciously. Squatting on the sunlit sand beside a couple of paddlers in once-white shirts and scarlet kilts, he adjusted a little brown-red smoking-cap on his head, wreathed the warm blue scarf round his bronze shoulders, placed a colossal lemon beside his brown thigh, and bending towards the little bivouac fire of twigs, luxuriated visibly in a new sense of well-being—genuine this time.

But seeing Missi about to embark, he sprang to his feet again and began actively chafing his arms and legs. Was he thanking her for making him warm, or asking ointment for the complaint universally prevalent where old sacks constitute full dress? Neither; it was a bit of soap he craved, and a chip thereof was hastily passed to him, together with a candle-end. We left him erect on the brink in a transport of almost religious ecstasy, which was merely his way of saying “Thank you”—“Ka moso” (literally “And to-morrow,” i.e. you will do the same and much more abundantly).

And now our imposing armada of six boats was finally under way. It was an exquisite morning, cool and cloudless, and one revelled in the ever-changing beauty and bright colours of the river scene: the red or blue kilts and loose white shirts of the paddlers swinging with the rhythm of their bodies, and the golden reed mats covering the pavilions down to the gunwale, glinting as now one, then another, rounded the point and caught the rays of the sun broadside, while the clear spray flung from the paddles rose and fell in spangled showers.

The long procession wound along close to the banks where



CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT SESHEKE.



THE WATER-BEARER.



THE DEAF AND DUMB.



NASILELE.

SOME FRIENDS AT SESHEKE.



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the opposing current was least felt. M. Jalla's boat, which is very small and light, is (like him) the pioneer, and he sits on a native stool under an open canopy. Next follows the Roulets' barge, punt-shaped and bright blue, M. Roulet is still our admiral. The Beamonds', which is the biggest and heaviest, keeps very far behind. But mine, Mrs. Broun's and that of the two girls often overtake one another and change places, and Graziella and Marguerite are bright and excited, and the paddlers much more so, their shouts and challenges and peals of laughter ringing out over the water. It is a scene of unique beauty and animation, and all are fresh to their work after the two or three days' good rest. The charm of this river voyage as far as the eye is concerned resides in three things:—

1st. The perfect harmony of colour ; river, rocks and wood and the blue sky.

2nd. The perfect proportion of every element of the picture in relation to the others. The European barges have harmonized them : the native canoes (*mekorro*), graceful as they are, look too small to fit the wide expanse of water unless other bigger boats are there to link them with the larger features of the landscape ; the picture looks empty as might a lake which had only swallows and dragon-flies and no swans or herons.

3rd. The perfect adaptation of means to an end in the motion of the boats and the movements of the paddlers. It is an endless joy to watch their beautiful bronzed limbs and shoulders ; and the play of muscles as they change the poles from side to side, sometimes gleaming in the sun, sometimes glowing in the shade. They seem so to delight in it themselves and play up to one another instinctively and untiringly.

I have eight paddlers, the bigger boats, ten. One, a spruce youth called Nasilele (this is the name of one of their deities, the Moon-goddess), has now been detailed to fetch and carry for me ashore. We are bringing up from Sesheke a considerable quantity of foodstuffs, grain, flour, etc. We also have each our own stores and luggage which, in some cases, includes furniture and supplies for five years. Every paddler has his own mat and blanket rolled up, and we have sixty

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paddlers and four house boys amongst our eleven selves. So, altogether, the boats are fairly loaded. It is simply wonderful the way the paddlers bring them along thirty or forty miles a day, never seeming to tire. They don't like the cold of the evenings, but they seem thoroughly to enjoy paddling in the middle day when the sun is so hot *we* can scarcely do anything. Mrs. Broun now has her own boat, so I am alone all day which is sometimes a little dull. The house boy sits in front of me, a chubby lad of fourteen or so, and invariably plants his pot of hippo fat (the local substitute for lard) just where I can't help slipping into it getting in and out. After settling down in the morning, I try to read something solid for an hour or so. I am reading *The Church We Forget*, by P. Whitwell Wilson, a remarkable commentary on the Apostolic Church by a journalist. Later on it gets too hot even to look out and one dozes in one's hammock chair.

At our first halt a lot of native canoes lay loaded up with dried hippopotamus and elephant meat. The local chief had shot three hippos and three elephants and was now going to sell the produce.

We camped soon after sunset in a pretty, flowery spot, and our supper table was adorned by the pink pentstemons and a kind of laburnum with finely divided leaves which grows all along the banks. Eric was making a bow and arrow. He and Yvonne had a brace of turtle doves for their supper, shot by himself and plucked and trussed. There they sat, with their backs to the rest of us, holding their plump little roasts by the legs and nibbling them as English children nibble apples; Yvonne, brooding over her doll with the eternal mother-eyes; and the terrier in front of them snapping at morsels. Just so did the Cave man and his wife sit ages ago, no doubt, in their Swiss mountain home. Camp life is apt to bring out all our origins.

Eric wears khaki shirts and shorts and a small topee and brown boots. His little gun lies at his feet. He is not allowed to carry it loaded, but when he sees a chance, he slips a cartridge from his pocket and fires. While the boats are loading or unloading he angles with spoon bait, and trolls for tiger fish



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during the long day's course. He is already the protector and provider ; the axe, the gun, the rod, the knife, nothing comes amiss to his hands. All that boys in Europe delight to do in sport, Eric has to do in earnest, not grim, but glad ; and profound seriousness shadows his keen, handsome, little face as he revolves the chances of bringing down any better provision for the party. His sister, in her little red frock and hat, always dainty as a French mannequin, contrasts oddly with the barbaric settings. No anxieties cloud her sweet dark eyes, except that the child in her arms should taste every morsel before it passes her own lips. It is a new edition of *Paul et Virginie*.

At this age, happy is the lot of the missionary's boy, not Eric's alone, but many others. His father, to the social world, may appear as the hardworking and respected pastor of the natives. To his friends in Europe, he is known perhaps as a daring athlete or Alpinist (for the African missionary is seldom a physical weakling, but all the more honour to him if he is). To a good many white men he is doubtless that unmitigated anomaly, a parson with a layman's training, one who can beat them at their own jobs—bench, brickyard or book-keeping. To the paddlers, he is a master, who is also a friend ; and one who can beguile the tiresome business of loading and unloading with a well-timed jest, and who never loses his head, not even in the most perilous rapids. He is also the sportsman who can bring down a duck in flight just on the sandbank where they can reach it. (For there are no retrievers here, the crocodiles would make short work of them, and if a bird falls in the reeds, it is difficult to secure it.) And to the ladies of the expedition, he is the guide and guardian who daily sacrifices his brief leisure and his minor comforts to their convenience. But to his son, such a father must appear to be a very great man. One has perhaps witnessed a whole station, house, church and school, rising from the ground, produced out of nothing under his father's directions. Another has seen forest trees felled, and timber turning into boats and bridges at his parent's word. Last week, perhaps, he saw him commanding a caravan, this week what is to him a mighty

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fleet. Chiefs, before whom their people grovel, greet him as an equal and he admonishes them as a superior.

For in the wilds every white man is a king and more especially every boy. Much Eric knows that his young compatriots know not. He can chatter in English, French and Sikololo ; he can trace the spoor of buck and bird ; he can pitch a bivouac, if not a camp ; and whatever his exploits, he is sure of an admiring retinue of little piccaninnies, proud to hold his gun or retrieve his game ; and a loving mother and adoring sister to applaud his feats, and to whom he knows his care is a real comfort and support. Yes, these are golden days, and what memories to store up for maturity !

“ When I was ten,  
I was very happy then !  
I wish that sort of happiness could ever come again ! ”

And by the same token, this is his tenth birthday, and he is allowed to sit up to celebrate it with us.

Yesterday was June 24, the night when primitive man lighted Baal fires. But this is no return to pagan rites. We too sat round M. Jalla's camp fire, but singing Christian hymns, and equally Christian, though secular, songs of which the Swiss and Waldensian missionaries have an endless repertoire, some stately old chorales, some more modern melodies, all knowing the words by heart and singing them in four parts. We English joined in when they were tunes we knew, happy to feel that, even when we could not, our spirits were in unison. Then we refreshed ourselves with *naartjes* (a kind of tangerine orange) and cracked monkey nuts roasted on the shovel. As the last red glow faded and the river-chill fell, Eric coaxed the embers with crackling twigs, “ The fire is as tall as I am,” he cried, as it responded with shooting flares. “ Higher than me.” “ Next year, I shall be *so* tall.”

But even as he lifts his hand above his head, the flame dies down again. Then his mother dipped a long reed in the fire, blew out the flame, and passed it on smouldering to her neighbour saying—“ *Martin vit—vit-il encore ?* ” The neighbour blew up the sparks and passed it on in turn with the same words. Ten times it made the circle before expiring ;

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the one who lets it out pays a forfeit. I don't know where you could play this game except round a camp fire.

With so many young folk, brimful of life and enjoyment of their new experiences, such an evening is very pleasant, and it was the first of many. I thought as one and another blew anxiously upon the fading spark and revived it—"The smoking flax shall He not quench."

"Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die." To save a soul, to lift up a crushed life, to revive a Christian vocation, one needs to hold it fast and re-plunge it into the flame. But how apt we are to pass the responsibility on to somebody else, perhaps for it to flicker out sooner or later, merely asking, "Vit-il encore? (Lives he still)" and doing but little to *make* it live. And in real life, it is not always the person most to blame who pays the forfeit.

And now the sky is quite dark. The Southern Cross shines out of the Milky Way. It is time for evening prayer. Our silver-headed *doyen* thanks God for our happy day and prosperous journey, and prays that we may be kept from danger and from all sin through the night and the coming voyage. Then, black and white unite their voices in the Oraison Dominicale: good nights are exchanged.

Eric's perfect day is over. Life will not always be so glorious, but it has other and higher joys to give him yet.

*Saturday, June 26.* A very dull cruise. Flat banks and long, dull, solitary morning: my boat quite isolated. In some places high sandy cliffs, perpendicular as though cut with a knife. Paddlers stopped in sedges and carefully collected a large, horrible, dead fish to season their porridge.

I arrived at mid-day halt alone. This was Katongo, formerly the King Sepopa's capital, I was told. It is mentioned in Livingstone's First Journey as "belonging to a Basubia man named Sekhosi." The Masubia tribe furnish the best river-men. The stream here is about 600 yards wide according to the same authority, but a little farther on, it is more than a mile across. One of M. Jalla's paddlers led me on and on, encouraged by bits of orange peel here and there to believe I should find our usual picnic party waiting

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for me there, but finally Graziella met me and said the other three boats were all behind; and her uncle had gone on because this was an out-station and he wanted to inspect a school. Thus spurred forward, I trudged ever so much farther over burning sand and finally to a swamp, where I was carried across by two paddlers. They offered to do this, but didn't know how to make a dandy chair properly, by holding each other's wrists. Duly instructed, they developed great pride in this accomplishment, which perhaps future lady travellers may profit by. It was very uncomfortable sitting on their 'prentice hands and feeling they would drop me every minute, and the girls were better off wading. M. Jalla awaited us on the other side and I found he was taking a snapshot which he threatens to exhibit at magic lantern meetings. He even made me repeat the performance to bring it off better, so on the return trip I paddled across like the others.

We reached the school, but it was the Saturday holiday and nothing doing. The village chief came down to see us off, a fine, muscular man, but with the harassed, unhappy look common to the middle-aged heathen and indeed quite characteristic; something like shell-shocked soldiers, but many degrees worse. The Swiss painter Eugène Burnand has crystallized it in the Man who hid his Talent in the Earth.

We camped in a lovely place called Nalita, just like a glade in Knole Park, with bushy slopes on either side crowned by huge erect trees. Most of the trees in Africa hereabouts are crooked, forked and spreading. The tall trees are valued for making dug-out canoes, but these have been needlessly and wastefully felled by the natives, and there are but few of them left. One of the slopes was crowned by a village largely populated as it seemed with Kaffir dogs.

These dogs are of no particular breed, but, though spoken of disdainfully, they are often very handsome creatures. They are generally black, dark grey or yellow, something between a greyhound and a Great Dane in build, and they certainly earn their living.

*Sunday, June 27, Nalita.* By daylight this place is even

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prettier, but our camp rather reminds me of the Anyhow Saints, and I should think would drive a transport officer crazy. The tents, pitched by the paddlers before M. Roulet landed, are arranged with a view to privacy rather than symmetry. M. Jalla's consists of a canvas sheet thrown over four upright paddles stuck in the ground and made fast by other paddles lashed to them horizontally by strips of bark. A mat is suspended at each end by way of screen, and there is just room inside for his bedstead (a good comfortable one, this, with a square mosquito curtain), and outside, a collapsible canvas washstand. That, with a tiny carved stool, a very small attaché case, two blankets and a few books, comprises his camp kit, which he says is quite large enough for an old African. (M. Louis Jalla had retired on account of the age limit, but, owing to the shortness of staff caused by the war, he came out again alone for three years, till young volunteers are ready trained to take his place, leaving his wife and family in Italy.)

We spent a delightful Sunday, free from incident. Some natives came down from the village to join in the morning service, forty-two men and six women. One of the latter had been a mission girl, but she is now the fifth wife of a heathen. She says he has promised to keep only to her, and seems to think this makes it all right! This was our first glimpse of the haunting horror of Barotse life. It is just like the river view, all so bright and beautiful on the surface, until the loathsome crocodile emerges from the slime and darkens the horizon.

It is touching, the real affection the natives have for the missionaries, constantly displayed in little ways. They seem the reverse of lazy too, always occupied with some little thing even when resting. I have been surprised to notice this. One man will be weaving a basket, another whittling a stick, a third ravelling threads from one end of a ragged garment to mend the holes of the interior; rather a futile task!

On shaking out my basin a bit of tufted grass stuck to it. I picked it up and it turned round and bit me! It was a stick insect, but absolutely indistinguishable from the variety of grass growing around us, bushy tail and all! M. Jalla told me it was a variety of Mantis. He has himself made several

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collections of insects during his more than thirty years' service and has presented them to the Turin Museum. But I don't feel disposed to collect insects. On the contrary, they collect *us*, and when a new specimen, Genus *Europæicus* arrives, the glad news goes forth and they hold a *soirée* to sample it.

Consequently I am still suffering considerably, and it takes a very long time morning and evening to bathe and dress the bad places, and we are so short of all appliances that any dressings and bandages have to be washed and sterilized every day. The others give me all they can spare, but the paddlers are always coming to them to be patched up. The transport agent's boatmen have huge ulcers on their legs, one as big as a tea-cup. A livery stable wouldn't send horses out like that, but men don't matter, apparently. Moreover, they were sent with no salt for their porridge, and their grain unground, and, though they grind it themselves, they have no time to sift it, and this upsets them. Such a diet causes dysentery in the long run, and Mrs. Broun (who is treating them) and the Beamonds took advantage of our being here to get a quantity ground at their own expense (not small) by a white man who lives opposite on the west bank and carries on a boat-building and furniture business to supply the Government and the traders. Like many others, he is keen on the business side but very generous on the human side and is particularly kind to missionaries and ladies, and, just as we were starting on Monday, he sent them over milk, eggs and vegetables, and would take no payment; and a hind-quarter of pork to the Roulets.

The paddlers forgot to bring away the fly of my tent from Sesheke, so it is hot by day and cold by night. However, too much luxury would be monotonous. We are not travelling *en grand seigneur*, we are all closely limited as to resources and specially as to time, so that our days on the river are much longer and, in consequence, more fatiguing than those of people who can spend several hours resting in the heat of the day; and yet there are no real privations here, and, compared with life under D.O.R.A., many things are very much easier. Meat and cereals are relatively scarce and dear, tinned food not dearer than in England in 1920. Butter, too, is 4s. 6d. a lb., but at that price you can buy and consume as

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much as you like of it : oranges and lemons (which were 4*d.* or 6*d.* each in England) weigh down the trees, and there are guavas, paw-paws, pineapples, Cape gooseberries and bananas ; also eggs (which were 5*d.* or 6*d.* each when I left home) cost about  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* apiece, i.e., the price of a spoonful of salt. The superfluities are there, but necessaries, such things as fresh meat, cheese and bacon, are almost unobtainable. Fare is very simple, but it is *nice* : whereas in England plain food often means nasty food.

All these amenities were first introduced by our missionaries, principally the Jallas, but Uncle Frank taught the people to use wheat and bananas as food, and when there was a Government Commissioner for Native Affairs, he encouraged and helped them to grow these and also rice, potatoes and other things. However, they do not really care much for any food but their own ; mostly, they grow these things and sell them to the white people.

When I left home we were still pinned down to minute quantities of jam, butter, bread, sugar, and meat ; whilst fruit and vegetables were at siege prices, and fuel hardly to be had. Here—how different ! South Africans seem unable to take it in when you tell them you only got an ounce of butter a week (plus margarine, it is true), and look hospitably hurt at your modesty over the sugar basin and the marmalade.

Then too, fires, fuel, hot baths, and hot-water bottles are forthcoming whenever we ask for them, so that really, after our darkened, food-controlled and coal-controlled life in England with its scarcity of servants, it seems almost the " Land of Do As You Like " at this season of the year.

However, even this is not Eden. Besides insects of all sorts, the thorns are distracting. Those on bushes and trees one can avoid, but the burrs and barbs from the ripened haulms of grass one cannot. These ingenious and beautiful devices for seed scattering enable them to clamber up one's clothes and find their way everywhere. Some of them are like little goats or eland's craniums with spiked horns ; some like spear-heads ; others resemble—well, say ladybirds—all over little barbed hooks : in short, age cannot wither their infinite variety. And to think that a Scotchman must introduce thistles into such a country !

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This was a happy Sunday. Besides the morning and evening services with the paddlers, the Beamonds and I had a Bible reading together on the Scripture Union portion—Jacob at Bethel—very appropriate to our circumstances. “Though like a wanderer, The sun goes down.” Jacob an exile through his own inexcusable fault, and yet the heavenly vision was not denied to him, and he had it more than once. We do not learn that Esau had any visits from angels and one fears they would only have embarrassed him. But how superficially people read when they say Jacob’s fraud was followed by no punishment and no atonement. Twenty-one years of exile and suffering, being deceived, exploited, enslaved by his uncle, never seeing his mother again; lamed for life, Esau meanwhile enjoying all the property; and then, at the end, the *amende honorable*—that scene where Jacob made all his family in turn bow down before the brother he had wronged and salute Esau as their tribal lord. Preachers never seem to have noticed this homage paid by Jacob to Esau. Travelling in these regions seems to illuminate the histories of the patriarchs by flashlight. Judging by what exists around us here, if Jacob were still claiming the chieftainship he had extorted from his brother’s extremity, he would certainly have required Esau and his followers to render that homage to himself. But by that act he renounced it for his own lifetime, so that Esau really got all he cared about—the earthly inheritance and the lordship while he lived, and Jacob at the very moment he renounced it became a prince with God and prevailed.

With all his failures, Jacob’s faith in the future and in the heavenly guidance never faltered, nor his readiness to sacrifice to-day for the sake of the unknown to-morrow. This was the faith which needed to be disciplined and sublimated as we say in the jargon of to-day. But this, in its essence, is the faith that overcomes the world; the faith that, profiting by Jacob’s history and abjuring deceptions and short cuts, has healed what Livingstone called the open sore of the world in these regions, and has opened the road to the peaceful spot on which we stand, three insignificant and helpless women, yet as safe here, like Jacob under the stars, as we were at home; perhaps safer.



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*Monday, 28.* I wish I could carry away a painting of our camp and of the pretty scene at the water-side, between high wooded banks and islets, a red cow coming down to drink. The men have taken a quantity of green withies on board, ropes made out of palm-leaves. They are needed to haul our boats through the rapids, the region we are now entering.

The first was Katima Molilo (meaning Fire Extinguisher). I expected to be nervous, but, on the contrary, all of us newcomers enjoyed the day's experience very much. Mme. Roulet's boat, however, got swamped at once, all her bedding wet, and Yvonne much frightened, so they had to leave the boat to be baled out and walk to the end of the island on which they had grounded. M. Roulet and the paddlers were waist deep in water, some pushing and pulling at the loaded boats, others hauling on the ropes. The next set of rocks we got through without trouble; but at the third we had to get out and walk again, after Mrs. Broun's, the Beamonds' and mine had all been nearly upset. M. Jalla's tiny boat passes easily where ours cannot, so when we emerged from the narrow shady channel we had been guided through, we saw first a wall of high basaltic boulders blocking our farther progress, and then our *doyen*, standing like Robinson Crusoe on an isolated rock beyond the islets, with three red-kilted, white-shirted paddlers grouped picturesquely about him. No photograph can give the least idea of the beauty, bright colour and animation of the whole scene. I longed for a cinematograph to record it, but then one would need a phonograph as well to record the pleasant sounds, the splash of the paddles, the rippling and rustling, and the gay cries ringing over the water.

Each time we have successfully surmounted a rapid we go over to the shady side and give the paddlers a few moments' rest under the great trees, but it is difficult to go ashore as big snags stick out from the banks, and, still more dangerous, threaten us under the water. The paddlers seem to enjoy the excitement, fatiguing as it must be. I felt like standing them drinks all round ("soft drinks," of course!), but I had to content myself with handing each of mine a lemon, a ceremony which doesn't appear to have any sinister significance for them, but the contrary.

Our mid-day camp was an oasis, as M. Roulet said, between

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two sets of rapids. He asked what I thought of them. I said I had thoroughly enjoyed them, but that I feared *his* emotions were less pleasant, as he had the responsibility of it all. "Oh, much less pleasant," he said, "especially when I thought you were going over." Mme. Roulet then told me that twice I had nearly been capsized, but that just at the critical moment their big boat coming up behind and acting as a breakwater had stemmed the force of the current and enabled the paddlers to right it.

I said, "But I suppose one couldn't be drowned anyway." (The banks seem so near, the rocks so handy, and the clear water looks so deceptively shallow.) "Oh, yes, you might," said Mme. Roulet. "One of M. Bouchet's paddlers was drowned a few years ago, and I am so afraid for the little one. The current is so strong, and she would be sucked down directly." All I could say was we had cause for thanksgiving.

Livingstone says the fall at each rapid is between 4 and 6 feet, and one can well believe this, seeing the angle at which one's boat tilts up.

On re-embarking we passed another rapid, an easy one this time, and then had again to land and tramp through a boulder-strewn forest. From a safe distance we saw hippos swimming, but also a large derelict barge stranded in mid-stream. To the joy of the paddlers, M. Roulet shot two reed-buck. We camped early on a large island thick with forest. Every camp and halt is totally different from the last, and it is this kaleidoscopic variety that makes the Zambesi voyage so delightful. There was no clear space in which to pitch our tents, so they were echeloned along a narrow clearing high above the water, hence secure from hippos, as well as from the lion whose country we were now invading. The ground appeared to be covered with rusty cannon balls, really the last crop of a wild orange. The growing ones hung on long thread-like stalks from very green trees. The Beamonds and I broke one unripe off a tree and cut it open, which required the offices of a native with a hatchet. Inside, it had large seeds like loquats inbedded in a fleshy pulp, now exceedingly bitter but not disagreeable, I am told, when ripe; and the natives are fond of sucking them.

When M. Roulet had just landed with his beaters, the camp was a curiously mingled sight. It is no use to be sentimental

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over the butchery that *has* to go on when sixty paddlers and eleven white folk have to be fed for three weeks. I wanted to take a photograph of the hunter and his booty, but, when I went to what one may call the gun-room, I only saw twenty paddlers, already gloating over their skinned and dismembered supper. Certainly they had earned it. The two beaters were carrying the haunch of honour between them on a perch, like the grapes of Eshcol, presenting them to M. Roulet, our Chief Scout, in his unministerial garb: the cook-boys were hanging up to-morrow's provision, and two more carrying off the beautiful head and neck for a separate mess, whilst another score watched the skinning of the smaller antelope.

Our young backwoodsman wandered from group to group, the admiring house-boy at his heels, much elated over the prize, but far too much a man of the world to betray the fact, his little bedabbled hands holding a knife and a steak ready to toast at a private bivouac. Mme. Roulet and Mrs. Broun were spreading out the saturated mattresses and blankets from the swamped boat to try and get them dry before sunset (but not succeeding in this). I was fitting a new film in my camera. The Beamonds in the farthest recess of the clearing were regarding with perplexity their temporarily overstocked larder, and their boatmen grouped behind the tent were evidently wondering what there was in *that* to worry about!

In the midst of all the turmoil and the excited jabbering of the delighted natives, Graziella and Mlle. Schneller were calmly studying their Sikololo grammars, while M. Jalla, quiet, clerical and recollected as ever, and dressed for a drawing-room, sat overlooking the placid river on his native stool and reading *The Church We Forget*.

The paddlers formed two groups, one at each end of the camp. Prayers were conducted by M. Jalla at his end, and by M. Roulet at the other. The Beamonds' paddlers, being the agents' employés, had already tucked themselves up for the night. They lay like sardines on one reed mat, rolled up in what blankets they possessed, and another mat spread on top of them, their heads turned towards a grass fire to keep warm. I was for letting them alone, but they made no objection to M. Roulet's ministrations—in fact they seem to like them, whether from superstition or not: at any rate it is a

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subject of remark among them that accidents to the mission boats are very rare. Accordingly, a hymn was struck up. We four stood in a row and they joined in with a will, even the half-asleep ones, their large cavernous mouths opening wide to the sky and their white teeth gleaming in the firelight. After a parting benison they grunted their thanks and we retired—to move *very* early the next morning.

In this life almost every little thing one has ever learnt to do comes in useful. This night one of my tent ropes frayed nearly through and the men did not know how to mend it, and were delighted when I produced a piece of string and showed them how to cover the thin places as one would make a lanyard. There were no Girl Guides in our youth, but not for nothing were we taught macramé work!

*June 29.* A very early start. M. Roulet hustles everybody : he has to, and it is most difficult to pack up one's traps and fold one's sheets, blankets, etc., in the semi-darkness of a tent in which one can hardly stand upright, fingers all thumbs with the cold, one boy demanding instructions, another reiterating that breakfast is ready, and two more proceeding to take down the tent on top of one.

We had hardly been afloat half an hour when we again found ourselves wedged in a Passage Perilous. The paddlers, to avoid some dangerous rocks, had taken us into a very narrow winding channel between islands, where my boat got stuck in the sedges, immovably, as it seemed. Recalling from the classics of my childhood the behaviour of another passenger in similar circumstances, who, at each emergency, merely seized another knitting pin till she was bristling with them, and said "Feather," I took out my work-bag and concentrated on a jumper, while the paddlers were yelling themselves hoarse. I would gladly have said "Feather" too, but it couldn't be done. Curious how *Alice in Wonderland* haunts this trip.

When we had navigated this channel successfully, we again found a wall barring our exit, so there was nothing for it but to alight in the reeds—no easy matter—and walk out to the rocks, where we stood like penguins for nearly an hour while the paddlers backed the barges, took them into the mainstream, and, with much difficulty and danger, towed

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or hoisted them through the very rocks they had endeavoured to avoid. One cannot conceive why the boats do not break their backs or the paddlers either. Some of them were up to their armpits in that strong current. The risks they take are great, but M. Roulet shares them all. Even more dangerous than these great foaming escalators are the small ones, the eddies, whirlpools, over hidden rocks in which the boat is caught without an instant's warning, where the water is still and the current seems to be flowing quite smoothly : and we traversed a number of these as well as bigger ones. The scenery resembled Loch Katrine, the river thickly studded with islands, and then, after a stretch of smooth water, we saw before us the long sparkling wavelets, tier upon tier, that indicated the great rapids of Ngomboc. We landed before reaching them—this was to be our camp for the night.

Every single thing had to be unloaded off the larger barges (and be it remembered four of the party were taking up all their worldly goods, including stoves and furniture), and carried a quarter-mile overland. It was a most beautiful spot, cattle meandering about, and a village on the heights. This was the one where Mlle. Dogimont, of Sesheke, eighteen months earlier, spending six days alone among the natives, had saved the lives of twenty-six children in an epidemic of measles and pneumonia (here a most fatal combination).

By the time the boats had all been emptied and their contents carried a quarter-mile farther on to where they would have to be loaded up again, it was 2 p.m. The paddlers, who usually ate about 10 a.m., had not yet had a bite of food since their supper (certainly an ample supper) the night before. After the early start, taking down our tents and loading up, and after the strenuous exertions of this day and the day before, they were done up, and Mme. Roulet urged them to take their dinner while we were having ours : but they all declared they would prefer to finish their job first and *then* eat : they only asked to have an hour's rest before carrying up the boats themselves. This was granted, and I mention it to illuminate what follows, remembering that we were now in a Native State where the natives, by special edict, are free even from their own chiefs.

While they were thus resting, a white man, who had been

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unloading above the rapids just when we arrived below, came down to launch his boat, a big one. By putting all his paddlers at it, he ought to have been able to manage this, but it stuck, and he peremptorily ordered one of ours to help him or make the others do so. Our man said they could not, as they were resting between two heavy jobs, and were all exhausted. Whereupon, after abusing him, the white man threatened him with a sjambok. Our man, knowing this was illegal, told him he was not afraid of a whipping. The white man then turned to his boy and said, "Fetch my gun." Doubtless it was all bluff, and as M. Roulet hove in sight at that moment, he discreetly sheered off, showing how needless his demands were, for no one would refuse to let his men help in a case of great necessity.

Nobody, even here, would take another man's tired oxen or his grazing horses, but human beings it seems, though freely serving another, may be abused, threatened, and even illegally thrashed if there is no one at hand to protect them. Such an incident is neither common nor typical, and all the white officials to whom I mentioned it, assured me that the man would have been liable to be punished severely if he had carried out his threats. But this (as also a somewhat similar incident during my former journey, when a native was thrashed at the cart tail and afterwards recovered damages in court) shows how necessary it is to have a strong, impartial Government to protect the natives, and men with hearts and consciences to see their regulations are not disregarded.

This is the sort of white man who says, "I saw a lot of lazy niggers sitting about doing nothing," and abuses missions. Our paddlers will do anything for us, because we take an interest in them, and see them through the bad places. The agents' paddlers are quite astonished. They say, "We like working for you, because you look on and cheer us; the other white men take no notice when we do things well."

This, however, does not apply to all: the officials in general are very kind.

All through South Africa, as everybody knows, a team of oxen has to be cheered and encouraged with shouts and "comfortable words" as well as objurgations, if you want to get the best work out of them. I heard of a party who had to

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turn back to Livingstone after four or five days' floundering with a waggon in the wet season because the driver they had picked up did not know the names of the oxen and so could not apostrophize them personally; and a team of natives seem much the same, but very few people seem to realize this. The Roulets do, and accordingly all the time ours were carrying the six boats over log rollers to the next launching place, Mme. Roulet and the rest of us kept pace with them, she calling to them and they calling back in an improvised chorus. For the hoisting out on to the rollers, and for re-launching, they have a regular chantey like sailors at home, very musical and pleasing. It slightly reminded me of "Come ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness." It has that note of unexpected triumph in it after two cadences, one suggesting painful, the second pleasant, toil. The words I was told meant:—

" Crocodile, crocodile,  
Out of the way,  
We are launching the boats,  
We don't want *you*."

But along the road between, this was the sort of ditty they kept up:—

( <i>Mme. R.</i> )	The white men, the white men,
( <i>Paddlers</i> )	We have them, we have them,
( <i>Mme. R.</i> )	The Baruti! (missionaries)
( <i>Response</i> )	They love us, they care for us,
	The Baruti!
	They trust us, they rely on us,
	The Baruti!
	We have pulled them through,
	The Baruti!
	They are not rich, they do not give us a present!

"A sting must be left in the tail," you see. But they get plenty of meat killed for them, so perhaps it is a square deal.

The procession was quite imposing; first the terrier, then Eric and his satellite, the white-capped house-boy, then the long barge with forty or fifty paddlers urging it forward over the rollers, and then the coryphée, if one may so term the ladies with their white umbrellas. As this, the last boat,

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slipped into the water, the paddlers shook their uplifted arms with a sort of "Hooray," no doubt what the Psalmist calls "Sacrifices of Shouting," perhaps a vestige of invocation to the sky and water.

After this, they came and set up all our tents for the night, and brought our bedsteads and small baggage. By this time it was 5 p.m., and not till then did they bivouac and eat. M. Roulet again shot a large reed-buck. I don't know how he does it. We never see these creatures, but he seems just to go ashore with a beater or two, and in the ten minutes or so it takes the rest of us to disembark, he has brought one down, sometimes two and trussed them up.

*June 30.* Another exciting morning. When we reached Lusu (or Loché), the Rapids of Death, we had to land again and walk. It is really a whirlpool, where several have been drowned. In the dreary burnt scrub we saw many traces of large game, probably water-buck, and a couple of skulls, but no horns. After we re-embarked, we began again going through places like the Falls of Tummel. My boat stuck in a pool, and we had to get out and stand on the small rocks in spite of the danger, as it was impossible to land just there. Even the children were waiting with the dog on a tiny boulder in the midst of the cascades, just big enough to afford foothold to them and their father. This vantage point enabled him to ride the whirlpool and direct the storm, till a mighty paddler, like a second St. Christopher, grotesquely ugly but full of tenderness, lifted little Yvonne on his shoulder and waded through the sedges. I wanted to snap them, but, as usual, "never the time and the place and the camera altogether."

A very long afternoon pull after this. My paddlers racing the girls' boat; consequently, shipped a lot of water. We reached a village called Moavi not till after sunset and had to camp in the dark in a thick grove on a huge bank. Behind it there was a deep hollow apparently used as a cattle-kraal, and behind that again a village, and Mme. Roulet went to talk to the women. It was a horribly dirty place, though very pretty, and a piercing wind blew upon us across the hollow. A curious appearance in the northern sky was attracting



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general attention, viz., long streamers like searchlights stretching all across from north to south very high up. We discussed whether it was the Zodiacal light or the Aurora Australis. I thought myself it might possibly be light vapour condensing after sunset at a very high altitude, following the course of the river, and reflecting the sun's rays, just as high peaks do, after he had vanished from our sight. The natives were much excited by this phenomenon and we never saw it again. M. Roulet said he had never seen anything the least like it.

*July 1.* We got up in thick, wet mist. Paddlers all cross, and no wonder! While we were drinking hot coffee and shivering in thick great-coats, they were walking about in ragged kilts, but it is partly their own fault, they are all saving their shirts for the arrival at the Capital. We got off by 8.15, my boat last, as my boy didn't come to help me; he had to take the place of M. Jalla's cook who had gone sick and I could *not* get my blankets rolled up in time. I realized a *little* of what soldiers go through. However—

On Foggy Fridays, when things look black,  
The luck that has left you shall hurry back,  
When you feel you must just  
Accept defeat,  
And drop in the dust,  
Try this receipt:  
Keep smiling!

(Only it's rather like trying to lift yourself up by your own bootlaces at such moments.)

All the morning, rapids again. The worst were those of Bomboe (baboons). We had walked again through a wood and picnicked at a very charming rocky cove: it was the pleasantest of all our mid-day halts, as we had to wait for the boats and were not so hurried as usual. We are proceeding by forced marches so as to reach Lealui in time. Really to enjoy oneself, one should be a millionaire and take a day or two at each halt, shooting, fishing, sketching, and collecting specimens. Hurrying along in this breathless way, one gets almost too tired to enjoy the rest when it comes,

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so this time we appreciated it all the more in a lovely shady spot free from flies or mosquitoes.

After the boats had rounded the corner, during the afternoon I had my worst (or best) adventure. Unfortunately, I did not know it at the time and so did not get any thrills out of it. Going through a rather bad place, three boats passed it, mine was the fourth and it stuck. In trying to get it off the rocks, a paddler reeled and half caught a crab. In that instant the strong eddy seized the boat and swung it round broadside to the stream, the force of which tipped it up.

This much I saw, and thinking I might have to jump out, I slipped off my jacket and emerged to look round, but the cook-boy who sits in my boat and who had himself seized a paddle motioned me back under the pavilion. Though not *obliged* to comply, I thought it best not to get in their way, so I stayed under cover, and, as the matting reached down to the gunwale, I could not see the other side of the situation, viz., that the port side of the boat was lying almost even with the water on the lip of the Fall, and if it went over would capsize into a deep pool. These heavy-laden flat barges cannot right themselves like a deep-keeled row-boat in a choppy sea. M. Roulet and the others were too far ahead to render assistance, except to send a paddler to me; he asked for a volunteer and one (a Christian, I am glad to say) came waist deep through the water and with his help we were pushed back into the pool, but it proved very difficult to get the boat's head right again. It kept turning round and round like an engine on a turn-table and whatever angle it was set at, nose or tail grounded on a reef. At last, they were able to put her at the rocks once more, and this time she took them like a bird. The cheerful thought in these emergencies is that the pools may be swarming with crocodiles.

When we regained the other boats drawn up in the shade an excited palaver was going on. At last M. Roulet scrambled over to me, and I asked what it was all about. "About you, Mademoiselle." He looked at me and seeing my genuine astonishment, he added, "You don't seem to be aware—well, you have much cause to thank God; you were within an inch of foundering." Mme. Roulet was much upset, but M. Roulet, who is a practical person, and rather annoyed at



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PAGE



PADDLERS.



OF





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having betrayed his own anxiety, cut short heroics by saying the bother really would have been to fish out all the baggage and waste two days drying it on the banks.

The man who came to the rescue got his knee gashed, and will not be able to paddle again this trip. First aid, however, was forthcoming, and I went to see him and thank him at the bivouac. I presented a shilling—a very inadequate reward—but it seemed to salve the wound, and all the paddlers said “Thank you,” which I thought rather touching, especially as the thanks were really due the other way about. They were piling up extra big fires because we were camping right in the lion country, but we were not molested. *Kale* was the name of this camp.

*July 2.* Woke again in thick mist. A bleak spot. Tent dripping and everything damp. Could hardly see the other tents. As the sun rose, the mist dispersed; beautiful to see it rising off the river, and birds darting out from the sedges and fluttering towards the light. Here the boats had again to be unloaded, so we walked a little farther along to a tall thicket, where a very pretty bank sloped down to the river like an English lawn, only not so green. I washed the paddler's wound and dressed it, but Mme. Roulet had to finish the job, as I had no more bandages. At the same time, M. Roulet took out little Yvonne's tooth, a fearsome double one which had been troubling her ever since we started. The dentist's parlour was under a tree, against which she leant her head. No anæsthetic of course, but she was very brave and certainly it made all the difference to her enjoyment afterwards, and she was much less nervous on the water.

Mrs. Broun has been making biltong of the venison. Steaks are cut from the haunches, salted, and hung up to dry on a sort of goal-post made of three paddles. Every day they are hung up again.

These were our last rapids. The character of the river now quite changed from green banks and woods to deep ravines. The sides narrowed down with here and there great cataracts of boulders on either side and sometimes barriers of jagged rocks all across the stream, leaving only one narrow eddying channel. The current forced into such small compass must

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have been very deep. It was certainly very strong and the gradient very steep. We kept bumping on sharp, invisible rocks, and I confess it was to me more nervous work than the rapids. The way the paddlers pilot us, knowing instinctively where the boats can pass and where they cannot, is, to me, a ceaseless marvel. During the flood-time, the waters rise fifty or sixty feet in this narrow gorge, and one can easily recognize the high-tide marks of the waters by the rocks they have polished in their churning course.

We stopped for half an hour on a pretty little white sandbank and ate oranges. We left it, I regret to say, more like Hampstead Heath. I endeavoured to clear it up, for why should we vulgarize the Zambesi, but it would have taken more than "seven maids with seven mops." The paddlers asked for our pips and gratefully tied them up in the corners of their rags! It seems they want to sow them, but it appeared to me a most unequal distribution of goods.

We went on through more rocks and eddies, and finally camped again on the west bank, at a delightful spot, a huge slope of white, firm, virgin sand, curving steeply up towards a line of trees high above the river. It was just like a sea-beach, but hard and untrodden and perfectly clean. This was our most enjoyable night bivouac. The men lighted a long line of fires against the thicket to keep off the lions. As the moon rose (full the night before) the bank looked just like snow. M. Roulet, who is a great Alpinist, said one could mistake it for the *Névés*. The children, much excited, were glissading down it; and after supper we all joined hands and ran up and sang, "Salut, glaciers sublimes," at the top, and then ran down again. This warmed us all up and we spent a very pleasant evening with the usual sing-song till it was time to turn in.

About 11.30 I slipped out alone in the moonlight and the silence

. . . To the river's brink,  
Where thirsty lions come to drink.

All one had read of—dreamed of—had come true. Here Livingstone had stood and how many others, holding their lives in their hands, suffering and striving: and here were *we*, safe and care free, entering into their labours.

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I wished I could paint the scene in that sleeping camp. But again, next morning—

*July 3.* Thick fog and icy cold, the paddlers again very grumpy: sand getting into all one's bags and blankets. The Zambesi now became very narrow, quite a bottle neck. Two lovely little ibis with fringed wings, white and black, fluttered up as the sun-warmed mist was rolling away from the water. Difficult to tell whether the rocks are sandstone or basalt: perhaps both are mingled. However, the learned have doubtless ascertained this. The cleft ones show striated formations, lines of black, white and yellow, but the unbroken ones look twisted and burnt, vitrified; red, brown and deep purple, their colours thrown up by the green bushes that cling to them here and there. It is amazing to see the paddlers force their way against the current, here running at its strongest, for in the rapids, though the gradient is steeper, generally speaking the stream is shallow and the rocks break its force. But here it pours out of the Seoma ravine fresh from the boiling cauldrons of the Gonye Falls. No more halloos from boat to boat; each follows each as if linked together in one breathless silence: each man stands tense, eye and ear, straining for the least indication that may guide their perilous way over the unplumbed inky depths.

[*Later.* Livingstone says of the Upper Zambesi: "A great part of its bottom is formed of rocks of reddish variegated hardened sandstone, with madreporé holes in it and of broad horizontal strata of trap, often covered with twelve or fifteen feet of soft calcareous tufa. It bears a close resemblance to the valley of the Nile, and is inundated annually by the Lecambe (Upper Zambesi) exactly as Lower Egypt is flooded by the Nile."]

At length we turned a very dangerous corner between two jagged, projecting rocks. Here the whole volume of the Zambesi is compressed into the narrowest possible limits, how deep one dare not think. Major St. Hill Gibbons gives the width here as eighty yards; naturally, it varies according to the season. At this time (early July) it was wider than it would be in October, but also, the flow being almost at its fullest, the current opposing us was much more powerful.

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Once through, we emerged into a vast and dangerously quiet pool, apparently quite closed in by overhanging wooded cliffs. In reality they formed a sharp elbow turn here, behind which, unseen, lay the impassable Seoma ravine on our left. We, however, turned to the right into a tiny cove behind a sandbank : this was the harbour where we all had to disembark and every single thing had to be unloaded and the boats transported four miles past the Cataracts.

Lewanika (the former king) instituted a village here where a waggon and ox-team are maintained for this service. Sixteen oxen are yoked to each boat in succession, which is thus transformed into a sand sledge and is drawn through a forest clearing. It was now 10.30 a.m. and getting hot. We mounted the very steep slope just like a river drift and reached a wood at the top of it. Avoiding the broad clearing, deep in sand, we followed a footpath, and about a mile farther on, sat down for the rest of the day under the trees as nothing else could be done till the boats had been carried.

Eric snapped away at turtle doves, every one else was thankful to rest. After lunch, my thoughtful attendant, one of M. Jalla's paddlers, brought my mattress, unbidden, for me to take a siesta. I may mention that I was never able to get into the African habit of taking a nap after luncheon, I generally felt particularly energetic just then.

When we had had lunch, a deputation arrived from the village with the ox-team. They had come to say that the waggon had broken down the day before, so that all the baggage would have to be humped, hence, of course, the transport would cost more, and equally, of course, their estimate of the excess charge differed materially from M. Roulet's. However, he has a great knack of settling these difficulties amicably, and soon afterwards we saw the first barge trailing through the woods. Mme. Roulet and Yvonne travelled on one of them, but the rest of us walked.

The Beamonds and I started at 3.30. The woods were very interesting, though brown and withered ; here and there some tall trees, with very glossy leaves like evergreens, had resisted the withering influences of winter wind and drought. Little flowers peeped up from the grass here and there, in particular a very pretty one, bright purple, which might almost



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be mistaken for a violet, but, in reality, it was a miniature gloxinia. African flowers have a way of resembling European flowers of a totally different genus: you think you see elder-blossom and it is a compositæ; or forget-me-not, or eyebright, and it is a masquerade.

I could not discover that the flowers of Barotsland had ever been classified. Mme. Reutter, however, the wife of our much regretted medical missionary, made a collection of them in water-colours: every evening she would bring one in from her walk with the children and take its portrait, and every day, so her friends and colleagues told me, there seemed to be a new one. The varieties are inexhaustible. That was at a different season, however; now, in mid-winter, they are very few and far between.

We had hoped to pass the Cataracts, second only to the Victoria Falls, but the road cuts across the promontory on which they are situated, so we had not even a glimpse of them.

At the end of two and a half miles of open scrub we emerged upon an open space not unlike Streatham Common, with calves feeding in quite a civilized manner within partial enclosures; in the middle distance a village, and next moment we beheld a broad still sheet of water diversified with islands. The Zambesi once more widened out as at Livingstone. We had, in fact, just climbed (in the old formula) one of the legs of the Central African tableland. Although our immediate surroundings were bushy knolls, the level sweep of the northern horizon showed that we had nearly reached the Barotse plain. The ground sloped towards a village on the river bank, the whole forming a perfect picture.

We passed a gigantic banyan or fig-tree. It is unique. Approaching it, one perceives that the original tree, although nearly full grown, had been partly but not wholly torn up by the roots in some tempest; lying all along the ground, but still able to draw some nourishment from the soil, it had sent up three shoots from its own trunk, each of which is now bigger than even the biggest trees usually seen, and their leafy branches interweaving overhead, could shelter a small army. Squirrels race among them and feast upon the little figs, which look like tiny green walnuts. Most people camp under this tree, but we went on down to the river's edge.

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It was an exquisite spot but dirtier than any camp we had hitherto struck, and we had thought at least one of them could hardly be surpassed in this respect. The banks here, being almost level with the water, it was damp as well as dirty and our baggage lay in confusion all about. The tents did not arrive till after sunset at 6.30. It was a moonless night, so that the camp was pitched with difficulty. The air, at this altitude and in such a damp spot, was sensibly colder. Even then, Mrs. Broun's tent had not come, but, about 9.30 p.m., when we were all dropping with fatigue and drowsiness, three of her paddlers brought it in her boat.

The chief one said that it was the last boat, and the villagers, after hauling it past the Cataracts, had dumped it below the village instead of above (they were tired out by that time, no doubt), and he could not induce either them or his own crew to stir a step farther, so he and two others brought it quite alone and in that black darkness through the rapids above the Falls. Mrs. Broun asked him how they could possibly manage it, and he only replied, "The tent *had* to be brought." Only he was frozen, he said (and no wonder, with nothing on), and has since had a bad cold. Strange to say, there is (I am told) no word for *duty* in the language. Either you need not do it, or it is an order and you *must*.

*Sunday, July 4.* Woke in quite a Dutch landscape, a quiet day by the river-side. Paddlers still bringing luggage over, so service could not be held with them at the usual hour. All but Mme. Roulet, Yvonne and I went for a walk after breakfast to see the Falls. They thought it would be half an hour's stroll, but it proved to be considerably more. They brought back beautiful trails of scented jessamine (the petals much thicker than ours), and stephanotis and the little round, red seeds like ladybirds, which are called love-beans at the Cape. After lunch every one rested, tired out from the day before. About 4 p.m. a white man came up on horseback and said he had been badly wounded by a hippopotamus a little while before, could we give him some bandages? He got tea and the whole of our remaining dressings.

Soon afterwards the Beamonds and I were reading under the shade of the giant fig-tree, when some of the women from

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the village came up and requested our ministry. None of us knowing the language, we endeavoured to comply by singing some familiar tunes, but that did not satisfy them. They wanted a service and wanted it then and there. So we went down to camp and informed the missionaries. They were just going to have tea, but they came at once and by that time quite a crowd had assembled, nor could we remain under the grateful shade : the congregation preferred the blazing sunshine, so we sat under our sunshades while M. Jalla preached about the Prodigal Son.

One of that category, he told us later on, came to him afterwards. The unfortunate thing about most African prodigals (and they are sadly numerous) is that they are perfectly ready to say, " I have sinned " : they express their ardent desire to re-enter the Father's house, but they altogether decline to put off their rags and stains, and to resume the robe of righteousness as the son in the parable did, before sitting down to the feast of welcome. At first, after going astray, they are horribly ashamed and avoid their Christian friends, black and white ; then, after a time, they get used to living on the lower plane ; and, wanting both to eat their cake and keep it, they begin to sidle back and endeavour to coax their pastors and teachers into resuming friendly intercourse without reopening the vexed question. But it always is reopened ; anything else would be unfaithfulness both to them and to the Church, and there comes the rub. Usually, they are quite unwilling to give up the indulgence which has caused their fall. Others—even worse—deliberately calculate the length of time they will give themselves to enjoy their fling, to chew the cuds of remorse, and then to apply for pardon and reinstatement. Thus " free forgiveness " would be shockingly abused if exercised without spiritual discernment.

After the service the village folk all followed us down to the river-side exhibiting their ailments (none serious), and asking for relief. While they were waiting, I showed them *Petite Kaki*, with M. Christol's pictures. These went right home, the simple properties, the hoe, the maize, the reeds, the water-pots, and gourds lying all around us, and the *dénouement* when the little black girl's laziness and deceit were shown up by the empty patches in the field where the seeds didn't come

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up (she having skipped over the holes her mother drilled), this particularly appealed to them. (Though I am told in Central Africa they don't drill holes in rows, but the woman just pokes the earth with her great toe, drops a seed or two, and, in the same way, covers it up.)

"At even, when the sun did set," it was a beautiful sight: the warm, level rays illuminating the water, and the glowing red horizon reflected in it. Our men, lighting fires and getting the supper ready: and these poor people, so needy and so trustful, taking for granted if we spoke kindly to them we could cure them too, a confidence which coincides with the latest psychology, it seems.

Travelling in Africa on a time limit, more than anywhere else one is reminded that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. It is a day of rest, and how welcome, as such, only those who toil like our paddlers and our admiral can tell. But for the missionary wearied with the responsibility of such an expedition, the strain of conducting services and preaching sermons is very great. Moreover, if food has run short, it sometimes has to be sought with rod and gun, though no one who duly honoured the Lord's Day would handle them for his own pleasure. For the missionary's wife too, Sunday is the day when clothes must be washed, bread baked, and provisions sorted out for the coming week, and all the little cumulative needs of children and servants attended to (and of local natives too, as we had seen), so we were all thankful to turn in.

*Monday, July 5.* Up early, left 7.45 a.m. The banks here are low and sedgy like the dullest part of the Norfolk Broads. At 10.30 a.m. M. Roulet killed a young reed-buck. The river, very wide and choppy, offered no compensations whatever for the slight seasickness it occasioned. Here the Beamonds' heavy boat gradually dropped behind and they never caught up with us till after we reached Nalolo. We lunched on tinned salmon and potato salad. Fresh supplies are running out.

*Tuesday, July 6.* To-day we entered the Barotse plain. The low hills fringing the river parted, or as the paddlers say, "fled away" to right and left. A bend of the river and a

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sudden dip of the banks disclosed a flat, blue, illimitable horizon line dotted very sparsely with timber trees and a few borassus palms like inverted mops, not at all picturesque. At the same moment the breath of a new air, cooled by the wide waters, greeted all our senses at once. The paddlers were tremendously excited at the scene unrolled before us. They cheered and halloed for some minutes. They adore their flat and monotonous country with its vast skies, and dislike the forest land which has scarcely any population. They say they dread the wild beasts.

Our midday halt was very brief as we were hurrying on to reach Senanga before night, a former mission station where we hoped to replenish our stores. But, as it turned out, we did not reach it, for we met M. and Mme. Adolphe Jalla, who had come to meet Graziella. They had brought all sorts of things for us travellers besides letters (but none for me); branches of bananas and wild ducks for us, and cookies for the children, so we halted rather early close to a little sandy fishing creek. The natives were busy, some making weirs and coarse matting of reeds, others hacking out a canoe: a few dug-outs were moored close by under the lee of the village.

It was the night of the last quarter, the crescent faintly shining out of a perfect sunset glow. Across the river, in a heathen village, the inhabitants were greeting it with weird cries and dances, and bonfires, almost throughout the night. On our side, the natives were joining with us in Christian hymns: all was peace and harmony. Never till then had one so realized the contrast. It was like "Tannhauser," the Pilgrim's Chorus gradually drowning the music from the Venusberg.

July 7. One of our party is ill with high fever and tonsilitis. However, travelling is generally the best cure for this, so on we go. The Adolphe Jallas left at dawn so as to prepare for our arrival, leaving Graziella with us. Though the scenery is tame enough, there is much more life now on its banks than hitherto, and we keep passing boats and people on the banks, and herds of cattle, the sight of which stirs the paddlers to fresh transports. "Those are *our* people, *our* herds," they cry. The wonderfully changing skies, too, have an endless

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fascination. Here they are by no means cloudless and the effects of light are wonderful. Then too, we are nearing the end of our journey and even Polly seems to share in the general exhilaration.

Polly is the dog, a black and tan terrier. I do not think I have mentioned her before, except in general terms. That is because at first she only regarded *me* in general terms, but latterly she has quite adopted me. She was given to the Roulets by an Englishman who, doubtless prompted by loyalty, called her Mary, but Mary is no name for a dog, so I call her Polly, and she answers to it quite well. Indeed, she answers to Hi, or any loud cry provided it proceeds from the right person. She is a widow who has certainly married beneath her and been left very badly off. Her son, a graceless and most plebeian yellow terrier, has been left behind to guard the station, an office he performs faithfully, but without discrimination.

Polly, however, is nothing if not discerning. She is beautifully bred and a perfect little lady, only lapsing very rarely into kleptomania, when the cook turns his back on a broiled bream.

On such occasions, when hailed before the Bench, the prisoner appears to feel her position acutely, protests she is a British subject, highly connected, named after Her Majesty, and formerly housekeeper to a gentleman of exalted office; what more can you ask? Yes, very happy with her present kind hosts, but, if anything, has a preference for her native language; deprecates these irregular methods of living, due solely to the cook boy not understanding the requirements of her delicate constitution and would much prefer to be your paying guest. Finally, licks your hand and leaps into your boat. In short, she is a typical Better Daisy.

She has been travelling in my boat, as her presence with the two children in theirs offered chronic threats to its equilibrium, and I find her a charming companion, if a trifle too abject. At night, she creeps under my bed, and when I enter the tent, rolls over and says, "You don't *really* mind having me, do you? It's a cold, cold world for widows." I do mind, for there is not much room between an X-pattern bed and the ground; but in vain I turn her out, she slinks back again, and in the wee sma' hours jumps on to the ciderdown and shudders

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despairingly until I pull a corner of it over her. Happily, she feels it her duty to rise early and superintend the preparations for breakfast, so that, as a rule, but not always, I can dress in peace.

With all her airs, and what R.L.S. calls "carneying affectations," reminding one at times of Mrs. Nickleby, Polly has a sporting vein, and gets highly excited over the otter holes on the banks, in fact, we can hardly get her to leave them sometimes to re-embark.

To-day, when we halted at Senanga (formerly one of our stations, but alas, we have not a man to put there), we camped at a place like Edenmouth at St. Andrews, a little cape between the Zambesi and a tributary or backwater. Here our stores were replenished by Mr. Simpson, a trader, formerly connected with the mission. The sunset over the plain was marvellous, the river glinting in the foreground; beyond it, an infinite panorama, an absolutely flat and treeless expanse circling us north, east and west and above it, rosy and purple clouds against pale lemon colour.

Our patient, unfortunately, was seriously ill with ulcerated sore throat. She was treated with poultices of mealie-meal, and gargles of the invaluable permanganate of potash. A milk diet was indicated, but milk was hardly to be had, notwithstanding all the cattle around.

*July 8.* (This day last year, M. Jalla was addressing a meeting at Eastbourne.) The patient better, but still prostrate. That no others of our party have been ill is due, no doubt, to regular dosing with quinine, night and morning (the hydrochloric form does not upset digestion, it seems). A most dull day. Cold winds on the water, the boat rocking very much, but, directly we landed, the sun was almost beyond endurance, and the flies too, which unluckily accompanied us back into the boats with the cooking pots. We passed wide lagoons fringed with reeds, and wild birds were now much more numerous. In the forest region, we only saw cormorants as a rule. The pain and inflammation of the mosquito bites at Mambova seemed to culminate these days.

The evening camp was another unattractive place. Dense masses of soft sedge had been cut (with what instruments?

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no scythes here), and lay piled up in great wet haycocks full of green midges, billions of them, which descended in clouds on our supper table, and of course on the supper also. We were all very, very down and out, but the paddlers, nearing home, were in the highest spirits. After evening prayers they became extremely jocular, saying we must give them all red handkerchiefs so that they could approach Nalolo with flying colours. (They always like to keep a gallop for the avenue.) This used to be done when handkerchiefs cost 6*d.* or 1*s.* each. But, nowadays, they cost 3*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* and so it can't be done, and this they don't understand. They considered that I especially, as the guest of the country, ought to award them decorations. I extracted the red cotton crown of my hat (an achromatic lining against sunstroke), and offered it to the chief paddler, saying it was the only bit of red I had. This they considered a huge joke and we parted amicably.

*Friday, July 9.* Off very early. Mrs. Broun's paddlers all ill from eating their half-ground food, the supply she had had ground for them at Nalita having given out. So, as they were unable to keep their boat up to time, she came into mine. A few spring flowers are coming out. All we have found hitherto have been either leguminosæ, scrophulariaceæ or compositæ. We have seen hardly any waterlilies as yet, but those few very lovely, pink and purple.

During the afternoon we turned from the main stream into channels cut through beds of sedges. A vast island ends here, or begins, dividing the river into two branches, of which we followed the westerly stream (properly speaking, the right bank of the river, but our left, going north). Soon we passed the Police Camp and saw the Union Jack flying beside the residence of the local Commissioner. He himself greeted us from the bank, where he was waiting to receive Mrs. Broun. It seems they were expecting us all to stop and have tea with them, but, not knowing this at the time, we went on to Nalolo, which we reached about 4.15 p.m.

First we passed the native village, the Mokwae (Queen's) capital, some way inland, and about fifteen minutes later touched at the mission station which lies close to the water's edge on a sand-bank. The flood tide, however, rises to the



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level of this bank and the crocodiles sometimes come into the garden. However, it is very conveniently situated otherwise, and the sickness and mortality have been less than at other stations. The approaches, however, are getting rapidly blocked with sand and sedges, and before long it will be sitting, not on the river, but on a lagoon. Mlle. Amez-Droz welcomed us in place of M. Lageard, who had gone home on furlough. M. Adolphe Jalla had also come to meet his daughter and her uncle once more. We all dined together in the evening—a very happy party for our last night all together, but some of us dead beat.

## Chapter V

## Nalolo and Lealui

**S**ATURDAY, *July 9.* Our voyage in company has come to an end. Mrs. Broun we had already left at the Camp and to-day the Jallas' party left at 7.30 a.m. for Lealui, a long day's journey up-river, and at 8.15 the Roulets embarked for Sefula, which is on the hill-side almost opposite but a good way inland. The missionaries there, M. and Mme. Bouchet, are M. Roulet's sister and brother-in-law respectively.

Some mosquito bites having developed into painful ulcers I went with Mlle. Amez-Droz to the Dispensary to try and find something to relieve them. But it was almost empty. The old supplies exhausted, the new ones ordered not arrived. A legacy of the war. One bandage and a half left! and we had to keep that for my unlucky rescuer who lives here and whose knee is still very bad. It really ought to be stitched up. The iodoform pot was empty but we scraped it out, there was just enough for one dressing, and about the same quantity of lysol and as much cotton-wool as you could stuff into an egg-shell. To think how we throw "leavings" away at home!

In the afternoon we went to the village to visit the Mokwae, the great chieftainess of Nalolo, the sister of Lewanika, formerly his co-ruler and now that of his son, the present Paramount Chief. As most people know, the Barotsi always associated a woman ruler with the King, not any of his wives who might be of foreign extraction but a blood-relation who would, like himself, have the interests of the country at heart and be versed in its traditions. The feminine influence was also expected to have a softening effect tempering justice with mercy, but in the old days there was very little question of either justice or mercy, it was either ruthless vengeance or

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feeble opportunism. The Mokwae has never been an opportunist in that sense—she is a woman of real insight and administrative ability who often played Lady Macbeth to her brother. Her daughter, whom I had seen at Sesheke, inherits her imperiousness but not her ability.

This lady had figured in my youthful dreams as might one of the giantesses in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and now we were face to face. She was very gracious, and notwithstanding her great age and many infirmities she came to her house-door to meet me, which I am told was a great mark of favour, because I was the "daughter" (i.e. niece) of M. and Mme. Coillard. She was attired in a very becoming tea-gown of pink-flowered cretonne on a black ground and a pink blouse to match underneath. Contrary to European conventions, it seems here that the higher the ladies' rank the higher the blouse is buttoned round her neck. She sat on a chair placed upon a pretty blue figured carpet, and with her own hands set another for me at her right hand. Mlle. Amez-Droz faced us and interpreted. No etiquette whatever fences the intercourse of missionaries with any native grandee. In the language of ceremonial "they have the right of access to his (or her) person at all times" and on their own terms. We spoke of her brother Lewanika and about various incidents of his stay in England in 1902, especially his visit to Penshurst Place where, as I told her, the great chief who owned it, personally showed him all his treasures from the ancient hall with its timbered roof and rough-hewn walls, adorned with hunting trophies (akin to the one in which we were sitting), to the newest saloons and galleries with their delicate Italian cabinets and inlaid tables. Lewanika's spirit was in no way daunted either then or on any other occasion by the display of wealth.

"I see now that the white men did not get all their wisdom at once, dropped down from Heaven, but learnt it bit by bit from the beginning as we are doing," was his remark to his escort.

Not wishing to wear out my welcome, I said, "I do not want to tire the Queen," but she replied, "You do not tire me, you amuse me" (which might be taken two ways). I wished I could do something better. She was much interested in my

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ear-trumpet, inquired its use and promptly asked me to present her with one. I promised, but privately thought it was probably a passing caprice and that she would forget about it. However, she did not, nor did her Consort, Ishe Kwanda, a dear old man, who was present. They have been married nearly forty years and are absolutely devoted to each other, so much so that if the Queen takes a dose of medicine he takes it too just to keep her company (and possibly also that they may "die together" if it does not cure). He sat on the ground at a little distance watching her face and interpreting her wishes. Like her, he had a stormy youth and middle age, but he has now been a Christian for some years past. His declaration of faith was made on the Sunday when every church was celebrating the Centenary of Livingstone. He had heard him preach before 1858 on the way to the West Coast; but had not heeded; after fifty years the seed has sprung up and borne fruit.

The royal precincts are in the middle of the village: the courts screened round by reed fences nine or ten feet high, interwoven with strips of bark in bold patterns. These are buttressed by tall pointed stakes, some eleven feet high, placed about thirty inches apart. Mlle. Amez-Droz drew my attention to these last. Members of the royal family always have them pointed, the idea being that the evil spirits could not perch on them. (Does this throw any light on the mediæval problem: "How many angels could perch on the point of a needle?")

Each of these poles, M. Louis Jalla subsequently told me, is made from a large tree (and perpendicular trees are not common here, most being forked almost horizontally from a few feet above the ground). Not only the bark but all the soft cortex is gradually scraped away with a specially designed tool, leaving only the hard central heart inaccessible to the ravages of white ants. Hundreds of them are ranged round each royal residence and many of the royal tombs, those round the King's court being much loftier, and each represents an infinity of labour—with little to show for it, since they only look like ordinary hop-poles.

In the evening my chief paddler came to pay his respects, in reality to receive his tip or "dash." He received a piece

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of stuff and a shilling for each of the paddlers and I asked if he remembered M. Coillard. He did, and I said I was giving them an extra present in memory of him, and then inquired if he were a Christian. He said he was not—that his profession left him very little time to go to church. On being reminded that the first disciples belonged to the same profession he said he knew that, but it was very difficult, etc. It *is*, and it *was*; and why have we not the power that made them leave their nets and boats and follow Him? We cannot *lecture* them into the Kingdom.

*Sunday, July 11.* The usual services, in a fine new brick church. Philippi, the native teacher, spoke on "Honour thy father and thy mother," illustrated by the history of Absalom. About 150 present. Again I was asked to speak and Ishe Kwanda rose and thanked me and greeted me for the sake of the Coillards and of the Christians in England. I could neither hear nor understand what he said, but there was something so kindly, so welcoming and truly Christian in his whole utterance and bearing, one felt it was genuine. In the afternoon about thirty adherents came to tea and singing.

The Beamonds arrived, stayed a night and went on; they had another ten days' journey or more before them, alone this time—plucky girls. And there are plenty more like them in Africa, but as they don't write books nobody hears about them.

Reading Vol. II of M. Favre's *Biography of François Coillard* about the beginnings of the work here. The contrast!

*July 14.* A very nice young couple came to tea, the Commissioner, Mr. Simey and his wife. Mr. Simey, an old Sherburnian, delighted to get news of the School and of Alec Waugh, whom he had known as a junior, and was much interested to hear about his war record, his fiancée (now his wife), etc. I had to leave them to go and address a Bible-class. I related the ancient story of the architect who got a contract to build a house of the best materials from a wealthy friend, funds being given him to pay for workmen and materials: presuming that it would not be scanned too closely, he put all his oldest rubbish into it and spent the money, and

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was taken aback when the friend said, "It is yours. I meant it as a present to you." It was to illustrate the text, "Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon." This story seemed to appeal to them very much as it did later to similar audiences.

The next day was a full one. In the morning we were invited to breakfast with the Mokwae. Mlle. Amesz-Droz could not go with me, so Josefa, the schoolmaster, who can talk a little English, was proud indeed to be my interpreter to Her Majesty this time. The royal couple were seated outside the reception-room, a separate building in the inner court. It is like a magnified summer-house, built of rough timbers, with thatched roof and unglazed windows. The whole interior was covered with mats woven in bold but harmonious patterns. Even the pillars were covered with them and looked just like the painted pillars of Egyptian architecture.

We sat down to a proper table with European chairs. I will not say the tablecloth was clean. Doubtless many persons more illustrious than my humble self had lunched off it, so the honour to me was the greater. The Barotsi on principle wash things as little as possible, saying quite truly that it wears them out. The china dinner service bore the emblem of an elephant. We had tea and cake, followed by a delicious roast duck. Josefa was quite gratified by being allowed to consume his manioc porridge, squatting on the floor beside us as the present Paramount Chief had to do during his father's life-time: etiquette forbidding him ever to sit down to the same table with the Sovereign. Conversation languished, however. After showing them the ever useful *Petite Kaki* which highly amused them, I did not stay long. Ishe Kwanda, however, reminded me of my promise to present his Consort with a Thing-Like-Mine. Such appendages as spectacles and aids to hearing the natives regard not as handicaps, still less as subjects of mirth, but rather as props to dignity and extensions of personality, even as the sceptre of the Sovereign: which is a very consoling attitude for some of us.

In the afternoon I was invited to tea at the Commissioner's camp—some distance by boat. The house was built on the native pattern with a high-pitched thatched roof, and all

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round it a very deep enclosed verandah ; wild-beast skins covering the floor, and their horns, together with many native curios, hung on the walls ; below these, native mats formed a beautiful dado. These reed mats interwoven with black and red bark are a royal appanage. The common people have mats but quite differently made ; they are of grass not reeds, much smaller and not interwoven, but threaded together, the native needle passing through each. The ends of coloured string are fastened off in neat designs at either end : others have open-work patterns. They both seem to enjoy the country and its occupations, and Mr. Simey is keenly interested in the natives, and I was very sorry to hear later on that they had been moved to another station much farther north.

Mlle. Amesz-Droz had seventeen small girl boarders, some of whom give a great deal of trouble. She was just sending them off home for the holidays so as to shut up the station and accompany me to the Conference.

### LEALUI.

*July 16.* Up at sunrise. Started at 7.45 a.m. for Lealui with Mlle. Amesz-Droz, both in one tiny boat. We ought to have got off earlier as the journey otherwise is too long to do comfortably in one day, but Mlle. Amesz-Droz was leaving the station empty but for native aids ; and one thing after another detained her. We were on the western bank and we had to reach Lealui a good way farther north on the eastern or left bank (our right) and part of a great sandy island lay between us and had to be circumnavigated. It is enclosed by two branches of the Zambesi which forks some distance above Lealui and reunites near Nalolo. The voyage took us between flat banks, just high enough to conceal the land and desperately dull. Nothing seemed to grow along them but here and there reed beds or masses of the buckwheat or Bistort, a gigantic relative of that pest of our gardens, the spotted persicaria, growing as tall as elder bushes. No doubt about its being bistorted here. It grows in huge cushions, which during the annual flood form floating islands called by the natives *matindi*, extending for many square yards. They are very deceptive and many persons have lost their lives on them, mistaking

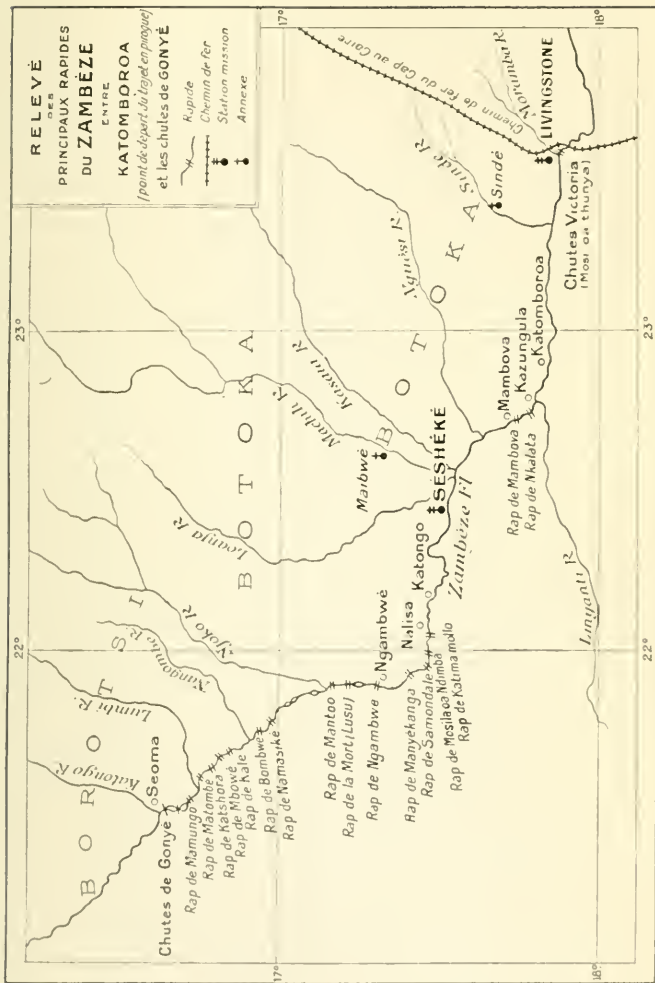
## The New Zambesi Trail

them for solid ground. It used to be a favourite punishment to put criminals on them to perish miserably. We saw flocks of birds, fifteen cranes in one flight, and white herons too, but soon even I ceased to look about me. Our boat was a very small one and had not the full complement of paddlers, so that the motion was jerky and ill-balanced; the scorching sun facing us nearly all the way penetrated our imperfect awning, creating a feeling of combined irritation and stupefaction. Add to this the choppy surface, produced by navigating cross-currents, which cause incipient seasickness, and the fact that we were both far from well to start with, and it will be realized that the Zambesi was not for the moment quite as enjoyable as a Thames backwater.

It might seem that there is nothing to tire one, resting in a hammock chair, but the fact is that every movement of the paddlers jerks one's spine and neck, and really it would be easier to adjust one's mechanism to this if one were active instead of inert. And after nine steady hours of this it became almost unbearable, especially as we had no time to halt for lunch at midday. We had to eat in the boat, only touching land occasionally to rest the paddlers for ten minutes or so. Yet we had the prospect of going on till 10 p.m., and an overland stage after that, of an hour, more or less, according to the landing-place accessible at that season. The branch of the river we were on winds and zigzags in the most extraordinary way. Although looking at the map our course lay almost due north (slightly N.W.), with Lealui lying on our right-hand eastwards, yet at times we were facing east and sometimes even south or south-west, so that for a new-comer it was difficult to take one's bearings. However, soon after 5 p.m., just as I was beginning to feel I could not endure another minute of it, we were hailed from the bank. It was M. Adolphe Jallas' people from Lealui with the Scotch cart, sent to bring us overland by a short cut from this landing-place.

True, for the moment, the change was hardly a relief. The cart was one of those two-wheeled springless vehicles bricklayers and farmers use, mercifully provided with a tilt and drawn by oxen. Our mattresses and pillows were arranged in it, and then it started on a track, not a path, over a rough moor and we were flung about, banging our heads and elbows on the





RAPIDS OF THE ZAMBESI.

From CROQUIS DU ZAMBÈZE, by kind permission of Rev. A. Casalis.



## Nalolo and Lealui

sides. The ground was full of bog holes, and we bumped in and out of them. In vain I reminded myself that mothers and children had journeyed for weeks together in such vehicles ; it didn't make it a bit easier.

Constitutions differ singularly, and my aunt, Madame Coillard, with all her heroism and powers of endurance, had an invincible dread of rivers. Even in Europe, people were astonished to find a river-side drive threw her into a panic of nervousness. The only voyage she made on the Zambesi was from Leshoma, near Kazungula, to the Victoria Falls and back. When she had to travel to Lealui she came by preference in the waggon overland. To me three weeks in the rapids would have been preferable to three minutes in the cart. But we had only forty minutes of it, and at 6 p.m., just as the sun disappeared, we reached the ant-hill of Loatile, an earthwork raised above the plain and the welcome we got there made amends for all.

I will here describe the mission station and surroundings in which we met. Lealui is situated in the middle of a vast lozenge-shaped plain, about 150 miles long (N.W. to S.E.), and fifty to sixty miles wide. But until they see it, no one can picture its utterly flat and treeless appearance. In places, however, it is diversified by low mounds, thrown up by the termites on which stunted trees and bushes are growing, and it was on one of these, the former place of execution, that the mission station was originally built. However, it has been extended by earthworks to nearly four times its original size and nothing is left of the original mud and wattle buildings. As one approaches from the river across a boggy heath, Lealui comes into view as a long line of trees silhouetted against the sunset. This aspect is not very easy to understand, because Lealui is situated on the left or eastern bank of the Zambesi—the explanation is that the smaller branch of the river which we had come by zigzags to such an extent that going upstream one actually lands to eastward of Lealui, the road to which, going westwards, forms the chord of an arc represented by the bend of the river. As one draws nearer, the leafy line separates into two sections, one short and one long—the former is Loatile, the mission station, almost hidden under its lofty trees ; the latter is Lealui, about a quarter-mile distant.

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Arrived at the station, which covers about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, the church is on the left, the porch opening on to a wide open space. On the right is, first, the high causeway curving across the plain, and raised from six to ten feet above it; this leads to Lealui, crossing the canal by an X-pattern bridge of iron tubes. (The gift of the late M. Louis Sautter, a lighthouse engineer, of Paris.)

Next to the causeway is the present guest-house, and beyond that, standing back quite on the edge of the "island," is M. Jalla's house, a Norwegian timber chalet presented to M. Coillard by the Cape Town Zambesi, which, however, only arrived here after his death. Mme. Jalla's garden runs behind the guest-house and the whole establishment is fringed with neat little native huts and courts, the homes of schoolmasters and workmen and refugees.

M. Jalla's study had been transformed into a bedroom for me and was lined with Uncle F.'s books. All had been beautifully arranged for my comfort.

Near the centre of the station stands a palm-tree and behind it a large oleander covered with rosy blossoms. I never tired of looking at this group, a visible emblem of the Mission itself. "The Wilderness shall blossom as the rose." From the verandah of the Jallas' house one looks across the deeply sunk plain to the long expanse of Lealui, its sun-bleached huts and the groves shading the royal enclosure with its high circular fence, in the distance looking like a grey bastion. It is rather like Pevensey Castle from the Marshes. Although on a much smaller scale, and built of the most perishable materials, the outline through the hot misty air is remarkably similar. In the foreground the same rough pasture, the same wag-tails, the same swallows, but brighter coloured; the same canals and dykes, the same cattle, only long horned and the same crows, only with white shirtfronts. Sweeping round from the right behind one's back, a long line of faint blue hills bounds the horizon to the east and looks just like the sea. On this the stations of Mabumbu and Sefula are situated, but far apart, and the Government post of Mongu midway between them.

The three mission houses at Lealui are all portable (*démontable*) ones, raised about four feet aboveground on iron piles. This is also the case at Nalolo, as it was thought that on these



THE RAPIDS OF NGAMBOE.



GONYE FALLS.

RAPIDS AND CATARACTS OF THE ZAMBESI.



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stations where the annual flood comes up to the level of the foundation, the soil would be too spongy to bear the weight of brick buildings. Probably, however, the experience now acquired will make it possible to overcome this difficulty when these houses have to be replaced with permanent ones.

At Sesheke there is one portable house, two at Lukona and two at Nalolo ; all the others are brick built, and ever since 1902, when Dr. Reutter set up the first mosquito-proof dwelling in the country at his own expense, all are closed in with wire gauze over windows, double doors, and a part at least of the verandah.

The difference this has made to health cannot be estimated. Our missionaries now, instead of having to spend their time either ill themselves or nursing the others, are now for the most part vigorous and able to get on with the work they came out to do. Another factor in this improvement is the food supply. Formerly there were no fresh fruits or vegetables, and very little fresh meat could be had. The latter is still a difficulty in the more remote stations, except for a tough, tasteless little chicken or a rather highly flavoured joint of pork, destitute of fat. During the Conference week one does not perceive this. One host kills a sheep ; another shoots " the ox of welcome " presented by the chief (a rather *remote* relative of the fatted calf!) ; and a third gives cartridges to a native hunter who, without further charge, will submit a selection of wild guinea-fowl, ducks and geese. But the rest of the year, when only small quantities are wanted at a time, it is not easy to manage, especially for ladies alone.

As regards other things, most of the stations have good gardens now, and the natives too are raising European and tropical fruits and vegetables for sale from seeds and cuttings supplied by the missionaries (and by the Government, which is also developing rice and cotton growing). It is only within the last few years that this privilege has been enjoyed. During the earlier years the native could not be induced to work for regular wages. Digging was woman's work and she had enough to do for her family. Needs, too, were few, and when the man had earned two yards of print (at 6½*d.* per yard) for a setsiba they were amply met, and he went off home. Nowadays stuffs are costly ; moreover the tax has to be paid ; 10*s.*

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a year ; and the more intelligent are learning the value and necessity of permanent employment. So that the gardens can flourish and bananas, paw-paws, pine-apples, peaches, pumpkins, tomatoes, potatoes, lettuce and even strawberries are abundant. Formerly again, the seeds sent out from Europe took so many months to arrive, and had to survive so many accidents, that they hardly ever prospered. M. Coillard had many disappointments of this kind. But for some years past leading English seedsmen have given special attention to the preparation and packing of varieties suited to the tropics ; and arriving as they do a few weeks after dispatch they usually do very well.

But the standing dish seems to be *mafi*, or curds and whey (sour curds that is). It appears at almost every meal, and seems to be a food particularly suited to the climate.

Some may be inclined to ask, What has all this to do with spiritual work ? Let us look at the Old Testament and note how God first made Himself known to man in a garden ; and from first to last the importance assigned to a wholesome food supply in building up the character and constitution of a degenerate people ; and then realize its value in Barotseland.

Nevertheless here, as in Canaan, " man does not live by bread alone," a truth which the natives are slow to grasp. They are pleased enough with additions to their loaves and fishes, but for the most part turn a deaf ear to the words, " Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life."

Before leaving this subject, a word must be said about the water supply. Sesheke and Nalolo, being situated close to the river banks, have no trouble apart from crocodiles. Sefula enjoys the resource of a beautiful little stream.

Mabumbu has pipes laid, but these were supplied by a windmill pump that has got badly out of order and no one in the country now is capable of setting it to rights ; so water has all to be carried to the top of the hill, as also at Lukona.

At Lealui one would imagine there was no difficulty, as the station is surrounded by water holes, not to mention the canal, and M. Coillard successfully dug a well. But the soil is so impregnated with alum that the water is unwholesome and



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disagreeable, and all has to be fetched from a considerable distance.

As regards the mission-work itself, each station has its special character, and here at the capital it is naturally given by the neighbourhood of the King and court and the council of chiefs. It must not be thought that this is any help to the work of the Gospel—far from it. The countenance and influence of a Christian King and Queen are counterbalanced by the attitude of the chiefs and courtiers varying from indifference to determined opposition.

*Lealui, Saturday, July 17, 1920.* This would have been M. Coillard's 86th birthday had he lived, and his colleagues did not fail to remember it. Almost all the missionaries have now arrived for the Conference. Our party was complete, namely sixteen adults and five children. All the missionaries were present except Mme. Beguelin, who could not leave her three baby children but who bravely let her husband come; and M. Monteverdi, the lay helper. He felt it his duty to remain with some students of the normal school who instead of going home for their vacation were earning their school fees in the workshop.

Yvonne had been looking forward to the meeting with her cousin Lucette, nearly the same age, and it was pretty to see how they had coalesced already.

The Conference was opened by an intimate meeting, children and all, under the trees of Mlle. Saucon's garden. It was really an extension of family prayers. Rev. J. Bouchet striking the keynote in a beautiful address from the verse, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Certainly we had only to look around to see the truth of this.

Afterwards the first session of the Conference was held in the school-house. The two new-comers and Mlle. Schneller, Mlle. Graziella Jalla and myself were formally received and welcomed. Mlle. Jalla had returned to her birthplace where her own mother had lived as a pioneer amid the greatest dangers and privations; Mlle. Schneller was taking up the work laid down by her fiancé, Rev. Robert Dieterlen, one of our finest young missionaries, when he was called upon to give

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his life for his country. We all found it impossible to reply adequately, or indeed to reply at all to the kind things said to us about those now gone, whose footprints we had come to retrace, if not to follow.

At 3 p.m. the ladies had a meeting for Bible-reading and prayer and this took place every day. While the Conference lasted, it was a revelation of harmony and mutual confidence. Many complicated business matters have to be settled, especially accounts: the missionaries, each free to follow the Divine leading in their work, must agree as to certain principles and particular cases which concern the general work. All these might become occasions either for disagreement or for independent action involving lack of communion, but in the spirit of prayer and fellowship all works smoothly. . . . "For brethren to dwell together in unity, it is like the precious oil."

At the ladies' meetings during the afternoons, after the Bible study and prayer, several important matters were discussed—"How best to reach the heathen women"; "How to help on the converted women (1) in their own Christian life, (2) in their home life, care of babies, training of children, treatment of sickness, etc., (3) to encourage them to spread the Gospel round them." As regards (1), on every station (except Livingstone, where it is not practicable, all the natives being at work for white people) there is a church service just after sunrise which all Christians and inquirers are expected to attend, and do attend as a rule, unless far away at work.

As for (2), in Basutoland there is a Mothers' Union of about 3,000 members, amongst whom circulates a little magazine about home-life and child-welfare, from the Christian standpoint, and this magazine is circulated here amongst those who can read and much valued.

(3) is more difficult, but the plan is generally that a weekly women's meeting is held in different villages, turn about, for which the more experienced Christian women take the responsibility.

Another subject discussed was the urgent need for more girls' boarding schools, or rather homes—they are not yet sufficiently developed for a big boarding school to answer.

*Lealui, Sunday, July 18.* This was a festival—a day I

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could never forget. Soon after breakfast the people began to arrive, and before long groups of chiefs with their attendants were squatting in rows, the rank and file under the eaves of the church, and round the porch the Privy Councillors. Very few of them wore European clothes; they were clad for the most part in their national costume, namely a very full kilt of figured cotton, red, red-and-white or wholly white, and over it a white shirt and sometimes a waistcoat. The grandees often wore service tunics, very long and loose, with brass buttons fastening their numerous pockets. This costume is both dignified and becoming. It was very interesting to watch them defiling across the high causeway that curves across the marshes from Lealui, silhouetted against the sky, their kilts fluttering in the breeze that always stirs about 10 a.m. as the sun-warmed air rises off the plain.

The women began to arrive later, the humbler ones bare-headed, with babies bound upon their backs or leading little children (not always their own). These generally wore modest blouses and short skirts and shawls of dark blue or red cotton, gracefully draped; but the chieftainesses, tall, finely developed women for the most part, were clad in robes of silk, satin or velvet, with "shawls" of the finest calico in striking patterns. The combinations of colour would dazzle a Futurist. As with the men, the amplitude of the folds was an accurate index of the wearers' rank. Their heads were encircled, not covered, by neat flat turbans.

The causeway ends (or begins) under a leafy archway and here these ladies formed themselves into a brilliant group to await the arrival of their king and queen. They have an elegant mode of subsiding on the ground in the midst of their ballooning skirts which thus encircle their twinkling dark faces like the petals of a flower.

At length the royal pair arrived in a high-swung but rather shabby victoria, drawn by four donkeys. They drew up beside the parterre of ladies, who saluted them with soft hand-clapping. It is a kaleidoscopic greeting—the colours glance as the black hands flash across them; the sound too is peculiarly stirring, a double sound, the soft not sharp percussion of the hollowed palms like the fall of a pack of cards, accompanied

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by the rustle of their garments as they turn towards their sovereigns in a rapture of apparent loyalty.

The Barotse and probably most Africans seem to possess (or rather to *be*) reservoirs of all the emotions, joy, sorrow, home-sickness, family affection, loyalty, patriotism, and piety, which overflow at a moment's notice in tears or transports on the appropriate occasions and subside as completely a moment after. The sentiments displayed may or may not be those they are prepared to act upon and die for. But no one can say that ceremonially they fail to rise to the height of the situation.

The missionary party had been waiting in another group and all advanced to welcome the king and queen. She was a tall, good-looking woman and wore a long cloak of green face cloth, with brass buttons and black velvet collar—he a grey frock-coat and trousers, very well made. They were a little late and the Paramount Chief Yetta walked straight to the porch where the assembled congregation offered a second volley of clapping. He entered followed by his escort, leaving his consort to find her way in unattended except by ourselves. The whole congregation filed in, the men sitting on the left as we came in (the preacher's right) and the women on the right. The missionaries and leading chiefs sat against the walls close to the pulpit; we ladies, with the queen, facing them on the other side; Yetta in a line with the preacher facing the congregation. The Rev. Louis Jalla preached from the thirteenth of John and also called upon me to address the congregation. This was contrary to all the traditions of my upbringing; however I thought it would be observing the letter rather than the spirit of the Apostolic prohibition to refuse. I had only to thank them for their welcome and to give them a message, namely not to waste their present opportunities.

And indeed these are great and unusual. They have a Christian ruler; and faithful missionaries, peace and prosperity are secured to them by the Protectorate whose officials here are most high-minded men. They have no persecution to fear if they become Christians and little or no material loss: rather the contrary. The light has come to them, will they love darkness rather than light? I spoke of the Grecian torch

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ances, this they entered into very keenly, as M. Jalla interpreted to them. Would they not each enter the lists, accept the torch and pass it on still burning? One fears that even the best of our converts resemble less the torch than the smouldering reed of our camp fire. "Martin vit—vit-il encore?" is in one form or other the anxious question we ask after each absence or separation.

Next the whole congregation stood up, led by the king, who voiced their greetings and gratitude to those at home who had thought of them and whom the visitor represented in their eyes. The offertory was announced to be taken after, not during, a hymn. How much better this is—it makes the offering itself a solemn act of worship instead of merely a distracting obligato accompaniment of chinking coins and rustling pockets.

Here, as in Basutoland, no plates are handed round. One by one the worshippers advance to the Communion table and individually lay down their contributions. The Paramount Chief gave the lead, with an air of reverent humility. Then ensued a pause. Nobody liked to be the first after their king. As a rule, if only one missionary was present and he in the pulpit, obviously the Prime Minister (the Gambella) would follow his master. But here were half a dozen other missionaries as well as the king's eldest son, and moreover they knew that if there existed any precedence in church it was governed by a different principle from the traditional ranks of the Lekhothla (native Council): "He that is least among you the same shall be great." And lo! a practical proof of this solved the dilemma when the tiny Yvonne, in her white frock, stepped from her mother's knee and her little brother advanced to meet her from his father's side. Hand in hand with perfect simplicity they laid their pennies beside the Chief's banknote and the whole congregation followed them without strict order but also without disorder.

The Chieftainesses, some of them present by command rather than by choice, doubtless found it a magnificent opportunity to display their finery as they sailed up the aisle. But the deserted wives and widows and the poor were not thereby abashed, they came up in their rags to deposit their mites. It was a wonderful spectacle, especially in view of the

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not remote past. About five hundred were present. The smartest sat in front, the shabby behind and the poorest crouching in their rags near the door on the ground. For we in Barotse land are still far from the ideal of St. James: the rich man in gay clothing always occupies the prominent situation on what one may call parade services. At ordinary times the Assembly exhibits more of Christian equality and the Paramount Chief himself sets the example of this. After a recent baptismal service, he and the queen pressed forward and shook each neophyte by the hand, whether slave or noble; and before his accession they invited all the Christians, without distinction of rank, to dine with them on Christmas Day. This gave great offence to the local chiefs, and Litia (as he was then called) explained to them quite simply that it was a festival for Christians in which social rank did not count at all. It was a quite spontaneous action in each case; the missionaries would never have suggested it, knowing the ultra-aristocratic organization of the Barotse nation. It is by such changes as these that we can gauge the social influence of Christianity in the country.

The Paramount Chief held a small court in the porch. The people are bound to acclaim him when they see him, but as this has been prohibited from the first in the Assembly where the Lord alone is King, they wait outside till he arrives and all go in together. Similarly, he is the last to leave the building, and on emerging he finds them all waiting to salute him again outside, kneeling or rather sitting on their heels. The new arrivals were then presented to him. He behaves very simply. Like all the Barotse, his manners are excellent, neither condescending nor forward, neither self-conscious nor self-assertive. He and his wife stayed to lunch, which we all had together in the garden house on trestle tables. He sat at the head, his hostess on his right, myself on his left and the queen at the foot. During dessert he placed a new film for me in my camera; he is an expert photographer and owns no less than seven cameras.

I had kept beside me the merry thought of the cold fowl to amuse one of the little ones, but at Mme. Bouchet's suggestion I pulled it with Yetta. She told him whoever got the bigger part would rule. As he gripped it firmly in the middle,

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determined to take no chances, naturally he won ; and decidedly he was much more amused than the children would have been. Yetta is more sociable and conversational than his father, who was rather the type of the " strong silent man." He is full of intelligence and interested in all sorts of matters, but as he does not speak English he does not show to advantage in conversation with Europeans other than missionaries.

I was permitted to present the queen with a small gift—a pendent with a blue butterfly's wing set in silver. This seemed to give great pleasure. She is a fine handsome woman, and it was indeed very becoming to her chocolate skin and orange satin robes.

We then separated to rest and prepare for the afternoon Communion service. One can hardly speak of such an occasion. We were about thirty, fifteen of the missionary body and fifteen of the natives. After the service the Paramount Chief offered a prayer—earnest and devout ; I was told it was a thanksgiving and humiliation on behalf of his people, and an intercession on their behalf.

We had tea altogether, the native Christians and their sovereigns ; and then sang hymns till the four-in-hand donkey carriage came for their Highnesses. The queen had been petting the five little white children and now nothing would please her but to gather them all up into her victoria, two in her arms, and carry them off to the Palace just for the fun of the drive. The carriage brought them back and then took the Chief away, smiling and bowing to us all. A quiet evening closed this wonderful day.

The rest of this week was filled with the various meetings of the Conference. Much business had to be discussed, but no one could say the devotional element was crowded out—if anything we had too many spiritual feasts for our capacity of taking in. But on the other hand, there were very pleasant little breaks and the presence of the children of three different families, as well as the native girls and boys of the different households, lightened the strain.

*Tuesday, July 20.* Breakfast 7.30. Walked over the causeway to Lealui alone. M. Coillard constructed it from the station as far as the canal and Lewanika brought it out from

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Lealui to meet Waddell's footbridge on the other side. This bridge, however, decayed and became dangerous, and once it was disused, the people took away the timbers bit by bit for their own purposes. Now there is a high-swung X-pattern bridge made of steel tubing. It does not rest on the banks but on its own girders stuck into the ground; this makes it very shaky, and as it has to be very lofty so that canoes can pass under it in the flood time and is nearly open at the sides, it is a perfect nightmare of a bridge, especially in the high wind that generally sweeps over the plain.

The trader's store is close to it, a most advantageous situation half-way to the station. Here are blankets and shirts, countless piles of the flimsiest Manchester stuffs in gaudy patterns, and other pieces of better quality bought by the richer natives. These are what we should call table-cloth patterns. Also coats and service-suits of Government khaki, bought up cheap. It is much worn here, but it always gives one a little shock to see it. The right to wear that was bought at a higher cost.

In an inner room are the baskets, trays, mats, and skins brought by the natives in exchange. The traders pay a heavy licence and are allowed to make 10 per cent. profit, not more, and the officials try to see that they do not exceed this. Very few probably are doing business on their own account: mostly they represent big firms in the south and have to justify their existence to their employers. They do not overcharge white people, on the contrary they are most obliging.

Furs can rarely be bought here. The traders are under contract to send them all down to their head-quarters.

On the other hand the natives, if they can, will always charge one too much. The things they make to sell "on spec." are generally well done; but if you order one they think you are bound to take it and at their own price, no matter how badly done; even if the lid won't fit or the tray won't lie flat.

Back in time for the morning meeting.

One of M. Jalla's addresses this day remains in my mind. Genesis xxii.: "God will provide Himself a lamb," the first time the lamb is mentioned in the Old Testament, and "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world"



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(St. John i.), the first mention in the New Testament. The comfort and relief to John the Baptist, who had been so pre-occupied with the sin of the world, to see Him, and to realize that *here* was the Lamb who would take it away. Living in such surroundings as here, which are a constant source of moral suffering, what a relief to us also to turn and contemplate that Person, who was the manifestation of God's holiness. How little people who talk about goodness as a pallid nerveless negative thing realize the incandescent force of holiness, a live wire, burning up impurity and substituting its own living health and radiance.

*Wednesday, July 21.* Litia's son Daniele, a youth of nineteen, came and took our photographs. With him was his wife, a tall pretty girl of the same age. They were attached to one another, but were parted, as she, being a distant member of the royal family, belonged to one of their prohibited degrees and the lekhotla would not sanction the marriage. From the European and Christian point of view the taboo was quite arbitrary, the relationship being so very remote. So M. Jalla interceded for them with the stern father and the latest news is that the marriage has been recognized and the young couple received into the Church. While young Daniele and the girl were in Mlle. Saucon's garden with us the king arrived to take part in the discussion of the Conference about schools. He photographed us all in a group, which succeeded very well.

At the *Ladies' Meetings* one of our subjects was this: God's three testimonies to the Lord Jesus as Son of God:—1. Before His birth. 2. At His Baptism. 3. At His Transfiguration. i.e. to His Person, His Service and His Supremacy.

*1st.* The Epoch of helplessness and deliverance.

*2nd.* The Epoch of earthly ministry; teaching, healing, feeding; a popular ministry ending in their desiring to make Him King, but He refused because He saw they were not yet ready for His Spiritual Kingship; they only wanted the bread that perishes.

*3rd.* The Epoch of Spiritual Power.

Of this the disciples had a glimpse at the Transfigura-

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tion. But the *risen* Life of Jesus was not made good *to* them and *in* them, until after the descent of the Holy Ghost. Till then they could be channels of temporal blessing but not apparently instruments of conversion: there was no self-sustaining and self-propagating life. They could not make disciples themselves: they could not always cast out evil spirits. Afterwards they could and did do both.

May it not be that missions to countries where Christ is yet to be manifested have to pass through the same three stages?

*Thursday, July 22.* A lively social evening: conversation followed by songs from the École Musicale, Jacques Dalcroze and others. Singing is a blessed gift and there is something essentially Christian in it, especially in united singing. A Christian era is a singing era; as spiritual tone goes down, song ceases.

We Britons overseas talk lightly enough about "exile," yet we have our own folk to govern us; we hear our own tongue; we are surrounded by our manners and customs; we have our own recreations and newspapers; and at every turn we find something to gratify our national feelings, not to say national pride.

Do we appreciate the real sense of exile experienced by those who have given up country as well as home, living under another flag in an environment totally foreign, regarded by some as interlopers, living month after month on their isolated stations? The sacrifice of nationality is perhaps the hardest any of us can make (for religion cannot be sacrificed), and "they that do such things declare plainly that they seek a country." But still they are human. And the measure of their sacrifice is the measure of their enjoyment when now and then they can foregather for a little while and sing the songs of home. Small wonder if they linger over the plaint of the bird of passage.

" . . . Il regrette  
Son alpe blanc et son sapin vert."

*Friday, July 23.* A lovely bright day. I had thought all days would be bright here, but it is not so. Many days are

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dull and all so far are cloudy, but the rain does not fall. The early morning is very pleasant and still, but about 10.30 a breeze suddenly stirs, as the warmed air rises and the cool current rushes in to supply its place. After a while, as the sun climbs to the zenith, the cooler air off the river presumably gets heated passing over the burning plain and reaches us as a parching wind, driving dust and leaves before it, and wilting flowers and human beings. Now it is time to eat and drink and then rest in a cool quiet place till the sun begins to sink.

New-comers do not feel inclined to take this rest ; but Government orders are peremptory to their employés and the injunctions to missionaries from their committees are equally definite. If you cannot sleep you must sit down with a book or light work, on no account must you do anything strenuous, tax the brain, or go out in the sun. Disregard of this rule invariably leads to a breakdown sooner or later.

This afternoon we had a happy ceremony, the baptism of Yvonne Roulet, aged four. Generally one sees only the baptism of infants or of adults.

But nothing could be sweeter than this reception into the Christian circle of a child already consecrated by many prayers, without shrinking or self-consciousness, too young to know or grieve over past sin, but unfolding like a flower to the light of holiness, knowing only that hallowed words and melodies are filling the air, that she is surrounded by those who love her, and that through them she is being willingly brought to Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them. "Aujourd'hui, je viens vers Jésus." And as she sat on her father's knee, her little flute-like voice joining in the hymn, "O bon Berger, sous ta houlette" (equivalent to "Jesus is our Shepherd"), one felt that it was indeed He who had set the child in the midst.

This over, we went over to Lealui, children and all, by Yetta's invitation. It was a most interesting visit. We walked along the causeway and as we crossed the canal saw many children paddling in it and fishing for small fry with their fingers. Some of them overtook us, carrying their catch on pads of grass in their hands. It is surprising how many they secure in this way : they make sauce of them to season the manioc porridge.

Outside the present village the famous tree was pointed out

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to me by which Lewanika formerly held his court, and where a rebel chief was once wound up in cloth and left to starve to death. Now it seems to be decaying.

We passed the Lekhothla or Parliament on our left and approached the high palisade encircling the Royal precincts. Except that it was loftier, it was just the same as the one described at Nalolo. There were no gates. The courts are roughly elliptical; the ends of the walls not meeting at the entrance but overlapping, so that until you come close up to it you cannot see the way in. Here the Paramount Chief met us, quite dignified in the European clothes he always wears. He is rather stout and heavy-featured, but very genial. Inside, across a vast court (paved as usual with dried mud and shaded by a few trees) we saw the queen consort standing at the door of the native palace. I cannot describe this better than by saying it looks like a pair of Sussex cottages with steep thatched roofs placed back to back and a verandah running all round, the entrance being in the middle, the gable ends rounded off in semi-circular bays and the roof brought out to overhang the walls, leaving a space above the top of these for ventilation and resting on the scaffold poles only.

It is only the royalties apparently who build these double houses. The other chiefs only have single ones; and the humbler folk round huts of straw.

A blind musician with a long black mane was playing the native harmonica, turning his head from side to side and tossing his woolly locks quite in the best Queen's Hall manner. We entered and found ourselves in a large lofty chamber with a wonderful timbered roof, all cross-beams to the summit of the roof tree. It is a chef-d'œuvre of native labour formed by squared logs of the local pseudo-mahogany, a rich dark brown wood finely smoothed. This roof was supported on a circle (or rather ellipse) of pillars placed about a yard within the mud walls beyond which the thatch extended, forming a sort of corridor round the house. Within these again were built inner rooms, one on the right and one on the left of the open space in which we stood and there were others behind them. They had white plaster walls, glass windows, and detachable doors (i.e. panels of matting), also mat ceilings. By this arrangement, while privacy is secured, the cooled air

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circulates freely around and above these sleeping apartments.

The reception hall occupied the space between these rooms, and here, as at Sesheke, stood a large green covered table, with European chairs all round and a larger one in the centre. On this the queen took her place as on a throne after seeing that we were all seated in a half-circle. There were not enough chairs for the children, however, and she placed the two little girls on stools at her feet.

The native lackeys then served tea and very nice cake. The queen, in an orange satin gown (a different one this time, trimmed with dark blue flowers), did the honours very well, watching to see when our cups were empty and fondling the children in a discreet and well-bred way. Yetta then entertained us with his photograph albums of views and portraits, mostly taken and developed by himself. A number of pictures hung on the walls, those of our own Royal Family occupying the place of honour. On my admiring the roof, I was told it had been adapted by Lewanika from our lay helper Waddell's design for the old church, which was finally destroyed by a gale some years ago. (It was possible, however, to utilize a good deal of the timber in the new brick building.) Yetta also pointed out his father's device for carrying off storm water from the roof, viz., the squared and hollowed-out trunk of a gigantic and very straight tree, resting on the timbers just under the junction of the two roofs which thus drain into it. The two ends stick out two or three feet under the thatch at each end between the bays, so as to clear the walls.

Our hosts then piloted us round their desmesne. First we looked into the little guest chambers, one of which contained a brass bedstead and mosquito net and others fur rugs and blankets. All had rails round the walls on which the blankets and karosses were hung to air during the day (quite a good idea this), together with many beautiful sleeping mats. These rooms were strictly to sleep in. The toilet tables and the only washstand stood in the corridor, together with sewing machines, a Valor Perfection stove, a typewriter, and many other European properties, but furniture in our sense of the word was conspicuous by its absence. Some apartments were treasuries, full of tin trunks and cases, or containing European

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stuff, some exhibiting products of native industries, others full of the finest skins, beautifully dressed (the royal tribute), and hung also on racks. One was devoted to guns and hunting gear.

In a recess the chief had a little workshop where he turns out ivory carvings and bracelets with which he presented two of the young ladies. After going over these native houses we were conducted across a court into the small brick house lately built which is really their home. This also was entirely erected by natives and directed by a native too; only the measurements were given by a European builder. It is quite well constructed with plaster walls inside and has a beautiful bath-room with taps, glazed windows, panelled doors, etc. The ceilings are formed by golden straw mats stretched on frames which rest upon the walls. They come from the western side of the river and indicate Portuguese influence.

Undoubtedly it all shows wonderful strides in civilization. But the Barotse chiefs, used to feudal conditions, have not so far grasped the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Hence, loud murmurs similar to those evoked by King Solomon's vast constructive works, which would doubtless be louder still if the natives had, like our industrial population, to induce the Treasury to build houses for them at about £800 a piece. More happy in this respect, they can erect their own homes at no greater cost than their own trouble in getting the materials together, timbers, reeds, thatch and mud, and the wife is the plumber, decorator, upholsterer, and manufacturer of kitchen and household ware. So the non-payment of their wages does not necessarily spell starvation, though it means privation, and they ought to be properly and promptly paid.

The large sleeping apartment contained a splendid brass bedstead and on the little table beside it were a candlestick and matches, a carriage clock, a beautifully bound Bible with limp covers and a well-thumbed Book of Psalms. Against the wall a rack full of elephant guns was affixed.

The royal pair seem strongly attached to one another and Yetta consults his young wife about everything.

We went through a number of rather dull courts. These used to form part of the royal harem. Each of them once had a resident queen, but Litia (that is Yetta's name as

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prince) had them all pulled down directly he came to the throne. It is one of his chiefs' grievances against him, as this was an opening for settling their daughters and incidentally advancing their individual interests which is now closed to them. However, former kings often sent them away later on and in the most heartless manner, stripped of everything—this part they forget. In one of these courts was the small private house of the queen. It stood empty but for a chair and table and a sewing machine with some work. Another enclosed the royal kitchens, very interesting and extraordinarily clean; and in a corner was a little playhouse for some small girls who sit about and take messages. All these courts were scrupulously swept, hardly a leaf on the ground and the numerous glass windows of the little houses polished inside and out.

We returned to the palace and were shown in a corner of the court the stand-of-arms which occupies the place of honour in every royal residence. Originally it was a bare tree on which were impaled the vertebrae of slaughtered animals as trophies, with a sheaf of lances upright behind it. Now the stand was a piece of joiners' work in which the spears were fixed like billiard cues, some twelve or twenty of them. From its position it is evidently a monument of deep significance, something like the weapons of Israel hung in the House of the Lord. At every turn some page of Old Testament History seems to come to sudden life.

Finally we were treated to a musical effort from the chief's orchestra of drums and xylophones. These have often been described and as regards the music I can only say that until one has heard it no one knows what a Jazz Band can really do. The drums of various shapes and sizes hollowed out of solid wood with skins tightly stretched over the top are thrummed with the fingers. The conductor plays the big drum himself, chanting a loud cadence the whole time, improvising the words apparently as he goes on. Substantially they were the praises of his master the king. Here one saw literally the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling. As the notes swelled he writhed and gesticulated, perspiration streamed from his brow, his features were contorted in transports of loyalty and ecstasies of devotion. The little girls clung to their mammas, slightly

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alarmed, but our young pioneer boldly advancing, evidently won the musicians' heart by his undisguised enjoyment of their performance, and when it was over the conductor started it all over again for his benefit, chanting his praises as "my little morena." All this adulation is simply worked up for the occasion and would be instantly transferred to any other object. Still, it is a fact that the African is much addicted to saluting white children, infants and adolescents as "my little prince," and readily accepting their guidance. May this not be the instinctive homage of the primitive soul to its natural lord, the unclouded and unconquered spirit?

It is such a pity that people of every colour can appreciate so much better a jazz band than a cabinet council (not but what they have points of resemblance). But for this, Yetta's earnest efforts to govern his country aright would evoke more sympathy and more respect than they do. He is an ardent abstainer and prohibitionist. Even a European can understand the moral courage he displayed when as a young man he had to represent his father at the Basutoland Jubilee. During this visit, so I was informed by the Resident Commissioner at that time, the Basuto chiefs ("you know what most of them are," he said) tried to persuade him to join their beer feasts, but all their hospitable efforts to make him drink with them, representing that it was an act of courtesy and ceremonial, he calmly put aside with "It is not the custom of our house—my father forbids it." The result was seen when the auspicious day arrived and he was almost the only one among the native rulers who could acquit himself of his duties. One after another they rose and subsided incoherently. "Litia," said my informant, "behaved like a gentleman; you may be proud of him."

The Conference closed on Saturday, and yesterday, Sunday, we had an informal meeting in the garden for all the Christians and inquirers. After hymn singing and addresses from various missionaries, the king rose and made a very emphatic speech, reminding his people how the country owed everything to the missionaries, who for no personal gain had come to bring them the blessings of the Gospel, and urged them in the same spirit to devote themselves to the welfare of their country and fellow-men, and not to make money and self-advancement their aim,



## Nalolo and Lealui

but the good of others. It is touching to see how Yetta seems to enjoy being among Christians ; he often looks anxious and troubled when not speaking ; but among his fellow-believers the cloud lifts from his face and happiness is in his looks and words. He is quite a paternal ruler and goes about freely amongst his people, presiding at weddings and school festivals where he distributes the prizes, hunting with his headmen and ruling in his council.

There was a pretty scene after tea, when he presented each of the little girls with an ivory bracelet of his own manufacture, greatly to their delight.

Also I made acquaintance with Moshé, one of the first Christians of the country, a former pupil of Waddell's. Struck by his aquiline features, not the least negroid—Arab rather—and his skin quite a light colour. I am already impressed by the great variety of types one sees here—some Arab ; others like my boy Nasilele, Egyptian in character ; others again quite Jewish ; besides the aristocratic Barotse, whose features are, *sui generis*, neat and compact. The true negro type, with thick lips and prognathous jaw, is seldom seen and they are not at all like the stout thick-set Basutos. The neck is apt to be long, running high up to the cerebellum, and the skull tall and tapering.

## Chapter VI

## Mabumbu

**L** *EALUI, Monday, July 26.* To-day for the first time saw specimens of Barotse sheep. One could mistake them for calves till one saw their tails, long and thick. One was black and white, the others red-brown; all had smooth, glossy hair, not wool. After a very early breakfast the Conference guests departed, some on horseback or in hammock, some in oxcart. Eric presented me with a blue jay he had shot and skinned; the creature's wings were exquisite. The missionaries had kindly arranged an itinerary for me to enable me to see as much of the work as possible and tomorrow I leave for Mabumbu.

*Tuesday, July 27.* Chickens here cost sixpence each, feathers and all. They are the cheapest kind of food, and taste like macerated matches. Wheat flour is thirty shillings per 100 lb. To procure game you give cartridges to a native hunter and he brings you a corresponding number of birds (I don't know if this extends to beasts). But you cannot do this unless you have a gun licence, which the mission ladies do not take out. There are several kinds of gun licences to be had from the Government, the "Missionary licence" is £3 3s. per annum and permits of killing up to ten large head of game per annum and apparently an indulgence is accorded if anything extra is shot "for the pot"; i.e. for actual food needed. Anybody may shoot birds. (Since 1920 the missionary licence is no longer issued and a more expensive one must be taken up, but this permits of a much greater number being killed.) For elephants and giraffes there is a special and very costly one. In fact, there is a whole schedule.

I left Lealui at 3 p.m. in a hammock or machila, my first acquaintance with this method of locomotion and I

## Mabumbu

found it very pleasant for the short trip. It is true one sees nothing of the country, but then there is remarkably little to see. The distance across the plain was about twelve miles : and the only objects we saw were mounds (originally ant-hills) with thickets of dwarf palm, and manioc plantations here and there. Towards the end of the plain we had to cross several swamps. The porters were most careful, I had four to relieve each other and the spare ones held up the sides of the hammock to keep it out of the water. Quite suddenly the path rises into a sandy scrub covering the low hills which enclose the Barotse Plain from north to south. Here I got out and walked, not liking the sensation of being carried head downwards, and found myself at the station, about fifteen minutes later, viz. 5.45 p.m.

Mabumbu is the prettiest little place imaginable : the gardens are bright with flowers, yellow heliotrope, red geraniums and petunias which here grow profusely. Three brick bungalows built on piles sit like an Alpine village on the edge of the hill with a forest behind. From the verandah one looks westward to Lealui, which shows up as a line of trees near the horizon ; and beyond it, as the sun passes over the Zambesi, the stream glints back its beams. This used to be the Medical Mission Station and the medical stores for the whole mission are still housed here away from the damp of the plain. The hospital and two of the houses are alas ! empty for want of workers. In the third I was welcomed by M. and Mme. Pons and their two baby children whom I had already met at Lealui and Mlle. Perrier, who came out a year ago from the Mildmay Mission Hospital. It was especially distressing for her to see the Medical Mission in abeyance.

There is also here the miserable little two-roomed mud hut in which our missionaries had to live for the first few years with a young family ; and a little way off is the cemetery. This station is only two hours from Mongu, the seat of the Resident Commissioner, where there is now a regular dispensary and doctor for the natives, but there would be plenty of work here all the same if we had a medical missionary. André Casalis, the brother of the " Young Soldier of France," was studying with a view to this post, but he like his brother was killed in the war.

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I was to sleep in one of the empty houses and found myself in the daintiest little bedroom with a fresh mosquito curtain. However, just now there are no mosquitoes here, but on the other hand the flies from the forest are a perfect plague and one can hardly sit on the verandah as it is not caged.

*Wednesday, July 28.* After tea M. Pons took me over the station and to visit the evangelist schoolmaster Henry Mwanza, educated in Basutoland and speaking English quite well. He and his wife, unlike most of their compatriots, bring up their own family. This custom of handing over their children to other people, aunts, cousins, or elder married sisters, whether Christians or not, to bring up, is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of Christianity. The eldest child of each family, I am told, must be reared by a grandmother, she claims this as her right. It used to be thought that all we needed was Christian parents to secure the future of the next generation. But evidently that is not enough. The missionaries are now making it a condition of church membership that the parents must break from this custom, in principle at all events, and bring up their own families. However, in practice it is often difficult for them to do so, as their chiefs send them all over the country to work and the little ones cannot always go with them.

The native Government is very highly centralized, and a chief may be nominated in successive years to administrative posts thirty, forty or sixty miles apart. His first act is usually to order his people to transport themselves thither where their work is apportioned to them and also their own fields. They build a village (this does not take long), and settle down for a few months, and then they are whisked home again or perhaps somewhere else. Sometimes it is only the man who is moved about ; but whether or not, it is evidently better for the children from the native point of view to be settled with the older generation who are less called upon for active work. What is needed is a Christian society where the children would be under the same influences wherever they were.

*Thursday, July 29.* Breakfast 7.15, then to early service

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in the schoolroom. On most of the stations this is held after sunrise, but in winter time on these hills it is difficult to get the people together thus early, so M. Pons has it at 8 a.m. The surprising thing is that people come, and their attendance is generally the first indication of their desire to "Serve God," as they express it.

Twenty, thirty or forty even at this season often from a considerable distance and in summer up to sixty. I suppose most pastors at home would be thankful to get as many to a daily service in a country village. After they had dispersed, several elementary classes assembled and M. Pons examined them in arithmetic, reading and catechism. There were seventy-five on the school roll. After lunch we had the weekly meeting of Christian women. These old ladies are *the* feature of the Mabumbu Church. If they were white or "country colour" they would be exactly like the dear old wrinkled bodies in English cottages, only (a big difference) they give as much as they receive. I was presented with a large platter of sweet potatoes from each of four different ones and a dish of maize; another contributed sixpence for church expenses, though M. Pons assured her there was no collection. It was spontaneous, and apparently due to her pleasure at seeing me, but in reality it was an unconscious tribute to the late Miss Kiener, whom they greatly loved and miss very much and I somehow recalled her to them. There were also a good many younger ones with and without babies.

After tea we walked down to the Mission garden at the foot of the hill. It is in a very swampy spot and trenched in every direction, but the pine-apples and bananas seem to be doing well, everything indeed. The pine-apple plant is very ornamental with its great pinkish-green leaves, like a magnified thistle.

*Friday, July 30.* With one exception (Lukona) the situation of each of our missions has been decided by the presence of a leading chief. In the early days this was inevitable, the presence of the missionary being regarded as a part of his dignity. It did not follow that he wished to become a Christian, and, in fact, the farther away the people are from their feudal lords, as a rule, the more accessible they are to the

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Gospel. No man can serve two masters and this is peculiarly true of the Barotse. They have no independence of mind. Their chieftains' will enwraps them like an atmosphere and within his aura they are unresponsive to other influences. For this reason it is a very important matter when the chief himself is favourably inclined, and yet strange to say if he goes a step farther and becomes an out-and-out Christian he very often loses his power over them; or rather, perhaps, the old spirit remains on them and the people are refractory to the new one; it is he alone who has detached himself from it to enter a new spiritual atmosphere. Possibly this accounts for the still indeterminate position of the chief we visited this day, Moena-Kandela.

Moena-Kandela is the hereditary chief of the great Ma-Mbunda Tribe or of that portion of it which some generations ago made an alliance with the Barotse. In old Portuguese maps all this region is marked as the Marotse-Ma-Mbunda Empire. He is a very big personage indeed, and if administratively he is Yetta's subordinate, socially he is not far from being his equal, like Thackeray's Norman earl who bore on his escutcheon "Ung roy, ung Mogyns." He lives down in the plain at a place called Nametome. It is the Ma-Mbundas who make the fine close-woven basket work of this region which all travellers have admired so much and the craftsmen are learning to make square lunch-baskets, tea trays, and other things which are eagerly bought by the European settlers. To-day we were to visit this chief.

Directly after breakfast, about 8 a.m., M. Pons and I left the house, each in a hammock, with little Edwin to visit his villages in the plain. Henry Mwanza, the schoolmaster, was charged with the daily service and we heard the bell ringing as we left the station. We passed through the first village without stopping as M. Pons intended first to visit the village of the chief, but we were warmly greeted by the inhabitants. The round straw huts, some made, others in process of building, were grouped anyhow all close together with their courts fenced by the reeds and stakes about ten feet high. Above the fences we saw their paw-paw trees with ripening fruit, but these are not indigenous to the country. M. Pons says the children eat them before they are ripe and the

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grown-ups do not much care for them except to sell. Round the village were manioc fields in which women were at work and a baby boy fled shrieking to his mother as we passed ; no doubt a very formidable procession.

The manioc is very easy to cultivate. Henry Mwanza was just digging some up when we visited his court on Wednesday. It looks like a rather tall stalky potato plant, you pull it up and a huge tuber is growing on the root as big as a boot. You take a cutting from the plant and stick it slanting in the ground—that is all—and it grows a new root and tuber. The preparation of it for food is more complicated as it has to be soaked, triturerated, pounded, stamped, ground and sifted. It is then a beautifully white flour which will keep a long time, but it smells rather strong and is apt to develop weevils.

We then crossed little swamps, the paths between them hardly a foot wide, traversed the tall yellow grass, meeting above the hammock-canopy and swishing our faces, and eventually reached our objective about twenty-five minutes after leaving the station. The chief came to meet us with a beaming face, and led us to his court and into his house, a very nice square one. To our eyes it only looks like a little plastered thatched bungalow, but it is on the same plan in miniature as Yetta's, viz. a central hall looking up to the roof tree, and small inner rooms on either side ceiled with mats, so that from the central hall a corridor runs right round the outside and keeps the inner rooms cool. This was only a little house, a but-an-ben, and the two little rooms opened not into the corridor but into the hall, right and left. The chief, a tall, fine-looking young man of about thirty, had a frank open face and a welcoming smile. Before bringing us into his house he treated us to a musical entertainment outside. A curious kind of triangular or wedge-shaped drum was played by a man squatting on the ground and holding it steady with his knees ; he was wrapped up in a kaross. The drum thus held nearly vertical was twice as high as his head. If you took a section about four feet high of a very thick tree trunk, split it into five or six wedges and hollowed out one of them, you would get a very good idea of the drum which indeed was made just in this way, so that the narrow inner edge presented a longitudinal slit barely an inch wide, while the

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back was solid. Perhaps a section of an orange gives the best idea of its slightly crescent shape rounded off at the corners. The performer thumped it with two drumsticks for an indefinite time and extracted some sort of a cadence from it, which after a while exercises a strangely stirring effect upon the spirit.

On our returning to the door after this performance the chief introduced his wife, a nice-looking woman in a dowdy cotton dress, and surrounded by a retinue very like herself. In Lealui nearly every one is dressed, often overdressed, but here dust forms a large part of the costume (I do not call it powder as it is not applied of malice prepense). She did not stay to entertain us, however.

It was the chief who brought us into his hall and had two mats spread at right angles to the entrance. One was for us with three stools on it (for M. Pons, myself and little Edwin, aged three, respectively). He seated himself on the other opposite to us, and presented to Edwin a man's kilt, quite new, made of bush cats' tails, attached to a broad belt of antelope skin very softly tanned. These kilts are worn by great chiefs like himself when executing their ceremonial dances. It was a token of regard to M. Pons who has to go away on sick leave and the significance of offering it to little Edwin was, "You are *my* child—a little prince."

While this presentation was being made I noticed the walls. Those behind and in front of us were colour washed with native earths, grey, black, yellow and red in bold designs of bands, pyramids and lozenges, but on the wall opposite the entrance the chief had painted a large roughly-drawn Cross.

"Was he a Christian?" I asked M. Pons, who replied, "Not yet." Later on I learnt that he had only one wife and that means one difficulty the less. Unfortunately they have no child and she is very delicate and ailing.

Seeing the wild cats' skins, I told him through M. Pons about the Scottish tribes having each an animal for their device and that further each tribe used to wear in their caps a branch or twig of some plant to distinguish them. He replied that they also had a head-gear to distinguish them in battle and on ceremonial occasions, and took his down from the wall. It



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consisted of a red Tam o' Shanter cap and a separate crown of lion's mane worn on the top of it. This is what the chiefs wear when once a year the Nalikuanda (the royal barge) is launched on the waters of the flood, and the King makes a ceremonial tour in it. On this occasion it is manned by chiefs alone who have to row him like other paddlers, stripped to the waist, but wearing these caps and kilts and an antelope skin of a special kind, front and back like sporrans. The red cap and lion's mane is given by the King only. He added that he had another head-gear which he inherited from his father who had solemnly committed it to him as the heir of his chieftainship. He sent a man for it, who brought a gourd with a bit cut round to form a lid. This he opened and reverentially took out a black ostrich feather shako such as hussars wear (and such as *we* wear sometimes) with a band to fasten it round the head. It is worn over the right brow in battle. This was evidently to him what "his father's helmet" is to a European. He explained that a red or white handkerchief used to be worn under it hanging down behind so that anywhere on the field a chief could be recognized. He also told us that ordinary chieftains on appointment to office were invested by the King with a kilt, a shawl round the shoulders, and an antelope or leopard skin, but a great tribal chief such as himself did not have a leopard skin but was given an instrument to summon his followers, which he showed us. It is really a flattened double bell in finely wrought iron, the two handles united into one which is held upright in the hand, the mouth of the bells uppermost, so that it looks rather like a stalk with two lilies and about the same size. Instead of having tongues the bells are struck like a gong with a knobbed stick. This bell is a very valuable and practical ensign of office; with it they can call their people together to work in the fields or to battle.

It is almost impossible to obtain a specimen, as naturally those who hold them will not part with their insignia at any price. At the Bulawayo Museum, however, I saw a number of them very old and rusty which had been dug up from the Zimbabwe ruins. There was a slight difference. In Barotse-land the stem of those I saw began in one piece branching a few inches above: in those dug up at Zimbabwe the stems

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were double, made apparently in two pieces and welded together afterwards. The shape and size varied very slightly, but only as flowers of the same plant may do.

We then went outside, the chief assembled the villagers and we sat down, he at our right hand on a stool, and, being invited to address them, I told them the story of William Mac-an-tosich giving his life to save his tribe from the vengeance of Huntly the Cock of the North. As this story is related by Sir Walter Scott in *Tales of a Grandfather* it forms a very beautiful parable of the Life given for the Redemption of the world, and in a form these natives understand because the social state depicted, the vendetta, the warring clans, the cattle driving, the burning of the castle and village, the almost extirpation of the clan, is so exactly according to their own of a generation or two ago. The incident of the chieftain humbling himself for the sake of his people to come unarmed as a suppliant to his enemy's castle, Gordon of Huntly, and being sent to the kitchen where the chieftainess was dismembering sheep and oxen to distribute to her dependents, seemed to interest the men deeply (the women did not follow it in the same way), and especially the climax when the chieftainess bade him lay his head on the butcher's block in token of submission and then treacherously ordered her cook to smite it off. M. Pons interpreted very well to them how the little page who rode off at once to tell his tribesmen the news that their chief had saved them by the sacrifice of his own life was like the missionaries who come to tell *them* the news of salvation.

The chief then rose and said he wished to thank us for the story and to say "Our country was once like that, the different tribes all fighting against each other, and every man's hand against his neighbour, burning and plundering, until M. Coillard came and taught us to have Peace."

We left amid a shower of Lumelas (greetings). We did not have time to visit the other villages.

*Saturday, July 31.* After tea Mr. H—— arrived, a young official in the B.S.A. Company's Government Service. He was collecting hut-tax and camping close by. He stayed to dinner and kept us all amused; violently disagreeing with

## Mabumbu

me most of the time. He said that about a thousand natives had crossed the border from Portuguese West Africa (Angola) into this country but higher up the river, to escape the cruelty and injustice and arbitrary taxation of the Portuguese, and more are coming. A valley has been assigned to them and the increase of population is advantageous to the country as they willingly pay *our* hut-tax.

He told an anecdote of Yetta's aunt, the other Mokwae at Libonta who came recently to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons (the Resident Commissioner and his wife). On being asked which of the three puddings she would take, she replied "Kaofela" (*all*). We then spoke of her sister the Mokwae of Nalolo. "Now I like her," said Mr. H—— "I think—well, there's a lot of beans in that old lady." Exactly so.

*Sunday, August 1.* To-day the news arrived that Prince Arthur of Connaught had been appointed to succeed Lord Buxton at the Cape.

Having received so many gifts from the old ladies, I asked the Pons what I could do by way of a return-tea; and they decided in consultation that as they would not be here to give the usual treat at Christmas, we would have it at once. We clubbed together; and after the afternoon service (which is only attended by Christians and Catechumens), there was a distribution of warm stuffs to each of the women for shawls and of striped jerseys to the men. After a succession of little speeches and ceremonies of thanks, they were all invited to feast in the backyard on the sweet potatoes, etc., that had been presented to me, supplemented by Madame Pons' hospitality. We retired to our own tea, but soon we were invited to the back verandah, and there we found our guests, having finished their meal, squatting in the dust. When we appeared they gave us the royal salute "Shoalela" amid shrieks of mirth from the old ladies, for of course to give it to *us* was a piece of play-acting, and would have been a serious breach of etiquette if it had not been a joke. We responded with smiles and "lumelas" and retired, feeling as if the verandah was the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

Among these Christians there was a pathetic old couple,

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the "Shepherd" so called, appointed locally by the chief at each station to see that the children attend school, and his wife who is a leper. Every one says, "Why don't you send her away and get a new one? She can't work for you now." But this he refuses to do so far.

*Monday, August 2.* M. Pons and I started about 8.5 a.m. in hammocks to visit the Mafulo, the King's flood-time capital, or rather the mission station attached to it, a collection of mud huts, church, school, mission house and teacher's house built round a quadrangle and giving a very good idea of what a pioneer station is like. Notice had been given and we had quite a good audience for the preaching. It was a very cold, cloudy, windy day.

On our return we found a letter from the Mambunda chief, written by one of his followers who is at the Normal School, declaiming his styles and titles, his pedigree and the prowess of his ancestors, addressed to me as Miss McDash—a very happy rendering of our name! This was to herald his return visit. Soon he arrived and we had an interesting talk. Wishing to ascertain if I had rightly understood his letter, I drew out a sort of chronological table of the Barotse Kings and their Mambunda contemporaries with little pictures, illustrating their meeting and alliance, gift of cattle, feasting together, fighting, dancing, etc., which he seemed very pleased to accept. So having become friendly, I ventured to ask him the purpose and meaning of the large Cross roughly painted on the principal wall of his house opposite the door. He said it was to remind him of what the missionaries had said, so that he might never forget it.

Here is an upright, good-living man; he has only one wife, he regularly attends church, but has never taken the step of being baptized and breaking with heathenism. Probably he is truly a believer in his heart. What, then, is wanting? What would he gain by joining the Church openly? What is he losing by not doing so? These are questions we have to answer not only to ourselves but *to him* and to many like him if we would build up a native Church.

# Mabumbu

MABUMBU YUKE,  
July 30, 1920.

The Memorandum from Moene Kandala  
To Miss McDash.  
To Miss

MY DEAR MISS,—

I send you the Note of the Mambunda Tribe Moene Kandala Biemba was the first Chief of the MamBunda who came at the time of the King Molambwa before he came here he had been in the country of Mbalangwe, Now the King Molambwa welcome him kindly because he was a very magnificent man, the King put him to the place of the princes acting as the child of the King since Moene Kandala is called by the name of the prince. The King gave him a great herd of cattle called Nalikolo, and told the people that Moene Kandala is my son. Mashashu was sent by the King to look after the cattle of the Moene Kandala. Moene Kandala Bumba was allowed by the King to build his village at Mongu at the place called Yuka. Was allowed by the King to dance Wgomalume at the time of Ngomalume. After the coming of Moene Kandala, Moene Siyengele the great chief of the Mabunda was the second, he himself started, leaved his country to follow Moene Kandala.

(The word Moene means the Chief.)

After Moene Siyengele the whole Mabunda came to follow their chiefs who left them for the sake of the War. The tribe of the Mambunda was very strong and powerful. The Barotse people trusted them and like them. The Mambunda were very faithful people. In the war the Mambunda can't draw back. Mambunda are many kinds some are called Mambalangwe some are called Mambunda and some are called Maluvale. Moene Kandala belongs to the Mambalangwe tribe, Moene Siyengele belongs to the Mambunda tribe. Moene Siyengele was put to the place of the head men or Ndunar. The first the names of Moene Kandala from Molamba to Lewanika, Moene Kandala Biemba,

MOENE KANDALA KASINA  
MOENE KANDALA MANDANDI  
MOENE KANDALA LEBIMBI

*Tuesday, August 3.* A very interesting day. We made an excursion *en famille* to Kanyonyo near the seat of the B.S.A. Company's Government in Barotseland, in order that I might see the Government school there. We travelled in three hammocks, M. and Mme. Pons, myself and the two babies. Kanyonyo is situated on the same line of hills as Mabumbu, but in order to reach it we had to dip down into the plain and skirt them for some time; then we climbed the hill again and after traversing a good deal of wild scrub, we began to see huts dotted about in it, and presently passed along a

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regular avenue of neat rectangular "houses," made of great slabs of green brick with little verandahs in front. All were built and now inhabited by the students. Finally we stopped at the pretty bungalow of our hosts Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum. Mr. Meldrum is the head of the Industrial Section of the School and was directing the whole establishment *pro tem.* in the absence of the head of the Education Department. He is a very keen Scotch Presbyterian, who originally came out to fill a similar post in a Nyassaland mission school, but they were unable to utilize his services, probably for lack of funds, so he was engaged by the British South Africa Co. for this school which they were just starting at the time.

It is a magnificent place for the purpose. Besides every kind of carpentry and joinery, the boys are instructed in brick-making and building; and taught to make their own clothes on sewing machines which they take to very kindly. Beautiful furniture is turned out as well as waggon wheels, and in short they learn every kind of woodwork and learn to do it well. The educational classes are held in fine lofty brick buildings. They were mostly being conducted by native schoolmasters. The acting European master (an Irish Roman Catholic, by the way) was busy in the office. The college educates two hundred and fifty boys, from ten years old to eighteen or nineteen, at a yearly cost of £4,500 to £5,000 (provided out of hut-tax), besides a considerable sum brought in by the sale of their industrial products, as they are overwhelmed with orders. It does not cost the scholars a penny. Everything is provided, lodging, food, clothing, education, stationery and school books, manual training and material and tools. The native schoolmasters are paid from £2 to £3 10s. per month.

Till lately the school was on a secular basis, but Mr. Meldrum from the first has conducted prayers, and Sunday School classes on his own initiative. This was not altogether easy at the time, as the then headmaster (since dead) was rather anxious to emphasize the non-missionary character of the school, but Mr. Meldrum is a Scotchman of the old sort with a warm heart and cast-iron principles, and I think rather enjoyed holding his own. Latterly the Resident Commissioner had insisted upon Bible-reading in the school, and

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since our visit a new Director has been appointed, an English clergyman, the Rev. — Suckling, whose brother is a leading worker in the Open Brethren's Mission further up the Zambesi, so we may hope that the Christian influence will become more pronounced as time goes on.

I greatly admired all the arrangements. M. Pons was saying rather ruefully, "What could *we* not do if we had the same resources?" Mr. Meldrum laughed and said, "It's wonderful what can be done with money."

"It's wonderful what can be done *without it*," was our reply.

I ascertained later on, at Livingstone, that the exact outlay for the year 1919-20 was £4,500. The cost of our entire mission in Barotseland for the corresponding year was a little over £5,000. This includes the upkeep of seven stations and nine European families, as well as three or four unmarried ladies and an artisan lay worker to teach handicrafts, and a large number of out-stations with village schools: also girls boarded with the missionaries; the Normal School, the Industrial Department and all the dispensary work, medicaments and appliances, and frequently the board and lodging of bad cases till convalescence. The Annual Budget of the Paris Missionary Society works out at £400 for each missionary household (i.e., a husband and wife, or two ladies living together), of which the salary forms less than half. The other and larger portion covers all the expenses of their work, viz.:

Building and upkeep of stations.

Schools for boys and girls (some boarded, wholly or partially).

Dispensary work (including maintenance of bad cases).

Industrial and Normal Schools.

Voyages, transport of food and baggage and interior journeys.

The number of out-station schools is now very considerable. A letter, dated July 15, 1921, informs us that there are at least forty native schoolmasters to pay, and according to the figures furnished to me by the Resident Commissioner himself, in 1920 more than 1,600 children in the Mission schools (in 1921 nearer 2,000) and 30 young men in the Normal School, and with a very little financial help the number could be trebled at once.

Towards all this educational work the Government only

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gives a grant of £100 a year. Hut tax has been levied since 1904-5 at the rate of 10s. in some parts, 5s. in others. Yet not a single school of any other Christian Mission receives a grant. The P.M.S. is the only one that gets anything at all—£100 a year.

Basutoland, which has been a Crown Colony since 1884, produces sufficient revenue after paying the cost of administration and many excellent public works, to give £21,000 (twenty-one thousand pounds) to the Paris Missionary Society alone towards the upkeep of its educational work.

Why this disparity? It is urged that we can't have things both ways, and that Barotseland being a Native State, the Company cannot make grants of money without the consent of the Paramount Chief and the Native Council (lekhothla); and that the only idea of all the chiefs who compose it is to get the largest possible allocations for themselves without caring for the welfare of their country and people. If more money is wanted for the exchequer, all the chiefs can suggest is to double the hut tax, but the people are certainly not sufficiently developed to pay more than they are doing; in fact, it is not always easy to find the 10s.

The Kanyonyo school, known as the Barotse National School, was established in 1904-5, just after M. Coillard's death. The circumstances were these: The administration, after being seven years in the country, had till then levied no taxes. It became necessary to levy a hut tax, since the benefits of protection must be paid for, and they were and are very real benefits, the Barotse having been secured alike against the slave raids from the Portuguese border, and the marauding bands of the Matabele, as well as against internal anarchy.

The chiefs clearly understood this, but the rank and file did not and a propaganda was required to bring it home to them. The missionaries knew the language, the people had confidence in them and they were asked to explain the necessity and to inform them that after paying the costs of administration, 10 per cent. of the hut tax proceeds would be divided among the chiefs, partly as personal subsidies in return for keeping order, partly as funds held by the Government to be allocated for public services at the discretion of the National Assembly (lekhothla) and chiefly as a grant for National education.



## Mabumbu

The missionaries agreed to make this known. They naturally supposed, as theirs were the *only* schools in the country, and as education was given to all, young chiefs and serfs alike, in their own language and in the history of their own people, that theirs *were* the National schools and would, at any rate, participate in such grants.

Instead of this, a new independent school was founded, by the desire of the old king, encouraged by the Commissioner for Native Affairs at that time, and the *whole* amount available for educational purposes was applied to it. The Mission schools for many years could not obtain a penny. The natives were frantic to learn English ; and their chiefs, for them to learn industrial work. Both these subjects were taught in the Mission schools, but the Government naturally could offer greater facilities : moreover, the principle laid down by the Mission, that parents were responsible for their children, that education was a privilege and that a small payment must be made, not to cover it, but in recognition of these facts, was entirely cast aside. The school was to give everything gratis, board, lodging, education, materials, school books, and even clothing.

The Mission schools were thus not only relegated to an inferior position, but greatly handicapped. They could not afford to pay the same salaries, so the native teachers they had actually trained took service under the Government.

Let it not be thought that the Mission was opposed to the idea of a Government school. Far from it. They were consulted and gave their counsel. The senior missionary, the Rev. Ad. Jalla, was even nominated as one of the trustees. But in fifteen years the Board of Trustees was never once summoned to meet, so that it was a barren compliment.

We were shown the bookstore, where we saw grammars, dictionaries, arithmetic books, readers for various standards, dictation books, Testaments and Scripture histories and National (Barotse) histories, etc. " Who *made* all this school literature ? " I asked.

" Why, the missionaries ! " was the reply. " Of course the Government *pays* for the books it uses."

Yes, of course they pay for the paper and printing, but this does not recognize the *labour* that has gone to it. Without

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the work of the missionaries, this school material could not have existed. The English schoolmasters barely understand the language. I asked the young Irishman if he could speak it, and his reply was, "Think I could if I tried." This sort of acquaintance with it does not qualify a man to write educational works. He needs to live among the people, to understand their social system, to think their thoughts and above all to love them, if he would write for them.

"Yours is a beautiful work," I said to him, "to light up all these minds." The boys looked so earnest and intelligent and wistful as they sat behind their desks watching the blackboard. I asked if I might see some of their compositions. His reply was to take up an exercise book from the student we were standing beside and make jocular remarks about his English: the boy being perfectly able to understand him and looking abashed at his efforts being held up to ridicule.

Mr. Meldrum is a man of a different stamp: he really cares for the lads, and one can only be very thankful indeed that this splendid school exists to do for the students what our Mission has not the means to do. We may, however, legitimately inquire how far it benefits the nation at large. I was shown the register of past pupils and their subsequent careers. By far the greater number entered the Government services as messengers and interpreters, typists and clerks, or as artisans. Another large number took similar situations with traders. A very, *very* small proportion either went back to their homes or became teachers in the schools (secular) which this establishment is beginning to throw out in the neighbourhood.

Consequently, it is rather the Government than the nation that profits by this long and intensive training given to a few. The Mission schools, on the other hand, having a very large number passing through their hands, raise the whole level of the nation, slowly it is true, but gradually the standard of intelligence, character and social custom is rising under this diffused influence, and the Government benefits by this as much as the people.

What is the position elsewhere in S. Africa? By the new Education Act in the Union of S. Africa all grants to Mission and other schools have been withdrawn, and in place of them

## Mabumbu

all teachers are paid out of the State funds. This is an enormous help to the Missions, as they did not all receive grants-in-aid under the former régime. In Basutoland, which is outside the Union, as aforesaid, the grant to the P.M.S., till lately £14,500 a year, is now £21,000 a year: this is at the rate of about 15s. a head of pupils (other Missions receiving it also in suitable proportion). In Southern Rhodesia all Mission schools receive grants to the amount of 3s. 6d. a head of elementary scholars, and 5s. a head for those who take the higher course of study. In N. Rhodesia, as aforesaid, no Mission schools receive any grants whatever except the £100 given to the P.M.S., and that was only vouchsafed after years of persistent application. If granted at the same rate per head as in Basutoland the grant would amount to £955 p.a., not a large sum.

The local authorities in Barotseland realize the injustice of this beggarly allowance, and the Resident Commissioner has made repeated representations to head-quarters, but the Exchequer turns them all down with the simple assertion: "No funds available for such a purpose."<sup>1</sup>

The circumstances being what they are, we can only thank God that such a man as Mr. Meldrum is on the staff of the National school. We had a very happy day with him and his wife and their two little ones (splendid advertisement, these, of the climate, or rather of the mosquito-proof houses). We also paid a brief call on the Administrator and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, as Mongu, the seat of Government, is quite close by. They kindly said they had hoped to see more of me, but they were just off on sick-leave, Mr. Lyons having been seriously ill. And when one sees the peace and good order enforced throughout the country, the immunity from tribal warfare and the slave-trade, and the genuine efforts to put down crime and witchcraft, one cannot but be thankful for the Administration of the British South Africa Company, to which Northern Rhodesia owes more than many are disposed to admit, though the missionaries fully recognize it. Nevertheless, one regrets that more is not done in regard to medical help, segregation of lepers and other sufferers, and, as before said, for *general* educational welfare.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix I.

## Chapter VII

## Libonta

**L** *EALUI*, August 5. The schools have begun again and are undergoing examinations. So that the station does not look quite so deserted as it did just after the Conference. The first two hours of the day it is so cold indoors that the classes are held outside in the sun, and the cheerful groups round the blackboards quite realize one's mental pictures of mission work. M. and Mme. Jalla are examining the Infant School in the garden. M. Jalla, armed with a notebook, is sitting on a superannuated canoe (now doing duty as a gigantic jardinière full of petunias). The little darkies in their blue and red frocks knitting their brows and wrestling with counting and Cain and Abel, and he with his Titianesque Italian head and patriarchal beard and kind smile, form together a very pretty picture. In a way, it seems a waste of labour for a missionary of his standing, but it is necessary to test their knowledge and besides, he possesses, like Uncle F., that secret of attracting very young children which more than almost anything marks the true servant of Christ. About 280 pupils are on the roll at this station and the nearest annexes.

People keep coming up to the station with things to sell. Live chickens, 6*d.* ; small baskets, 1*s.* or 6*d.* ; paddles, 6*d.* each ; a bunch (*régime*) of bananas containing about eighty or ninety, 6*d.* ; a dozen eggs, 6*d.* (but they, like the hens that lay them, are very minute, more like bantams'). Owing to the absence of markets, perishable foods are very cheap. If they were not, our missionaries could not live on their salaries.

August 6. M. Jalla had to visit the out-station of *Libonta*, a day's journey farther north, and rightly thought I should like to accompany him. The Scotch cart was inspanned

## Libonta

about 7.30 a.m., and he invited me to take my seat on the mattress and cushions, he walking beside it. "But Madame?" "Oh, Madame cannot come—examinations. . . ." I inquired as to hotel accommodation, and was told the school was the inn. We also had a tent with us. So, asking no more questions, I scrambled in helter-skelter and we set off. It took us about an hour and a half to reach the river, though there is a nearer landing-place—three in fact—but they involve long courses cut through sedges, so we made straight for the best port. The track was a very decent one and not unduly bumpy. Skirting the town of Lealui, we turned towards the canal which ought to have taken our canoe to the river, but it is all sanded up: past the head of a long lagoon, past manioc beds carefully trenched round.

At last we reached some fields where the present king's eldest sister, clad in a red cotton skirt and shawl, sat superintending her people working in her fields and greetings were exchanged. It was a cheerful patriarchal scene, and especially so when they all knelt down and clapped hands as our cart went by and dipped into a little drift across a stream. This honour, however, was not intended for us but for a leading chief who was going our way and elected to accompany us, not so much for the pleasure of our society as because he was "under discipline," and being seen in our company, however little we desired this, probably sent his shares up. Since the advent of the B.S.A. Company, the people are only allowed to work for their chiefs twelve days a year, instead of at all times as formerly.

At 9.25 we found a little skiff, the same one that M. Louis Jalla had used during our recent voyage, awaiting us. It is M. Adolphe Jalla's own boat and cost, he said, £15—not much, considering it was made by a European. It had a square awning, less picturesque than the reed "howdahs," but much more roomy and airy. We had seven paddlers, and they brought us to our destination by 4.30. We passed Nanikelako where the old king Lewanika was buried in February, 1916, an earthwork or artificial mound constructed by himself for the purpose. Close to our place of embarkation we had seen the tomb of his mother, who died in 1902. These and other royal tombs, shaded by gigantic green fig trees (a kind of

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banyan tree), are not collected together but dotted over the plain near the river and pleasantly diversify the rather monotonous landscape.

An account of his funeral ceremonies appeared in the *Journal des Missions*, and it was interesting to recall this on the spot:—

### LEWANIKA'S FUNERAL RITES.

(Compiled from Letters of M. Ellenberger and Others.)

Lewanika died on February 4 at the age of about 74, as near as could be estimated. During all the next day, as the news spread through the country, groups of natives were to be seen wending their way to the capital in order to attend the funeral ceremonies.

Custom requires that the chief's body should be transported to the burial-place, in the large canoe in which he always travelled. The body was solemnly placed in it, the eyes towards the east, but the level of the flood was not high enough for the draught of water, and so it had to be carried to the canal. There the funeral barge headed the procession of canoes, moving stern foremost. All the dead who are borne in canoes travel this way. This is a symbolic action.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

The Barotse attitude, however, expresses much more than this—not only a last regret, but a last resistance to the power of death. “Forced onwards, but contesting every inch, the victim of the Last Enemy resolutely turns his back so as not to see that great Victor of Heathenism, Death!”

Immediately behind the pavilion which overshadows the body a woman is doubled up rather than stooping. It is Mawana, or Amatende, the only wife who followed the King at the time of Akufuna's revolution. She was with him in his distress; she now holds the place of supreme honour as chief mourner. Faithful unto death, she will watch beside the

## Libonta

corpse during the long and tedious hours whilst the tomb is being dug.

Next behind comes *Nalikuanda*, the great state barge, made anew each year to celebrate the inflowing floods, and to transport the king and his suite with great pomp to their summer residence. It was loaded up with piles of things which had belonged to Lewanika and were to be buried with him. Both the royal canoe and the state barge were, after the ceremony, to be brought to a deep pool, which is never dry even in summer, and sunk there, for they must never more serve to carry anyone after the death of their royal owner.

The *Nalikuanda* was followed by a boat containing the magistrate and our missionaries. In another large boat were the European traders of the country, followed by the innumerable canoes in which the Barotse were arriving from all parts to pay the last honours to their chief.

After two hours' rapid navigation the cortège reached Nanikelako, a wide shoal emerging above the flood, where Lewanika had built a large hut covering the very place where he was now to be buried. The hut had been pulled down, and on its site the trench was being dug, about 10 yards square by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards deep. It was not finished when the canoes arrived, and a halt had to be made under the burning sun till it was completed. This was not for some hours. At last the royal canoe was brought close to the tomb, borne solely by Barotse of pure race. Custom rules that the boat itself should be placed in the trench and that Lewanika should be in it stretched out, his face turned to the east, but for some unknown reason the body was lifted out and placed in the grave, magnificently installed under a pavilion covered with superb mats, and around it everything the deceased could possibly need on his last journey: magnificent furs, fly whisks mounted on ebony and ivory, decorated with beadwork, pottery and carved wooden bowls, etc.

When all was ready, the sun was low on the horizon. The voice of Lewanika's brother, Mui Mui, was heard. Only the royal family and their European guests might remain near the tomb, all others must retire behind the screens of matting put up for the purpose.

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The reason? Lewanika, like his predecessors, was now about to become a divinity, and the common people must not witness the climax of these mysteries.

A native perfume was now flung into the tomb; baskets and baskets full of a fine scented powder which rose in a dense rose-coloured dust and hung in the air while the corpse was being placed within the tent of mats. This rite accomplished, the screens of matting were removed that held off the crowd, and the missionaries conducted a very brief service—all there was time for before sunset.

[Lewanika was not buried as a Christian. The service, conducted by the missionaries, was first an intercession for the nation bereaved of its head; secondly, a reminder to all that their late king, though not embracing Christianity, had brought it and recommended it to his people; thirdly, a simple preaching of the Gospel to the crowds assembled from the most distant parts of the country.]

Night falling, the grave-diggers were left alone to fill up the trench covering the innumerable things brought by the *Nalikuanda*; and to erect a fence all round this tomb, which henceforth becomes a national sanctuary.

The next day they began to slaughter cattle on the tomb, 170 were thus immolated. The crowds having returned to Lealui, an important ceremony was enacted, namely, the Proclamation of Litia as his father's successor.

M. Jalla also gave me an account of how Yetta, the present chief, kept his vigil before his enthronement. This is a most interesting and significant custom. The first thing essential to the kingship of the Barotse is the royal drum, all the royal drums in fact, but one of them especially on which the king must take his seat while the people acclaim him. We have something answering to this in the stone of Scone under the Coronation chair. The traditional place for it is Katuramoa, some distance from Libonta. "It is there that Noïo, the distant ancestor of the royal family, received his kingship, and no king can be recognized as such if he has not been there. When the country was occupied by the Makololos (as Livingstone found it), the royal family had fled to Nijengo (northwards); they had succeeded in carrying off the *Nalikuanda* (the





THE NALI-KUANDA.  
(FUNERAL BARGE.)



THE TOMB.

FUNERAL RITES OF THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF LEWANIKA.

*Ph. : Rev. T. Burmer.*



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State barge) and the Maoma, the enormous drums, and these are the insignia of royalty. But the ceremony of Katuramoa was lacking. This is so indispensable, that notwithstanding the danger, they descended the river so far, accomplished the rites, and the next day, having returned to Nijengo, the drums were beaten and the king was regularly nominated."

Litia, as he was then called, was at Sesheke when his father died somewhat suddenly on February 4, 1916, and it took some weeks for him to receive the news and travel to the capital. He arrived there incognito late at night about March 11, and set off at break of day with a few chosen companions and the big national drums, the *maoma* so called, in the royal canoe or barge manned by chiefs alone.

On reaching the spot up-river which M. Jalla pointed out to me, Litia landed with his friends. His goal was the tomb of an ancient king and ancestor marked by a giant fig tree. Here he was met ceremonially by the guardian, who in former times would have been regarded as the priest of its mysteries. Litia, however, as a Christian had abjured all heathen rites, and only observed those to which a merely national significance could attach. Leaving the barge and its crew in the river and his friends at a little distance, and divested of almost all his clothing, Litia spent the night watches under this tree alone with his weapons and fasting. No one knows the essential secret of it. The Gambella (Prime Minister) said to M. Jalla, "If anybody professes to impart it to you, do not believe him. He will not be speaking the truth. It is forbidden to utter it."

This much, however, has been told. At the first streak of dawn he had to dig up a tuber and drive it towards the river with his lance. On the way, his fellow watchers met him, overjoyed to find he had survived the experiences of the ordeal, whatever they may have been. They now invested him with his royal robes, in this case a gold-braided uniform and cocked hat presented to his father by King Edward VII. One or two of them at once kindled the ceremonial fire, made by rubbing sticks together, and carried it to the barge in a broken crock. The others helped him with their lances to drive the tuber forward like a golf or hockey ball. As it touched the waters of the Zambesi, the chiefs in the barge

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beat the drums in token of his accession, dating from that moment.

He embarked with the companions of his vigil, and was rowed down the river by his chiefs, all dressed in red kilts and antelope skins and shawls of ceremony, and wearing the red caps and head-dresses of lions' manes, which form the insignia of their rank and are awarded by the king himself. The booming of the great drums never ceased, and the sound borne forward by the current announced to all the neighbouring villages that their king was on his way, and the people rushed to the banks to acclaim him. This they do by shouts of "Yo—sho," standing in the water and tossing it over their heads with their hands. In the bright glittering sunshine this is a beautiful ceremony. Originally it was an invocation to the Sun from whom the sovereign—Le Roi Soleil—is traditionally descended. Then, launching their canoes, they follow the royal progress.

The Rev. V. Ellenberger has graphically described the rest of the ceremony :—

### THE ACCESSION OF LITIA (NOW CALLED YETTA) AS PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF THE BAROTSE NATION.

Monday, March 13, had been fixed for Litia's return, and his official installation as Supreme Chief or King of the Barotsi.

Towards 11 a.m., in radiant weather and under a burning sun, we crossed in a skiff the space, now flooded, which separates the station of Lealui from the landing pier of the capital. Far off, the faint throbbing of drums announced the new king's progress on his way. An immense crowd, which we estimated at more than 15,000 persons, crowded around the approaches to the little port, and flowed back to the extreme limits of the space still spared by the inundation. All this seething and stirring crowd was nevertheless remarkable for its orderliness, due no doubt to the fact that it had organized itself naturally into companies or regiments with their chiefs at their heads—all vassals or liege-men of the new king, as they had been of his father.

The time of waiting prolonged itself for more than an hour ; still the repeated beating of the drums balanced on

## Libonta

the canoes that accompanied Litia, announced to the joyous crowd that "To-day we have a king." What a spectacle was this immense crowd, composed of elements quite foreign to the capital, foreigners themselves, some with long-tressed hair, others clad in wild-beast skins, people from the north, south, east and west, speaking strange tongues uncomprehended by the young Zambesians.

At last the drums sound nearer, the royal canoes pass under the Sautter foot-bridge, which overhangs the canal dug by Lewanika; they are now between Loatile, the station, and Lealui, the capital.

They arrive—they turn off—now they are far away—now they return; they are about to enter the channel leading to the pier; no, they are going back again; they are tacking; they display a singular coquetry demanded by etiquette in withdrawing. It is one symbolic act the more among all those by which this extraordinary Barotse nation lives, a symbol full of beauty and delicacy. The new king would seem to say: "You are waiting for me, a joyous, an excited crowd! But I cannot respond to your desire, for my heart is mourning for my father. You call on me to succeed him. But I cannot bring myself to do so. I come, since you require it of me. But no! I cannot! I turn back."

For more than twenty minutes the various craft were performing evolutions, first on the sheet of water studded with lotus-lilies and then on the green water-meadows, where the tall grass hides the inundation of the clear transparent floods. What nautical prowess! The paddlers, in red caps, adorned with lions' manes, surpassed themselves; and their bronze limbs, admirably proportioned, were streaming in the sun. And all this time the big drums were announcing to the whole valley (for they can be heard forty miles away in flood time) that "To-day we have a king." At last, and abruptly the canoes enter the channel, and approach, gliding swiftly and as if clearing the crowd. The latter rises to its feet and the formidable royal salute bursts from every breast, "Yo! sho! Yo! sho!" The arms are thrown up towards the sky, and lowered only to be upraised again, while the thunder of acclamation rolls over this immense crowd.

The royal canoe has landed; complete silence falls; five

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minutes pass ; the big drums are lifted by the paddlers in unison, and rolled towards the Council square. Here they will be beaten incessantly. Next, fire was brought ashore ; a fire which is specially lighted for the new king. This fire is carefully brought to the public square. Finally, the mat which forms the entrance to the royal landing-place is drawn aside, and Litia emerges evidently much moved, almost pale in his gold-braided coat, his hand on the gilded hilt of his curved sword.

The crowd acclaims the prince, who, whether by etiquette or swayed by real emotion, is leaning upon the Gambella (Prime Minister). All the members of the British Administration, and of the white population who are present, accompany him, whilst his faithful paddlers form a bodyguard between him and the crowd. The latter grows tumultuous ; rough pushes occur, loud whistles echo around. Is it a riot ? No, these are whistles of joy, it seems, which break out and almost shock our European ears.

However, the procession has reached the great public place, in front of the Council Chamber, and there the Gambella assists Litia to take his seat upon a lioma<sup>1</sup> (national drum). On this the new king remains seated for several minutes in the sight of all his people. It is the final investiture. Litia is consecrated king of the Barotsi.

Whilst Litia was seated on the big drum, the new fire was burning before him. It was then deposited on the public square, and there from every household in Lealui, the people came to procure new fire for their own hearths, after having put out the former fires.

He now rises, and with a firm step proceeds to the far end of the Grand Place, where a gilded throne or Chair of State had been prepared for him, under the mahogany trees planted by his father. The members of the Government, the missionaries and traders, group themselves on his left, and his council somewhat in the background. Almost in front of him on the immense open space the crowd assembles, staves and wands upraised. It is a brief but significant fantasia ; the war dance of the Barotse, silent but energetic.

The principal magistrate then reads the Administrator of

<sup>1</sup> Lioma singular, maoma plural.



THE RETURN FROM THE VIGIL.



ENTHRONED ON THE GREAT DRUM.  
ACCESSION CEREMONIES OF YETTA III.

*Ph. : Rev. T. Burnier*





## Libonta

Northern Rhodesia's message to Litia and his people, after which the members of the Government and some of the merchants retire, and the crowd opens to let them pass.

By the chief's authorization, the missionaries now take up the word.

At the request of the Gambella prayer is offered by M. Boiteux, who commends Litia to God, as also this tribe among which so much has been done and from which we expect great things.

The dispersion now takes place, while the members of the royal family come forward to kiss the hand of their chief and suzerain, and the crowd gives itself up to the pleasure of watching and sometimes taking part in dances and acrobatic performances by various performers of the Ma-Wiko, Ma-Nkoya and other tribes.

In the evening, by a lovely moonlight in Litia's temporary court, most of us were enabled to hear a beautiful song of welcome sung by the Normal School, under the direction of M. Coisson. Only listening to these twenty-five young men, singing so splendidly and with such dignity, we were able to measure the immense distance which separates the Barotse of former days from the Barotse of to-day, and whilst a prayer closed this day, a hymn of gratitude rose from our own hearts also in moment of intimate peace toward God " Who hath done such great things for us ! "

Such was the (first) day's work, March 13, 1916, which witnessed the investiture on the throne of the Barotse, of the first Christian king on the banks of the Zambesi.

These " Coronation " ceremonies occupy three days, and even more important for the future of the country were the events of the two days following, an account of which will be found in the Appendix.

If such is its past, what may not be the future of a nation so rich in spiritual perception, if only it can rise above the temptations to which human nature is prone ?

How much they lose who see not the people, but only the dullness of the country ! For dull it is, at this time of year. There is so little to it. Water, sand, burnt grass, parched reeds, coarse tufts of Bistort, a few cattle here and there ;

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and now and then a straw-built village, or a wind-warped thicket of half-withered trees. That is all one saw for hours together, no birds, no beasts, no flowers, no forest. At last we reached Libonta, about 5.45 p.m. It stands on the right or western bank (our left coming up). The local catechist, Edward, met us, and his scholars drawn up on the bank struck up a hymn of welcome. Then each pounced upon a bit of our baggage, evidently disappointed there were not enough packages to go round. "One man one load," is their tradition of service, even if it is only a spoon or platter.

The broken ground rose rather steeply for about a furlong from the banks, and then we were ushered into the school house, a big mud-building. The school-children at once started another hymn to a favourite tune of mine ("Falcon Street") with a very fine refrain. They sang three more in parts very well indeed, the last one to words written by Edward himself. I was struck by his good taste in tunes. Though this school had only been going on for a few months, he had taught them, and taught them *well*, much more difficult tunes than the simple ones usually selected for them, and much finer music than the camp-meeting melodies, some of which become so cloying. Not that I would disparage these. People who only hear them tinkled on a cracked piano or wheezed out on a gramophone by a blind beggar little realize the depths of emotion they reveal and stir, sung in their natural surroundings by a vast invisible chorus in the moonlight. I shall never forget hearing "Shall We Gather at the River," thus given on a summer night in Basutoland.

"At the margin of the river  
Lay we every burden down,  
Grace our spirits shall deliver  
And bestow a robe and crown."

The thought then arose—If Christianity could be absolutely wiped out of this world (which God forbid) like the religion of the Hittites or Ninevites for example, and future ages re-discovered these hymns, not the grand church chants such as the Te Deum, but the humble lays in which humble people uttered their daily needs in simplicity of faith, would they not proclaim the treasure to the world? Would they not

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desire at all costs to recapture such a philosophy of life? Such singers, little as they know it or could put it into theological language, prove that they have known their Saviour not only as the victorious Redeemer, but also and perhaps chiefly as the merciful and faithful High Priest touched with the feeling of their infirmities. Ignorant and helpless, conscious only of blind forces arrayed physically and morally against them, justice often denied them, they can and do grasp the faith that One All mighty and All merciful is for ever pleading their cause in the Place of Power :

“ What a Friend we have in Jesus  
All our sins and griefs to bear ! ”

There is no hymn better known here nor better loved. Even the old King Lewanika always asked for this. “ It is a great thing,” he said, “ to be a friend of the king ” (or, as we should say, “ to have a friend at court ”).

After a brief address we all said the Lord's Prayer together and they filed out. Next, a few people asked for medicines. I don't know what they will do when it begins to dawn upon them that bodily healing is not supposed to be vested in the ghostly comforter, and that in some places he is indeed forbidden to exercise the art. To them the whole thing hangs together, and does not the latest science bear this out? At any rate, if the physician lays claim to spiritual functions and under the banner of psycho-therapeutics dispenses absolutions, can the spiritual physician be blamed for administering simple remedies and relief to the body?

Here, however, a much deeper question opens up—that of spiritual healing. Some missionaries whom I met on board ship firmly believe that this gift has been revived in the Church—if indeed it was ever lost—and that it is effectually exercised in their own Mission and others. We have no right to doubt the possibility of this; we may be on the eve of an outburst of spiritual forces in the physical sphere such as the world has never witnessed. All we can say is, “ According to thy faith be it unto thee.”

M. Jalla now announced that he was having the little tent pitched for me, as he thought it would be more comfortable than the school house which he was going to occupy. Certainly

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those vast unglazed windows admitted more ventilation than I would have cared for these cold nights. The boys floored the tent with straw a foot deep and made up my bed whilst I was sketching. Partly because of the unevenness of the ground, it proved very uncomfortable; the situation was bleak and windy, I could not sleep and altogether it was the worst night I had at the Zambesi. Mme. Jalla had provided generously for our picnic meals, but I was not hungry. I had seen countless cattle coming up from the river banks—it was like Pharaoh's dream—and hoped for some milk, but they were all, it would seem, the kind that didn't give any. Or rather, perhaps their guardians were the kind that didn't give any, for some time later I heard that another party visiting at Libonta were told by the local chieftainess, with many apologies, that she had no milk, her cattle-keepers could not procure any for her. One guest begged her not to trouble as they had been able to buy some. "Whose?" she asked. "They tell me," he replied, "that they are the cows of Mbwanji Kana," not knowing that this was one of the lady's own names. "Oh, that is all right then," she replied. "I can't get any myself, but so long as you are supplied, I am pleased."

One seems to have heard stories akin to this in England.

At sunset we beheld a beautiful sight. Just to the rear of the school and to one side of it rose two splendid *Borassus* palms, their tall stems almost united at the base, curving gracefully outwards and their heads then inclining towards each other, so that the fronds crossed and intermingled. Around and behind them, browsing over the pleasantly diversified stubble fields, the herd above mentioned moved to and fro, black, brown and piebald, the dust they threw up forming a golden haze through which their long branching horns gleamed and swayed. The sun, a round scarlet ball, framed between the palm-trees, was sinking into a bank of amethyst; and half-across the sky a fleet or flight of gold and purple cloudlets were following its downward course through the transparent heavens just as the Barotse canoes in their hundreds follow their king to his last resting-place. I was glad to have this memory for my *Furthest North*. Yet by daylight it was a most commonplace scene. "How excellent is light."

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At Libonta we are still in the true Barotse plain or valley, but the surrounding forest looks quite near, and twenty or thirty miles farther on it comes down to the water's edge.

*August 7.* At sunrise emerged from my tent to be saluted impressively by a well-dressed native with a long whip. I found this was the conductor of the chieftainess's state coach—a canoe drawn by a team of oxen. It forms a very good sand-sledge. She had sent her apologies the day before, explaining that she could not lend it because it was out elsewhere, but it had returned overnight, he said, and was now awaiting my pleasure. Because I am English, the chiefs and people all kow-tow to me. It is gratifying to the old Adam, but it makes me feel rather angry on account of the French missionaries who have done so much for them and live only to do them good, yet they take all that as a matter of course, and a mere passing visitor is treated like a princess.

Prayers over, conducted by the catechist and numerously attended, we sat down to breakfast, with hot milk this 'time and red millet porridge, but M. Jalla warned me our waiting hostess would expect me to do justice to a second breakfast, so I took the hint. We left the boys to take our baggage back to the boat, and I took my place in this novel conveyance. It was fitted with a cane basket-work awning or rather tunnel, long and very narrow. I had to creep in and then sit bolt upright with my feet straight out in front of me—as far inside as possible, because of the dust from the oxen's feet. Next, also on account of the dust, I was shut in with a little reed gate. The oxen then started at their best pace over any sort of obstacle, bumping up and down, and the passenger was rattled like a pea in a pod. They plunged through manioc fields and over beds of an aromatic plant, a kind of wood sage which gave out a strong, unpleasant smell as the canoe crushed it down and, finally, in about half an hour brought me to the palace courtyard, M. Jalla having had some ado to keep pace on foot.

Mbwanji Kana, the Mokwae or Queen of Libonta, Lewanika's youngest sister and consequently aunt of the present Paramount Chief, is a very exalted personage, ranking next to her elder sister the Mokwae of Nalolo. Her consort, Ishe, came

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forward to greet us courteously, and she received us standing at the entrance to her courtyard dressed in a pale pink skirt of satin brocade with the usual crinoline effect and trimmed with green gimp. It was slightly worn and even split in places, as a peer's robe or a footballer's shirt may be; the older the more honourable—a dull blue flannel blouse edged with magenta and aristocratically buttoned to the throat; a white baby's shawl draped round the hips, and a child's sailor hat of speckled straw, adorned with the usual ribbon, "H.M.S. Racer," and a pink rose on either side. Like many other ladies with strong-minded sisters, she is rather of the clinging-ivy type, with a face on which no strong emotion or keen interests have left any mark, so that she looks comparatively young; moreover, she has never had any children. (This is surprisingly common here, nor do people seem to have large families.)

She was a perfect hostess, and in general here with women of her position, one is made to feel that though their conventions are not ours, yet in their way they are ladies and even great ladies. And by the same token, she likes to patronize the church and schools within her jurisdiction. She used to be very friendly with M. Coillard, who mentions her by the name of Katoka, and her face lighted up at his name. She ushered us into her new house, built on the same lines as Yetta's who, indeed, had given her the plan and (she said) had discussed every item of it with her.

Royalties resemble one another in their universal pre-occupations, family affairs, buildings, funerals, mausoleums and marriages, and they show the same readiness to be amused by little things. This Mokwae also patronizes the arts; not indeed like her niece at Nalolo, she does not herself dabble in distemper, but her walls were newly and tastefully washed in yellow ochre tapestried in Turkey red calico, and where the light fell from the door, adorned with the "moral pocket handkerchiefs," which Dickens erroneously supposed Mrs. Jellyby and her kind lived to export to Borrio-Boola-gha. It is traders not missionaries who introduce them. There they were, in sets of half a dozen all alike; each representing the same Red Indian (not African) chasing the same ostrich. There were also portraits of the late King Edward, Queen

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Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family, both photographs and coloured prints.

She inquired after my health and thanked me for coming to see her, and said she had very few visitors as she lived so far up-river, and so she appreciated my visit all the more. Our conversation proceeded on the usual safe lines, viz., her brother's visit to England and the exhibition of *Petite Kaki*. She next presented me with a mat woven in patterns as a souvenir.

M. Jalla, however, had not come all this way to say "How do you do," and he dealt very faithfully with her about her duty of encouraging parents to send their children to school and to attend the services themselves. We then adjourned to the next room for breakfast. The attendant was ordered to close the door which was also the window, with a reed mat, but quite enough light came in through the space between roof and walls. In the front of this house and the other palaces, mats are hung perpendicularly from the thatch to keep out the heat. We sat down on chairs at a good table spread with a pretty pink and white table-cloth of soft damask, and perfectly clean. A pair of simple chiffoniers with cupboards below and drawers above and a large trunk comprised the furniture. While the princess did the honours, the consort kept his eyes fixed admiringly on her.

Grace said, we were entertained with tea and sweet potatoes and the butler offered me large slippery biscuits in a deep glass bowl, which I was expected to extract with a teaspoon, an almost impossible feat. I felt exactly like "Alice" being offered biscuits by the Red Queen, whom indeed my hostess closely resembled. With her eyes glued upon me, however, I realized that England's prestige was in my keeping and I did manage to convey one to my plate, though it was like playing spillikins. The butler much more adroitly tipped another out on his mistress's plate, but our host and M. Jalla gave up the attempt and fell back on nature's tongs. This entrée was followed by roast ducklings, very tender and savoury, and the repast over, we began to take leave.

At the front door Her Highness offered me two bowls of sweet potatoes for our paddlers. This is a hospitable Barotse custom and is meant to say, "I do not wish you to have any

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expense in coming all this way to visit me." The guest is naturally expected to come in his own canoe, but he often has to hire his paddlers and always to feed them. I need hardly say that our paddlers consumed them without difficulty the same day.

In the corner of this as of every royal court, stood a tall hunting trophy. This one was less Europeanized than Yetta's. It consisted of several hunting and fishing spears and barbed lances stuck upright in the ground and fenced round with branches of trees on which were impaled a few vertebral bones of elephants and other big game. Outside the palisade, but still within the precincts, the canoe was waiting all inspanned. I was shut into my cylindrical brougham like a caddis-worm in its sheath, and being unable to see anything I found the journey of nearly an hour to the river rather long, with the midday sun beating through the awning on my head. About 11 a.m. we embarked down-stream and by 4.15 we reached the spot from which we had originally started, that is in an hour and a half less than it took us going up, though our midday rest had been a good deal longer.

For some inexplicable reason, instead of this being like the previous day a tedious voyage and a *journée morte*, it was from start to finish a moving panorama of delight. We had the sun behind us for one thing and were meeting the breeze created by the flowing current, and this was more enjoyable, but also both man and nature seemed to be holding a holiday, which I should call the Festival of Birds and Fishes.

The day before we had hardly seen a living thing. To-day the sand banks and sedges were alive with birds, great and small, and we were continually meeting natives' canoes in which M. Jalla and our paddlers recognized acquaintances, so that greetings were constantly being exchanged across the water; and on the banks we kept seeing fishing parties armed with long lances, harpooning among the reeds, all apparently in the highest spirits. These fish drives are organized for special dates and are to the Barotse what a hunting morning is or used to be to the Irish. The day before we had only met one man in his canoe, with the great seine net, which is the exclusive manufacture and appanage of chiefs, rolled up in front of him.



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We passed many of their weirs—these are long flexible palisades formed by rows of stakes corded loosely together with bark and stretching for many yards. The stakes vary in length, some are about three feet high and others five or six feet. The low portion of the fence is set in the river parallel with the banks, about eighteen inches in front of a reed bed ; and the taller portions are arranged to form pockets with very small openings toward the reeds, on the same principle as lobster pots. The fishermen paddle in the reeds, spearing all they can with long barbed reeds, nine or ten feet high, like fishing-rods in fact, but armed at their thicker end with a four-sided steel five or six inches long, barbed all over like a nutmeg grater and sharply pointed, and the fish fleeing before them swim into these pockets of the weir and are caught.

We took our dinner under a magnificent banyan tree which marks a royal tomb, but unlike most, is not enclosed by a fence. In former days we should not have been allowed to desecrate this sacred spot, but the people seemed no longer superstitious about it, though it is revered.

I went to the boat for my camera and in returning I saw the prettiest sight I had yet witnessed. Over a dozen little boys and girls were bounding along the bank carrying fishing creels of all sizes, proportioned respectively to their own, some on their heads, others in their uplifted arms ; laughing, chattering, cheering and capering about in sheer delight of sport and sunshine. To them I sacrificed my last films—unsuccessfully, for a reflection from the river cut right across the picture. But no photograph could ever convey the unconscious grace of those little faun-like figures as they danced down to the water in the warm sunshine. I watched them as they went on, the undulating line breaking and re-forming, the fringe of little black polished legs and arms glancing in the sunshine as they flourished their creels over their heads and finally stooping, dipped them in the bright ripples.

“ I would thou wert a wave of the sea  
So thou might'st dance away.”

The creels are large baskets, boat-shaped at the top ; the sides are straight, the bottom is an inverted keel shape, i.e.

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the keel or spine is bent up in the middle, forming a point or foot at each end. The way they are used is this:—Taking hold of these two points the fisherman lays one (sometimes submerges it) sideways in the river and the fish swim in. Suddenly he rights it again and lifts it up; the water runs out at the two points, leaving the fish stranded on the convex centre. In this way plenty of small fry are caught. M. Jalla kindly made a creel of his umbrella and we caught in it an infant tiger-fish, ditto cat-fish, ditto minnow, or what appeared to be one, all about one inch long. Between birds, water snakes and tortoises, cannibal big fish, crocodiles and piccanninies, they must stand a very poor chance. We noticed several crocodiles, one huge one wallowing in the sunshine on the bank farthest from us. It is the most repulsive reptile.

Some of the birds we saw in such profusion were:—

Wild Duck.

Hérons.

White Egrets.

Cormorants (large and small).

Gulls.

Storks.

Ibis.

Wild Geese.

Cranes, grey and black.

Bustard or Secretary bird.

Sandpipers.

Flamingoes (white, not pink).

Kingfishers.

The great grey and white kingfisher was the one I liked. He is chequered like a cubist curtain pattern, with a black poll. To see him soar, hover, flutter, whirl his wings like a catherine wheel, and swoop in a steep nose dive after some luckless fish he has spied from above, and then *da capo* three or four times—it is a wonderful sight. He is an aeroplane and a submarine both in one. He is not a very good shot, however, or else the fish see his shadow and flee in time, for he often misses them as far as one could judge. We also passed a very picturesque village on a cliff, the bright reed roofs nestled in shrubberies and shadowed by two or three large trees.

We reached our point of departure soon after 4 p.m., but instead of disembarking there as the walk would have been beyond my power, we went on for two hours longer, first following the windings of the Zambesi and then entering the

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little canal which leads to the landing-place nearest the station. This last bit of the river was very interesting. It twisted and turned so much that though our true course was due south, sometimes we had the sinking sun on our right hand and sometimes on our left, and sometimes just in front. At one moment the stream flows N.E., at another N.W., though S.W. is its general direction. The banks here were mostly formed by perpendicular scarps of white sand about eight to ten feet high, with a top-dressing of black mud, which sometimes falls to the bottom in large lumps. The level beams of the sun cast the shadow of our canoe and paddlers directly against these white cliffs, where it made a beautiful shade picture, but—what was curious—every now and then the reflections from the water lightened those shadows into X-ray patterns as it seemed, producing a strange effect of semi-transparency. We seemed to be accompanied by a phantom crew.

Another remarkable sight was a large tree which one might describe as a weeping mimosa, covered with little white herons (egrets), perched all over the top of it, forming a white crest against the blue sky almost like snow. As the banks prevented our seeing the lower part of the tree, I could not at first make out what it was. We kept glimpsing it for a long time, first on our right, then on our left, and then in front. At last we got near enough to see the meaning of it at a sharp bend of the river, then turning our backs on it we steered northward and saw it no more.

The canal journey, too, had many surprises, one being that the mosquitoes, though numerous and lively, seemed to have no thirst for our blood. We saw the Nalikuanda—the great royal barge—waiting in its winter dockyard for the inundation to float it afresh for the annual royal progress. Our way led through beds of rushes from one little creek or lagoon to another, where the pink, white and blue waterlilies, for which this valley is famed, were just awaking from their winter sleep and opening to the sun.

There is another kind equally pretty, which is not a nenuphar at all but rather a water jonquil (so hence a water "lily" in a more accurate sense). It bears at the end of its fine flexible stalk (yards in length), a roughly barbed green sheath about the size and shape of a small finger. Within this are

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from twelve to twenty stalked buds which emerge one at a time and unfold into fairy-like white blossoms with delicate silky petals, rather like those of Iceland poppies. And then there are the rosettes, like green lotus flowers, of the Nile Sudd which is indigenous here. One hopes it will not end by choking the Zambesi. But perhaps if it did it might accomplish what science dreams of but finds too expensive to carry out; viz. create a natural barrage which would prevent the great rivers from carrying down the arable land of Africa into the sea, by causing them to overflow behind such barrage into their natural ancient reservoirs, thus recreating the prairies and forests and great lakes which, during the last sixty years, have been rapidly drying up.

The danger of the whole of South Africa and even South Central Africa becoming one vast Sahara or Kalahari desert would seem to be within measurable distance. The impossibility of making a living off a small holding without costly irrigation is already driving thousands of natives and poor whites off the land to swell the problem of the towns, and various schemes are being promulgated to arrest this drying-up, of which Dr. Theal spoke to us years ago when he was living at Hampstead. But no one, so far, seems to have thought of enlisting the Sudd in this service.

It was dark when we landed and, after half an hour's stumbling over a boggy moor, met Mme. Jalla and the station boys with lanterns, come out to light us home.

*Sunday, August 8.* This evening Mr. and Mrs. Roach came to dinner with a young friend, Mr. Robinson, from the Mon-Koya district. Mr. Roach is the local magistrate. They have been out here sixteen years. Their camp is quite near the mission station and they are very neighbourly. It sounds rather pathetic, the Government Stations being called "camps," though they are brick-built establishments. But all have a Police Camp attached, hence the name.

Mrs. Roach tells me they really all have very good health now that they live in properly built houses and take the right precautions, and living is, in many ways, far easier than in England, and life and property much safer. She says nothing is ever stolen and they don't even shut their doors at night.

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Nor indeed do we on the Station except when it is cold, and we never dream of locking them. What a change! It struck me all the more as just before I left England a daring and impudent burglary had been carried out in our own road, though not at all a lonely one, and the house-breaker had escaped over the palings, through our garden and others, before being captured. So that we should have felt far from comfortable there, even with the doors locked. Mrs. Roach goes everywhere with her husband, as do most of the ladies here, in fact there is very little else to do, and sewing and crochet seem to be the only indoor occupations. There is no circulating library here. The lack of society is felt as much by the officials as on the mission stations, more I should think, as most of them are constantly being shifted about so that they have no time to take root and get to know things and people thoroughly. Yet many of them are married and as a rule, to which there are exceptions, their wives seem to get on much better in the country and find more interests in it than those of the traders. Comparatively few of the latter are married at all, but some who are do not appear to be, because their wives cannot stand it and do not stay with them. It is the want of any interest in life which depresses them. Social life hardly exists, and as for work, the house boys do it all.

So what resource is left them? It is a problem.

The missionaries do what they can to lighten the tedium of the traders' lives. At Lealui M. Jalla has built a hut specially for them in two parts—one a sick bay where they can come and be nursed in illness, the other a library containing some hundreds of books—well thumbed. (But this library badly needs fresh material, and any *interesting* spare books marked "For Library" would be thankfully received for this purpose by the missionary in charge at Lealui.)

## Chapter VIII

## Lukona

**M**ONDAY, August 9, 1920. Started for Lukona at 10.15 a.m. M. Jalla accompanied me to the canal and put me into the boat. After that I was alone with the paddlers: six of them, quite unknown to me or at any rate unrecognized as previous acquaintances. One does not keep a staff of paddlers, they are engaged for each trip. We kept in the canal until 11.45 a.m. and then emerged on a small branch of the river. It was quite a different course from the last one, being in a southerly direction. This canal is most tortuous and so narrow is the waterway between the sedges that two canoes can hardly pass. We met several however. I was standing outside the awning in a khaki suit and topee and presumably they took me for an official, for all the boatmen saluted abjectly as we passed them. ("Best be on the safe side.") The Mission is not thus honoured, and I felt rather an impostor. Besides one hates to see people grovel, and these certainly did.

This day's journey took me through one of the finest stretches of the Zambesi. The water-fowl were plentiful at first but fewer and fewer as the day wore on. Herds and herds of cattle were grazing on the banks; and in consequence flies were very troublesome. Everybody here carries a fly whisk. Large fishing nets at frequent intervals were hanging out to dry on "goal posts" formed of paddles lashed together. I noticed a good many new kinds of birds: bitterns (?) of several varieties, the marabout, a comical villainous-looking creature, with a bald head and long ragged ribbons of feathers hanging down in front, looking like an elderly broken-down actor; and at the other extreme fieldfares and starlings or their African equivalents. A pleasant youth not long out from England had said the starlings were the birds he liked best

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out here. Yet he was the last person one would suspect of sentimentality or homesickness.

Two very common birds I cannot learn the names of—a sort of crane, black or deep grey, stumpy and bearing a huge red and yellow bill; the other the French call *sarcelle* (teal) and say it is a kind of duck. It also is black with a round bullet head and short beak.

The ibis is most beautiful and, as it parades the sandbanks with its elegant proportions and mincing gait, its white wings fringed with black, it looks like a Parisienne among peasants.

But the best of all are the fishing eagles. Of these there are at least four kinds. The most common are black and white, in striking combination, but the largest and finest is the brown and white variety, a most magnificent great creature. I saw one sitting in a bush on a high bank or bluff and directed my paddlers to approach. It sat quite still until we came close up: it was—in short it was just like Lear's nonsense verse:

“ They asked, ‘ Is it small ? ’

He replied, ‘ Not at all ;

It's three times the size of the bush.”

White on head, breast and lower back and tail (which ends in black and white feathers), with bright brown wings and saddle, and sparkling eyes. But it rose and flapped away just as we came close. I landed and had my lunch there, but it did not return after its dignified departure, nor even drop a feather in its flight. I shall never forget that statuesque eagle. His face was so noble and benignant, he might have been the “ living creature ” of Revelation.

A very pretty creature was a tiny heron-shaped bird, bright rusty brown, with a pearly grey head, which flitted in and out of the sedges.

This was one of my few solitary days and it is a very strange and delightful sensation for a few hours to be absolutely alone in the wilds. The paddlers, without waiting for any orders, brought a deck chair ashore and set it in a shady place. It was a thicket on a lofty promontory with the pink pentstemon already noticed, growing all round. I handed them bananas and they brought me flowers. They evidently wanted a rest,

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so I took one too, but not sleeping. No, the moments were far too precious to lose.

First there was all this wondrous beauty of stream and shore, and heavenly solitude, and then there was the wonder of being here at all. The strange linking of events; that two other such unadventurous people as the Coillards, from their modest mid-century homes in different countries, should have been brought together; and forced almost against their will step by step into this wilderness to carry out the designs of Providence. There was a moment when one could truly say that this couple, though caring only for the Kingdom of God, held the destinies of this African empire in the hollow of their hand, to give or to withhold: its sovereign ready to be guided by their counsel as to which Power's protection he should accept. No doubt had he hesitated it would sooner or later have been taken by force, but then the sky above me now would have lost a glory. It was just the knowledge that our country's guardianship came to us by goodwill and not by conquest that made me so happy to be here.

I was glad and proud to think that one of my kindred had been the first white woman to make a home here in this wilderness. My thoughts went back to that letter of Cecil Rhodes inviting her widowed husband, not even an Englishman by birth, to be its first Resident Commissioner, and his answer, "I cannot serve two masters." It was not a small thing to refuse. Looking out upon it all I realized that as never before what the Temptation meant, "All these will I give thee and the glory of them." No vulgar ambition could appeal to François Coillard, but to guide even for a few years the destinies of this great African dominion, to inspire its rulers and to frame its laws might seem a God-given task. Yet he never hesitated—"My Kingdom is not of this world." He did a greater work for it than ruling it.

"It takes a soul to move a body,  
It takes a high-souled man to move the masses  
Even to a cleaner styte."

And what was his reward? None down here, certainly. He got no earthly honours or rewards. He markedly missed them. But "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."



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However, we had to re-embark, and about 4 p.m. we stopped at a place called Kama, apparently a creek or backwater, with deep inky pools in which I am told there are jelly fish, but I did not see them. Here near a cluster of huts stood a waggon and a cart and some people, one at least, in skirts, who I thought must be my hosts, Rev. and Mme. Beguelin, but, on landing at a horribly smelling place all black mud, only natives were to be seen. My paddlers deposited my baggage beyond the mud limit and made to start off home, leaving me alone, and deaf to my protestations. They wanted to get back before nightfall. Having no idea what to do I walked up the bank with all the dignity I could muster and waited for Inspiration. It came out of the forest in the form of a young man in white kilt, white shirt and white drill tunic, who said, "I am Imakombiri, and the Rev. Beguelin is very sorry he cannot come to meet you." Some history of a mule followed which I couldn't make out, but, knowing that *ce coquin-là est capable de tout*, I inquired only how I was to get to Lukona. A hammock with six porters was produced, and while they were taking up my baggage I had time to recognize in Imakombiri the boy who had accompanied M. Coillard and myself in 1903. After his master's death Miss Kiener had adopted him and educated him at Lovedale, and now he was the schoolmaster at Lukona.

The scrub here came down almost to the water's edge, concealing all the country beyond. As we progressed towards our goal, I wondered more and more how it was ever discovered without an aeroplane. We first spent about an hour traversing the forest, which in no way resembled anything you see in jungle pictures. There was no brushwood, every bit of it had been burnt to tinder. Bleached and blackened trunks hideously twisted lie about everywhere and take grotesquely human forms; you keep thinking you are seeing black men hiding behind skeletons of prehistoric beasts. There is nothing friendly and small, no grass, no flowers, no creepers, and especially no moss. This I think is what makes the trees look so dead, though the tops are green and glossy—a hard metallic shade, like no vegetation in Europe, except, as some one has said, like the artificial wreaths laid on tombstones.

But though so leafy, they afford no shade and very little

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privacy. You might walk a mile away without losing sight of your escort or they of you. The silence is unbroken except by the shriek of a bird at regular intervals. Otherwise it is utterly lifeless, not an ape, not an insect moves. Even an hour of it got on one's nerves : it makes one understand better the marvellous spirit that bore the pioneers forward, through days and months of this. With the rains, every one says it changes, flowers and birds come out, but now it was unspeakably dreary. It is called the Kalamba.

At last we emerged on a vast plain, flat as a pancake, evidently once a lake like so many others in Africa, and covered with sparse stubble grass. It took us another hour to cross this. In the middle Imakombiri stopped and showed me the exact place where the mule had got the better of M. Beguelin. The men started off again too soon and tumbled me out, however no bones were broken. At last the veld began to dip very slightly towards a dried-up swamp. We saw in front of us a white track running down a wooded hill and projecting itself into the level in the form of a raised causeway ending in a wooden arch. All along the edge of the plain as far as the eye could reach lay villages overshadowed by tall thick trees, evidently rooted in moisture.

We reached the station on the summit just before sunset, and I was welcomed by M. and Mme. Beguelin and their three baby girls, and lodged in a delightful little guest chamber close to the mission house. My host was very apologetic on account of not having been able to meet me.

At Lukona, on the western side of the country, one is in the midst of pristine savagery. We have no more the semi-civilized Barotse or very few of them, with their haughty airs and superabundant clothing, but instead the forest folk, a congeries of different wild tribes ; also many derelicts have drifted here, slaves, deserted wives, friendless children, and above all lepers. It is not a cheerful place.

One misses the usual glorious sunsets here, as the sun disappears early behind the hill, and cold shadows fall, whereas Mabumbu, the corresponding station on the eastern side, catches the last warm afterglow. After dark the horizon is

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lighted up by grass fires on a heroic scale, by which one can understand the horror of Sodom and Gomorrah (though it is not the villages that burn here). Oddly enough, the natives themselves call a group of these villages by these names, and doubtless not without reason.

Lions still haunt the encircling forest. Indeed, Mme. Beguelin had heard one roaring while her husband was away at the Conference, and I was told the cattle were now being killed and the local magistrate had gone out to kill in turn. Also leopards had been breaking into the poultry yard. In the early days of the station, a few years back, no one walked across it alone after dark, not even returning to their respective houses. Two boys with weapons always had to form an escort. All this was exhilarating news for a guest; but we were entirely undisturbed throughout my visit.

*August 10.* We walked down the hill to the mission garden. Quite a procession. Two of the babies in little hammocks and the oldest in arms. The garden, splendidly irrigated, was flourishing. Bananas especially were doing well. They bear the fruit on one tree and the rich velvety red blossoms on another, and in the summer hundreds of little red birds hover round and suck their honey. Peach trees and strawberries were also pointed out to me, but these were the trimmings. Vegetables were the great thing. It turned very chilly, however, and as we returned and mounted the hill it got warmer and warmer, the woodland breathing out the heat absorbed during the day. The surroundings are the reverse of picturesque, the fields being all reaped and the brushwood burned around the station. This is to keep down the mosquitoes, as they breed in tangled vegetation.

William Kualela, the catechist, came to pay his respects. M. Jalla had brought him to Europe and to visit us many years ago. I asked him what had impressed him most in England and he replied, "That people could do so many different things." I also had a further talk with Imakombiri, who had helped to nurse Uncle Frank in his illness and was with him when he died. With tears in his eyes he said, "I am so glad to see you. I never thought I should see you again." I asked if he remembered getting lost; and he laughed

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and said "Yes," and in reply to further inquiries told me he had a good wife, who brought up his children well, and his mother, too, was a Christian.

In the evening we had a talk about prayer and spiritual power, and read aloud a remarkable article on "The Place of Prayer in Missions," by Mother Edith, of the Oxford Mission to India (from the *International Review of Missions*). It is a bit of first-hand experience. They devoted about three hours a day to prayer, besides daily and weekly devotional meetings, and the work of conversion advanced with gathering momentum till it almost seemed to go of itself.

Mme. Beguelin, who has been a hospital nurse, is very earnest and simple as well as very sweet. The women in the mission field do not have so much theological dead weight to carry as the men. And for that reason I believe their presence and influence is specially helpful in these days to counterbalance that intellectual and critical cargo.

*August 11.* Catechumen's class at a quarter of an hour after sunrise. Very few in England one fears would present themselves for confirmation if that was the hour for religious instruction. Visited schools which were being examined.

A very interesting sight was a market of manioc flour. About fifty large baskets full of the snow-white powder were brought by as many people. It was quite a picture to see them grouped round the granary emptying their baskets into the cook boy's pail as he stood in the doorway measuring it off, giving them chits for the cloth they were to receive in exchange and then tossing it into the bins. This was the periodical provision for the workmen, paddlers, porters, etc., who when they are engaged for a job have to get their food given out by their employer. This is why missionaries have to deal in cloth and they wish it was not necessary. I say "deal," not "trade." The position is most difficult, for if they make a profit they are trading and if they don't make a profit they are undercutting the traders, so it is difficult to please everybody.

Evening, walk down the hill, as usual this time to the village, where bananas, cotton trees and sugar canes were growing. The cotton tree is the king's property; he distributes the seed

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and claims the crop. Very quaint chicken roosts, formed of a little roof-tree resting on five or six poles. Also castor oil bushes growing wild, a very pretty shrub.

*August 12.* Mail came bringing news of Empress Eugenie's death.

A deplorable leper waiting outside dispensary which is quite close to the house. They all come there and sit in the sand; others with bare feet walked over it. How can anybody wonder that it spreads? Conversation on the subject with M. Beguelin and afterwards with Mme. Beguelin. It seems that a former king, Sepopa, the one whose conduct caused the revolution, banished the lepers here—as many as he could—just to be out of his sight apparently, for nothing has ever been done for them either here or elsewhere. They are not segregated, they are not outcasts. Better really if they were, as it would be easier to shepherd them. They just go on living and suffering and intermarrying with untainted people. The B.'s say that in their experience it *is* hereditary, but that it often skips a generation. E.g., a catechist, Gideone, died of leprosy. His widow has got it now [1922, she has since died], none of his children have it, but *their* children have developed it and several have succumbed. They do not think it is connected with a fish diet. They say it is much worse here, where the people never get any, than down on the river banks, where the people live on it—dried and any age.

The latest Indian authorities on the subject say it is *not* hereditary and no one is born a leper, but that children are specially susceptible to the infection and consequently ought to be separated from the hour of birth from an infected parent. If this is done they seldom develop it. Dr. Reutter our medical missionary in 1903, estimated that at Lukona one person in ten had leprosy and the proportion now is certainly higher. About that time other complaints almost unknown before began to be brought from the mines and about 80 per cent. are now affected by them. Not more than one person in ten is on the AI list here. There is no European doctor this side of the river and never has been.

A few of the lepers come up to the dispensary, about seven or eight per day, and get chaulmoogra oil and ointment and

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dressings. They are not touched: all is done with forceps. But nothing can really be done unless steps are taken on a large scale, because, short of Government control, the natives would never submit to segregation long enough to do any good. I was told later on by the Commissioner for Native Affairs in Southern Rhodesia that there the Company's Government segregates them "ruthlessly," he said. They are given fields and cattle, and alleviations but no intercourse is allowed with others. As a consequence, the disease is decreasing and even now there are not many. Barotseland being a native state, the Government cannot act in the same direct way: and the Paramount Chief and his lekhotla do not realize the urgency of doing something of the kind. Besides, it would cost a good deal, and public spirit is markedly lacking. In the evening we read aloud an article on "Missions and Leprosy," by John Jackson, of the Missions to Lepers in the East. The Beguelins would be only too glad to undertake the charge if anything were organized here, but certainly it seems a fitter work for the unmarried than for the parents of a young family.

*August 16.* We went to visit Gideone's daughter, who had just had a baby. From the round main court they opened a door into a little bean-shaped side-court. There was just room for two mats end to end. On the one lay the young mother with her new-born child; a little pinky brown thing, not black at all, a very fine healthy infant. On the other, head to head with her, lay her mother the leper with her gaping wounds. A little fire of sticks burned between them, acting, let us hope, as a sterilizer of germs. But what hope is there for a child in such circumstances?

I have been asking if the natives themselves find their ailments repugnant, as they don't seem to wince or feel pain very much. Mme. Beguelin replied, "They all say they can't understand how we can touch the sores of people who are not our own children." M. Beguelin said, "——'s wife says she could not do it for her own mother; it is only the missionaries who can."

And yet through the influence of Christianity in Europe many people who are not believers at all can do it. Sometimes

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it seems a pity that all works of benevolence tend more and more to be secularized so that the world at large sees no connexion between the Gospel and the blessings which have really sprung from it as here one does—the care of the sick and aged, orphanages, education, child welfare, hygiene : all State Departments now in Europe, but heathenism has none of them.

There are a great many slaves in this neighbourhood and the Liberation Edict of 1906 is to a great extent a dead letter. Few of the people know their chiefs have no right to enslave them, and when they do it makes very little difference unless they go away, for any man who asserted himself against his chief would not get a field to till, and no other chief would employ him, so he would starve. This is one great cause of men going to the mines and elsewhere to work, leaving their wives and children behind. Thus they are almost as much separated from their families as they were by their owners when they were serfs.

There is a great mixture of tribes in this neighbourhood. Many of them are very backward and there is far more superstition and secret practising of witchcraft than amongst the Barotse proper. One of the lady missionaries, a trained nurse, gives this instance :

“ As we drew near the village of the Ma-Wiko we saw a crocodile drawn in the sand ; the scales were made of bits of bark. Around it there were a few sticks planted in the sand and a kind of string drawn around it so as to close the crocodile in. In the centre there was the head of a hen. These fowls are the sacred creatures of the tribe. In the village there is a boy suffering from a disease called by these people ‘ crocodile,’ and that crocodile has been placed there just at the entrance of the village so that anyone not seeing his way in the dark might walk on it and get the disease. In that way the boy would be healed.”

Indeed, the principle of “ passing it on ” has been elevated to a fine art, and in the same way, if a person gets cut or wounded, they will place in the path a sharp crock or a bit of glass so that the wound may be transferred to some one else, the only way they know of to get rid of it themselves.

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August 13. Again present at examinations. They were asked unexpectedly to write a composition on *the Gramophone*, which had lately been shown them. Almost all the scholars remarked on it as a Gift of God, which proved His favour to the white people. A typical one was as follows :—

### THE GRAMOPHONE.

(Translated from *Sikololo*, the local dialect.)

I have seen the missionary's instrument of music ; it astonished me very much, and also its songs. What astonished us is that it sings its songs all by itself. There are trumpets in great number, and then when it sings we cannot sing with it. Above all, we are astonished by the wisdom of the White People: Their wisdom does not come from man, but it comes from God. They are from God ; they love God, and He, too, loves them, and they work for Him. That is why He has given them the wisdom to make such wonderful things. And we ! We ought to study the things of the white man. Let us cast away our evil that we may learn the things of God, and let us no more learn just to talk—talk about things that are useless, but let us learn the Word of God. It is there we shall find wisdom, the great wisdom of God, which altogether surpasses the wisdom of this world.

### MOBITA.

Aged about 17.

(Surprise Subject for Examination.)

The following (also a surprise subject) is in another strain. I believe the writer was a student of the Normal School at Sefula :—

### WHAT I AM INDEBTED FOR TO THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

(Original English.)

In reading the Marotse history, I was sorry to think what many people and the country had been in the days of Mwana-mbinji, Mataa and others. Most of the people were barbarous, ignorant and blood-thirsty. They had frequently hated and attacked each other (in) so often that they had been separated each from the other.

The country, in those days, passed through the gloomiest period of its history ; the people were as brutes against each other.

Now, when I read all these (things), my heart is really lifted up in thankfulness to think how happy I am that, instead of all these miseries, God has given me to leave (i.e., live) in these present days of peace. He has sent me His Gospel of peace and of light, which my predecessors had not seen or heard of. The Gospel has brought for me great and beneficent advantages, for which I am expected to show my gratitude and thankfulness. It has laid down the arms of wars,



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and has brought peace to my country. It has crushed the power of the devil, and has eclipsed many miserable evils, and heathenish manners which would, I am afraid, have overwhelmed me.

If I had lived in those days, before the Gospel of Christ came, what would I have been?—O, poor boy, I would have been nothing else that (i.e., than) a captive or subject to any man who would have, in the frequent wars, found me alone. I would have been, perhaps, taken to a strange land in bondage and slavery, and there, I would have led my life in a more different and difficult way than I do now. Again, more than this, If the Gospel of Christ had not come, I would have remained in darkness, and would have clung to the heathenish manners of superstition. I would have been forced to adopt worshipping "litino" and the dead kings as many people do. I would have also been deprived of education, without which a man is like an empty vessel. But, instead of all this, Christ's Gospel has enlightened me, and I know what my life is, and what I must do to save it. I am also educated, and this education comes through or with the Gospel of Christ.

Now, what shall I do with the light of the Gospel of Christ? O, it calls upon me that I should, so far as I am concerned, proclaim it to all my people; so that they might also, through God's grace, come to His light. This is what I owe to the Gospel.

Situmba's composition. 29 vi 20.

(pupil of ivth Class)

Age about 17.

Evening, conversation on a different subject, viz., deserted wives and widows. Here the single life is not understood and indeed is hardly practicable. However, a Christian woman forfeits her church-membership if she voluntarily marries a man with other wives. But the alternative of living on the station is not wholly satisfactory. It tends to pauperize a woman and to make her selfish, idle and exacting. The missionary and his wife are expected to do everything for her.

A case in point. A widow, who has lost five children and is herself sickly, was attending the enquirers' class when, against the advice and entreaties of the Beguelins, she married a polygamist. Result, she herself had to leave the class, for it is hypocrisy to say she wants to be a Christian and at the same time deliberately to flout the law of Christ. Mme. B. said to her, "But you have your own field" (a woman can always get a field from the chief to cultivate), "and you can live on the station, why not remain unmarried?"

"Oh, but I should have no clothes, no blanket, no meat,

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no fish, or seasoning for my manioc porridge. It is a husband who provides all those things for one."

Mme. B. asked a certain widow, whom I will call Phœbe, to dissuade the woman. Phœbe is a deserted wife living on the station. "Tell her you are quite happy; show her that she can do it, too." But Phœbe's reply was:—

"Oh, but Missi, I am dying of dulness, without a husband and children."

So the widow went her own way. Meanwhile M. B. had tackled the man. "Why won't you leave her alone? She wants to be a Christian, you won't be one yourself, and you are preventing her."

"Moruti, I am not preventing her. I don't choose to be a Christian myself, but *she* wants to be a Christian and *I* want her to be one, and you are turning her out of the class. The only person who prevents her from being a Christian is yourself."

A fallacy of course, but rather a facer for a young missionary. Their standards are not those of Christendom (and, indeed, Christendom seems to be going back to theirs, according to the modern trend).

*August 14.* Honey for breakfast. The natives bring it ready strained, the B.'s boil it and strain it again. The combs (found in trees) are dark brown. Only wild bees, apparently. Here it is very difficult to get meat, so we live on pork and chicken. Both are very thin, tough and flavourless as a rule, and not at all as luxurious as they sound. Last night the trader sent a leg of mutton as a present. They are almost all very friendly with the missionaries nowadays. Milk hereabouts is however very abundant, also fruit and vegetables, so we are having butter, cheese and milk-bread, which is very nice.

This was a very interesting day. M. Beguelin and I started out at 8.30 a.m. to visit the surrounding villages and invite people to the Sunday services to-morrow. If this were not done they would not come in these parts, where there is no leading chief to set the example.

It was already very hot and the flowers are beginning to come out. Plenty of hibiscus *cannabinis*, with its glossy cream-

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coloured flowers. The natives make string of its tough fibres, dyeing it brown, red, and black. Later on I saw ropes of it, a beautifully silky flax-like twist. It is as plentiful as nettles at home and ought to have a great future. Also the pale pink pentstemon, and a darker of the same kind, but growing on a shrubby plant. But teasels and weeds are the most abundant. The paw-paws in the villages grow to the size of trees, and are full of fruit, but it is no good at all to eat except when the plants are young. It is a delicious fruit, especially with sugar and lemon juice to counteract its slightly mawkish taste. There are two or three varieties, however, and one is much more flavoursome than the others.

The villages here have quite a character of their own. In the Barotse plain, when you have seen one you have seen all. From twelve to twenty round straw huts, with thatched conical roofs, like hayricks, are huddled together, with only just room to pass between their encircling courts in which there is generally a paw-paw tree; sometimes nowadays peaches or oranges. The nucleus is the chief's hut, which is usually rectangular, a miniature of those I have already described, with a wide, very well-swept court, and a separate kitchen, a thatched roof resting on posts. Nothing more.

Here the villages form an almost continuous chain along the spongy ground at the foot of the hills in front of the thickly branched and glossy trees, quite different from those in the scrub. The courts are very large and well kept on the whole. They were rather empty as most people were at work in their fields. Those we saw were almost devoid of clothing, they wear a few beads (but during and since the war these have become scarce); and their disfiguring sores were painfully conspicuous. Blindness, entire or partial, seems very common. We must have visited nearly a dozen villages, though it is hard to distinguish where they begin and leave off.

The men were slightly clothed, the women hardly at all. One poor old soul all skin and bone, with a mass of black wool standing straight up over her head, was cowering over a fire. She had nothing on at all but three large *native* bandages, one on her right arm and one on each leg. These limbs were hideously diseased, shrunken to sticks in some places, in others swelled out with gangrenous wounds, which the bandages did

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not cover. Her back was all scored with burns and she was trying to warm herself at this little fire of reeds, though it was already unbearably hot in the sun. M. B. thought she had leprosy, and expressed his sympathy with her. She replied, "I have antelope disease," naming a special forest deer, "I ate part of one some years ago, and got this disease." Her features had not the characteristics of lepers, and it is possible she had a kind of blood-poisoning from eating something that had died of itself. At home these things are hidden from us in hospitals; here they stalk abroad: and one realizes what the Divine purity must have been that could touch these wounds and yet be undefiled. The ravages of disease here are awful, one sees them on every hand and at every age. The need for a medical missionary is desperate.

One blind man we saw was young and looked very cheery and jolly. All day long he plays on the Kangombio, a native Jews' harp, or as some call it, native piano, with little steel keys on a sounding board played with the fingers. He was exhorted if he liked music to come to the service to-morrow.

Another looked wretched, but he can see a tiny bit and he brings the milk to the mission station from the local chief, who was away just then at the King's fields. Everything has to be purified in some way before they dare eat it here; the children's nurse-girls come from another part of the country, and they live within the euphorbia hedge of the garden. While they are quite small the risks are not so great, but one would not care to see children running about the compound amongst its visitors; and yet these must be encouraged, not kept away.

The granaries which were numerous are very curious; some are like small huts on little platforms, but even so the mice infest them, so the choicest are plastered over with mud and the tops sealed in the same way. Some are bee-hive shaped, others cylindrical like a boiler. One village we passed through had just been transplanted and everything was perfectly new. It was indeed a little golden city, thatched roofs, walls and reed fences all looked very pretty, shining in the sun, clean and dainty; one only wished they could remain so.

I am bound to say, however, that all the villages I saw in Barotse land and round Livingstone appeared to be clean and compared favourably in neatness with the poor quarters of



FIGHTING AN EPIDEMIC.  
(Mlle. D. at Ngamboe.)



WAIFS AT SESHEKE.  
Mlle. GUGLER. Mlle. DOGMONT.  
CHILD SUFFERERS OF AFRICA.



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European cities. The sun must be a powerful disinfectant for one thing ; and then they haven't much rubbish. If they eat meat or fruit at all there is very little left to leave about ! Overhead large hawks were hovering, they circle round these villages to pick up chickens. We had noted them from the start and before we left the forest the porters had picked up a little dove still warm, evidently the latest victim. It was just the colour of a wood-pigeon but very much smaller. The buff-coloured turtle-dove is very common everywhere. M. B. says there are four kinds of these hawks in the locality, the ones we saw to-day are the largest and their beaks gleamed cruelly in the sunshine, high as they were above our heads. They are not a bit like the fishing eagles.

We entered the fine spacious court of a chief who is in the Native Police. Only his four wives and his brother were there sitting in front of a little square house. We were permitted to look in and we saw a good many of the gifts of civilization. The plan was slightly different from those I had seen, the inner corridor ran only along the front instead of all round, and three small rooms opened out of it. All were busy. The man was making little animals of black clay, a favourite and futile amusement, they gave me two, a cow and a buffalo. One of the women was beginning to make a basket, another had nearly finished one, and lying at the bottom of it was a small rag in which she had tied up her money—two sixpences at most. There we saw one of the small grass mats, just large enough for one person, which are the characteristic ones of this country.

Round Lukona, however, a special matting is produced. The industry was brought from Damaraland by the Maquangari tribe. They are woven of split cane or split reeds in a large chevron pattern, every strand being about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide, and they are a beautiful deep golden colour. The edges are neatly turned back and finished off. These mats being stiff, they will not roll up, but they make splendid ceilings and screens to line walls. Yetta's private house is all ceiled with them. These Maquangari fortify their villages with extraordinary palisades of logs like an exaggerated snake fence or *chevaux de frise*. The grown people were all friendly but the children very timid. They collected behind the granaries to peep at

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us, then when we turned our heads, they bolted like rabbits.

The most interesting court to me was the one where an old Masubia man lived who had been M. Coillard's first paddler. Molemoa is a notable person. He was deputed by the Chiefs of Sesheke to act as head captain of the boats to bring him from Kazungula and had very often paddled for him afterwards. I enquired how he regarded my uncle, and he replied with gestures of real feeling (M. Beguelin translating literally), "Oh, I *loved* him: and when I knew he was dead, it was a sorrow to me. Whenever I think I shall not see him again it is just as if I had been wounded."

I asked what he had thought when he first saw him and he replied with the same animation:

"When I arrived in charge of the canoes to bring him to Sesheke, Moruti Coillard said, 'I thank you for coming to fetch me, and now let us pray,' and by that I knew he was not a trader but a Man of God."

I asked if he were a Christian, but he replied with equal frankness: "All the missionaries make me tired talking like that," so I smiled and changed the subject: however, he seemed rather pleased than otherwise that we should have a little service before leaving his court and summoned his household.

(One is struck with the fact that if ever these people are asked, "Are you a Christian?" the enquirer simply wishing to ascertain a person's label just as one might ask, "Are you a Mohammedan or Buddhist? are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" if the answer is "No," he or she, instead of giving a plain detached reply, instantly assumes a defensive attitude, much as if one had offered an invitation they were equally embarrassed to accept or decline. It is noteworthy because it shows they instinctively understand that being a Christian is something different from merely having a religion.)

The people here are not close cropped, as both men and women are round the other stations, and they displayed wonderful head-dresses. One wore his hair like a cap: the flat head-band of Astrakan or broadtail (his own of course), the crown all over long tufts like flames of combed-out wool standing upright.

Our path now took us out into the plain, and we passed a



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large bald place, round shaped, which M. B. pointed out as the spot where they used to dance the *Sciperou*, a scandalous diversion, long forbidden both by Yetta and by his father before him. It was a sort of *revue*, people dashing forward and mimicking public or private personages or uttering witticisms about them: it was their comic paper and pantomime. I asked to be carried to see it, but in complying our porters hastily remarked that it was *never* hardly danced now. (Yet quite recently a missionary benighted on the plain of Lealui found it in full swing about 10 p.m.) We made a long round in the heat to visit two other villages, but they were nearly deserted, and we were glad to get back and spend a quiet day.

*Sunday, August 15.* About 200 at church. There was a collection, a good deal of it in maize, brought the day before. As usual after the service I had to give the congregation the greetings of their English friends, and received very warm ones in return to take back to them. These people seem extraordinarily touched *for the moment* on hearing that people who have never seen them have thought of their needs and sent them medicine and education as well as the Gospel, or perhaps one should say, as part of the Gospel.

Outside the church the men and the women ranged themselves in separate groups and saluted. M. Beguelin then introduced a very interesting person, an old Mosuto or Makololo woman, the daughter of the great Chief Sebituane, Livingstone's friend, who died during his visit in circumstances that have never been explained. (Sebituane was the Basuto chief who conquered Barotseland, the middle of last century and imposed the Sesuto language on the people, a dialect of which they still speak.)

Sekeletu, Sebituane's son and successor, who died of leprosy, was her own brother; he was a baby when Sebituane invaded the country: and this old lady was born later of the same mother. She was tall, spare and thoroughbred-looking, and I took quite a fancy to her. Her own daughter was one of Lewanika's wives and became a Christian. On my inquiring whether she was one herself she said something over her shoulder to another woman, then candidly replied:

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“ I cannot tell lies, I am not a Christian. I have turned away and now the time is past. I see others becoming Christians and it just makes me tired.”

All this with very animated gestures. The people here have a frank independent way of speaking, in pleasant contrast to the obsequious courtliness that prevails in the neighbourhood of the various princely cities.

Afterwards William the evangelist told M. Beguelin what she had said aside, viz., that she had wanted to become a Christian, but instead of going to the missionary she consulted the then Gambella, who though a church member himself, said, like another Prime Minister, “ *You had better wait and see how your daughter turns out.*” She did wait and her own inclination evaporated. And now she says, “ I don’t *want* to be a Christian.”

To change the subject I asked her if she would mind telling me the real cause of her father’s death in 1851, as notwithstanding Livingstone’s circumstantial account it had been much disputed in England, some saying that he had fallen from Livingstone’s horse, some that he had died of pneumonia, others of poison. M. Beguelin interpreted.

At this she glanced pawkily at a friend behind her and said, “ Oh, these young folk ! ” i.e. “ what silly questions they ask.” (Everything depends on the point of view. On the other hand, Imakombiri’s little wife, I was told, gave thanks at their prayer meeting for my visit in these terms: “ For as she is an aged person we know that nothing but love for us could have brought her so far ! ”) She replied, “ He did not fall from the horse, but the missionaries (i.e. Livingstone and his companion, Mr. Oswell) said, ‘ We should like to see you on horseback,’ so he mounted their horse and rode, but when he dismounted he was seized with such a terrible panic that he fell ill and died of the fright.”

As this story, if not due to the inspiration of the moment, was obviously a late gloss, I looked rather sceptical, and M. Beguelin said, “ But wasn’t there a little ‘ medicine ’ besides ? ”

She laughed and turned away her head ; and then made a confidential reply in his ear. This was, “ If the missionaries say there was a little medicine, they say *right.*”

## Lukona

The idea seems to be that the natives wished to get rid of the white visitors, but knowing they were under the protection of the Makololo conqueror, they put an end to him first, intending to poison the others afterwards. Although they did not bring this off, it is well known that they did poison the members of the Helmore and Price expedition of the London Missionary Society, who responded to Livingstone's appeal for a pioneer work at the Zambesi. Mr. Price and one child alone escaped with their lives. Livingstone attributed this wholesale death-dealing to the Makololo tribe whom the Barotse soon afterwards massacred almost to the last man, restoring their own dynasty. But they preserved a large number of women for themselves, as they admired the race and each chief who secured a Makololo wife treated her with marked honour as his chief prize, which no doubt accounts for this aged woman's survival.

She is a very entertaining old lady, full of quips and jests, and it would be an error to say she was a consummate beggar. Rather consider that as the daughter of a conquering King she lays everybody under contribution.<sup>1</sup> This indeed she is, though some people find it difficult to realize that Africans possess anything corresponding to rank and lineage.

The old Masubia chief from the village came up to pay his respects. He had not been to church he said, because he had a headache (this universal Sunday malady is unaffected by climate or latitude).

<sup>1</sup> *Livingstone's First Expedition to Africa* (J. Murray, p. 58) (date 1851): "The Chief Sebituane had started from the Barotse town of Nalicle down to Sesheke as soon as he heard of white men being in search of him, and now came 100 miles more to bid us welcome into his country (i.e. as far as the Chobe marshes westward). . . . He was about 45 years of age. . . . Just, however, as he had established relations with the white man, which had long been his predominant desire, Sebituane fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in an old wound. . . . I was afraid to treat him medically lest in the event of his death I should be blamed by his people. . . . I was never so much grieved by the loss of a black man before and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the other world, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead."

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I showed him some photographic views of the river and people and presented him with a setsiba ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of stuff), because he had helped my uncle so much ; and said it had been a great privilege for him to have opened the door of the country to so many of the servants of God : in this way he had rendered a great service to his own people. Not to be outdone, but also, I believe, quite sincerely, he replied with his usual eloquent gestures, that he was thankful for Moruti Coillard's coming, and that he recognized it had been a great blessing to the country and especially because he had brought up Litia (Yetta) and Mokamba, his Prime Minister, who had grown up to govern the country so wisely. But still he was not a Christian himself. " It made him tired."

I asked if I might tell him a little story, and he assented. A great chief who was walking on the banks of a wide river kept hearing snatches of a song, the sweetest he had ever heard. At last he saw they came from a fisherman out on the water, so he called to him, " Come ashore and sing me that song. I want to hear the whole of it."

" To him the mariner replied  
In courteous tones but free,  
' I never sing that song,' he cried,  
' But to one who sails with me.'"

The paddler smiled and said, " I understand it very well." We parted good friends. I hope one day he will come into the ship and learn the New Song. But Livingstone wrote, " I found at the Zambesi people were never so much impressed by the cleverness of the illustration as by the fact itself of the Resurrection from the Dead."

And indeed it is quite easy to improvise these little parables. The whole atmosphere seems to generate them. But it is much harder, as my acquaintance Mr. H—— had said, " to get it across to them," and still more so to get *them* across, out of darkness into the light.

We have very interesting talks in the evenings. To-night M. and Mme. Beguelin were telling me about a new French sculptor, a peasant named Paul Dardi whom some think to be a genius above Rodin. We read an article about him and his work by Gustave Riou. From this we went on to sacred subjects in art, sculpture first and then the subjects themselves,

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e.g. the Temptation of our Lord. How far, if at all, can these be expressed in the plastic arts ?

I wish I could put into a sentence the beautiful thought that seemed to be given to us as we conversed. Satan showed Our Saviour "all the Kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." No doubt chiefly the adjacent countries, Syria and Syro-phœnicia. "All the glory of them" could not impress One who had come from the Glory of the Father: from all that His eye rested upon, His heart received but one impression—not human glory but human *need*. He went straight back to His home, and preached to the village congregation about what? Naaman the Syrian leper and the widow of Sarepta. That was what He took from the world-view to speak to them about: the fact that all the power of God operating through Elijah and Elisha had been expended on these two who alone were open to receive His grace at the time.

"None of them was healed save Naaman the Syrian." But since then, how many souls have been saved through the story of Naaman ?

And in His ministry on earth there were two parallel cases, the Roman centurion and the Syro-phœnician woman, whose faith was tested and proved to be greater than that of any in Israel. Would we be without the record of these outlanders? And yet how insignificant they must have seemed to their contemporaries.

So, is it not a comfort for us when we seem only able to touch one or two lepers and lonely women—a chief here, a rejected wife there, to realize that it is well worth while? We do not know what the results may prove to be, all down the ages to come, of saving only one or two, even if the rest are rejecting, as Israel was rejecting the prophets, and the Greater than all.

*August 16.* A Scotch merchant, Mr. D——, spent the day here—one of the pioneers of Rhodesia. He told us all about the Jameson Raid and the second Matabele War; he was in Bulawayo when it broke out and fought in it. I will only say here that the details he gave corroborated all that we have heard on the subject, whilst amplifying the details. The Matabele outbreak was the direct outcome of the Jameson

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Raid. The Government would not serve out arms, although the rising was imminent, because the Jameson Raid had made them so nervous about giving guns to civilians. Refugees from the veld kept pouring in with tales of massacre by the Matabele, so the men of the town went in a body with poles and battered in the doors of the Government Ordnance Stores and secured their own arms for themselves, and only just in time. The Matabele surrounded Bulawayo on the north, east and west, but left the south open to drive the white men down to the sea, concluding that all the fighting men had gone out in the Jameson Raid and so the Relief Force was able to march up from this quarter.

But the rinderpest raging at the same time killed off all the oxen so rapidly that the traders and refugees had to leave all their waggons on the way and straggle in on foot and these waggons were looted by the Relief Force, out of pure "devilment" apparently. Many persons and firms, he said, suffered greatly from this, especially Julius Weil, the firm he was then with. Mr. D—— also talked about old Ma-Sebituane. She is always wheedling things out of him, and he says that last Sunday afternoon, after the long walk to church, she went all the way to his store (over an hour away) just to get the usual *douceur* which he can never succeed in refusing her.

Mlle. Jalla arrived with Mlle. Schneller. The latter is going to live here now; it was her fiancé's station, Rev. Robert Dieterlen. When the Beguelins arrived, they found his house just as he had locked it up and left it at the word "Rejoin"—even his plate and half-empty cup of tea. All his things, given to her by his parents, are awaiting her here with his life task. We spent a pleasant evening singing Welsh hymns and chatting.

*August 17.* To daily service 7 a.m. Afterwards we all walked to the sawpit and M. Beguelin showed us different native woods. He exhibited a few bits of touchwood—all that remained of a huge tree; because it had been left out and got wet, it rotted away. But the same wood if sawn up at once, seasoned and made into furniture, will last for

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years. They have some very nice pieces, especially a bureau made of it. I greatly admire the furnishing of the mission houses. Except the dinner table, bedsteads, and one or two easy-chairs, all furniture is locally made, some out of packing cases most ingeniously put together and painted : whole suites of this : and the more ambitious pieces made of these local woods with a beautiful clouded grain, red and white. No lime here, so the walls are washed with manioc flour tinted with Reckitt's blue or some other dye-stuff if handy.

Then they make soap of pork fat and caustic soda (imported), salad oil of monkey nuts, vinegar of bananas—everything is turned to account.

I made a sketch while here of the view from just below the station over the plain with a fine tree in the foreground. But no one will believe in it because the tints seem to exhibit spring, summer, autumn and winter all at once. The bare plain is winter—swept as it has been these days by grass fires ; the big tree, spring ; the surrounding scrub, autumn—with its brown and purple bushes ; and the middle distance summer, the belt of emerald green groves at the foot of the hill.

Here at Lukona one lives so close to barbarism, with its thinly-veiled horrors and miseries, that perhaps this chapter may leave too dark a picture on the mind.

So before leaving the subject, I cannot resist the temptation to quote two little stories of its inhabitants from the letters of Mlle. Kuntz, who spent some time here, showing that even here the " honest and good heart " is sometimes found and the milk of human kindness.

### THE GRANDFATHEK.

" I forgot to relate the pretty scene I witnessed. It is unique in this country. A certain man, already aged, lost at the same time, his wife and his daughter. The latter left a baby a fortnight old, and the son-in-law instead of troubling about his child, set off to get work in the south. The grandfather has to take charge of the baby, which is now four months old, and it is pretty to see how he manages with it. At the mission station they give him milk every day, and he gets the baby to drink it. He carries it on his back in a skin, just like the

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women ; he takes it out to the fields with him. At church, he sits down among the women, saying that he does not know himself whether he is a man or a woman ! One can see how he loves this baby. It is charming to witness."

Mlle. Kuntz writing seven months later continues the story of this old man, who was still just as devoted to his grandchild, and adds : " He himself is dirty, hairy, and odoriferous, but the baby is always clean, and doubtless in God's sight this ignorant old heathen wears a white robe." She continues :—

### MA-MAÏNGA.

" Then there is the old blind Ma-Maïnga, who is always escorted by a few little waifs, poor little creatures without hearth or home, whom she has found means to adopt, although she herself often suffers from hunger. But she does not take thought for the morrow ; at this moment she has food in hand, so she takes care of these poor little fledglings dropped out of their nest ; and moreover the children adore her, and make little treats for her wherever they go.

" Though deserted by her husband, neglected by her son, who lived with his father and cared for only by her step-daughter, a half-imbecile girl, Ma-Maïnga was extraordinarily serene. A simple, confiding soul, she did good without being aware of it. Some day perhaps you would be feeling lonely, sad, oppressed. Suddenly you would hear Ma-Maïnga's cheery voice greeting you, and would see her raising her sightless eyes to " see " you, and her broad forehead, on which rested a wonderful expression of freshness, youth and peace. A little friendly word, addressing her as *Ma-sechaba* (mother of the Tribe) which I had bestowed upon her because of her escort of little children, and which sent her into fits of laughter, was quite enough to make her happy. Children adored her ; and she was always bringing me new ones to the Sunday afternoon gathering . . . and girls to the sewing class. When I wanted to inquire after any child, I only had to ask the blind woman ; she knew them all.

" Though a professing Christian for a long time past, she had not been baptized, for the missionaries thought she did not understand the things of God, her soul was so arrested, so



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undeveloped to human appearances. But perhaps in God's sight this woman with the big child's heart had long been a baptized soul! Her favourite hymn, the only one indeed that she knew by heart, was, 'I have a Good Shepherd,' a simple paraphrase for children of the 23rd Psalm.

"A day came when Ma-Maïnga did not appear at the station, and we were told she had taken cold, and at last M. Ellenberger went to see her and found her seriously ill. She expressed the wish to come and stay with the missionaries. The next day we went to fetch her, my four girls and myself. We found her in her poor dilapidated court, surrounded by a swarm of little children, her most faithful friends; not a single grown-up person; the whole village was absent at that moment. Already she could not walk, and let herself be carried on our arms in a 'dandy chair,' unable even to put her arms round our necks, but murmuring words of gratitude, dear old creature.

"Happily, some women came to our help on the way, and we were able to lay her down in the fine clean courtyard of Priscilla, one of our Christians who received her into her house. She only lived one day longer; the pneumonia was acute and carried her off, notwithstanding our nursing. The whole day she kept on reiterating the same request, which we could not manage to understand, her voice was so weak. At last, towards the evening, M. Ellenberger made out what she was asking for so earnestly; it was that we would tell her the text she had to learn for the catechizing and which she was afraid of forgetting!

"During the night, while she was sleeping peacefully, she awoke suddenly with her usual frank laugh, and called her son and daughter-in-law who were with her, and embraced them once more with motherly affection. Then she said to the women watching round her, 'Why do you keep me back? Open the door wide, for they are coming to fetch me.' And *they*, those whom no one else could see, set the door wide open so that from her poor life of darkness, the blind woman passed into the light!"

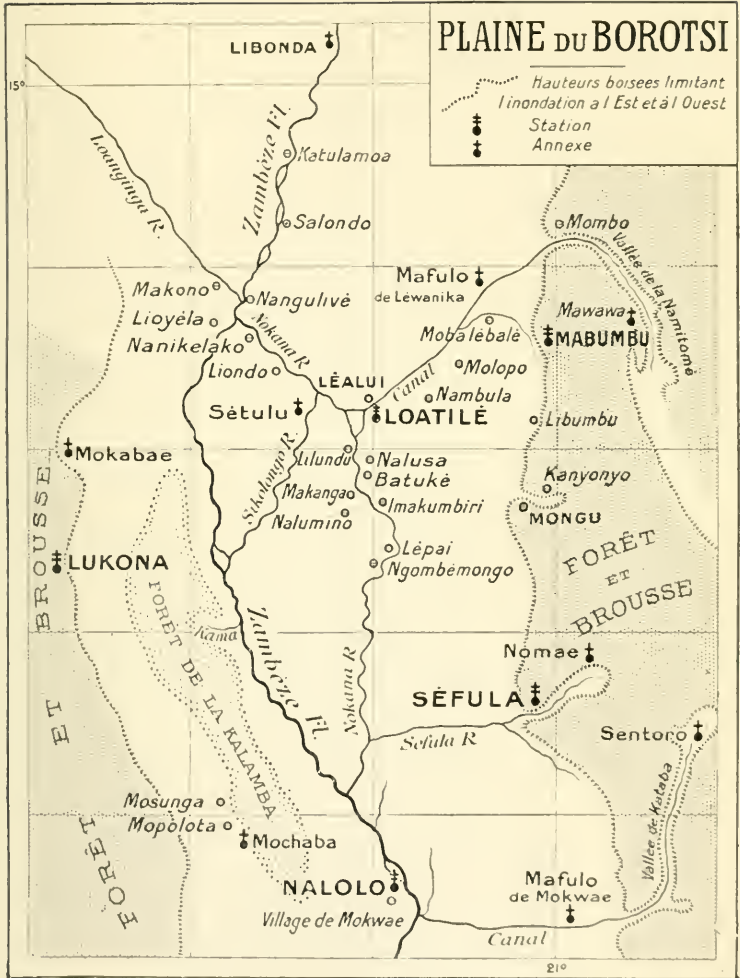
**AUGUST 18.** Left Lukona on the west bank of the Zambesi for Sefula on the east, a good bit farther south: so the journey was again different after the first stage during which M. Beguelin kindly accompanied me.

Itinerary as follows:

- 8 a.m. Left station.  
 8.15-9.15. Crossing Lukona plain; dry sand, sable antelopes.  
 9.15-10.15. Traversing forest.  
 10.15. Emerging on to the great Barotse plain. Very wet and boggy.  
 11.15. Reached the Zambesi (a branch, not the main stream). Took to boat.  
 12 midday. Reached Naliele. Sebituane's capital in Livingstone's time. Here M. Beguelin took leave of me, hoping to get a shot at the antelopes on the way back as meat was almost unprocurable.

Naliele no longer exists as a town. It is simply a manioc field, terraced with earthworks which may have been Sebituane's.<sup>1</sup> There is not a sign of former occupation, though there is a tiny group of huts, quite modern, at the side. Yet Naliele is still conspicuously marked on the latest maps. M. Beguelin returned in a boat borrowed from the local chief, Yetta's half-brother. His mother was the daughter of King Sepopa. I did not know of this personage's existence, but as my hammock was going through his village I remarked to M. B. on the aristocratic appearance of the inhabitants. One of

<sup>1</sup> Livingstone says: "Naliele, the capital, is erected on an eminence which was thrown up by Santuru, a former chief and was his storehouse for grain. . . . Only a few cubic feet remain of a mound which it took the whole of his people many years to erect." It is still smaller now.



THE BAROTSE PLAIN.

By kind permission of Rev. A. Casalis.



## Sefula

them preceded us to the river and introductions followed. M. B. asked if we might borrow his boat and he agreed with most polished courtesy. Though very stout, he was a fine-looking man of the bull-necked type, large dark eyes and dilating nostrils. He is an African Samson and can take a bull by one horn and tear it out. Not a parlour trick, but such is primitive man. In some other respects he has an affinity for cattle, but it hardly becomes anyone whose forbears may have followed the famous Phairshon or any other Highland cateran to criticize its manifestations! I will therefore only mention that the Beguelins' cook-boy, considering himself aggrieved by this chief's high-handed methods, laid a complaint against him in the lekhothla and actually obtained a verdict against him, the King's brother, not from a white magistrate but from a native court of chiefs. So great is the change in the administration of justice.

Another case illustrates this. A missionary found that his two schoolmasters were being systematically assailed by grave and shameless temptations from opponents of his work, and when they resisted, false accusations were brought against them. On M. — insisting these should be investigated by the lekhothla, the new Gambella (a non-Christian) came to him and asked him if he would accept an adverse verdict. "Certainly, if they are guilty, they ought to be punished."

The chiefs were extremely surprised that the schoolmasters' "chief" had enough confidence in the Native Court not to attempt to interfere with its procedure. The accused had a fair trial (the old process of "smelling-out" was abolished long ago at the Capital) and one of them was able to prove his innocence: the other had no documentary proof, but the upshot was that both were triumphantly acquitted, and the lekhothla felt its own self-confidence strengthened and also its confidence in the missionaries.

Another person pointed out to me here was the King's Chief Herd, who had to keep count of every head of cattle, without any books.

This solitary cruise from 12.0 to 4.15 was just as delightful as the last. The river was beautiful with birds. Amongst others quite a colony of fishing eagles at a zigzag place with many high promontories. They were all in pairs, black and

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white, and a good deal smaller than the great brown and white ones. The current hereabouts was ascertained by Livingstone to be about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. At the landing-place M. Boiteux from Nalolo was waiting, just arrived for a visit.

The cart had come for him and the hammock with six porters for me. We kept together for a while, and he pointed out Yetta's private herd of deer, sable antelopes, lovely creatures, in the distance and we stopped and admired them for about ten minutes. Then the cart got ahead. When he was well out of sight, I suddenly felt a sharp crack on the head—at least, I was not sure I *had* a head, but, certainly, my feet were up in the air, and my front porters cheerfully carrying them forward, the rest of me was on the ground feeling "scat a' in jowds," the pole and awning on top of me. The cross piece of the hammock pole, badly secured, had worked loose, and the pole itself had been pulled away from it by the onward march. I had great difficulty in making the front porters stop and permit me to lie still a few minutes: for the moment, I was quite stunned, but, fortunately, the cushion under my head and shoulders prevented any concussion, but having no hat on, it is difficult to understand why the blow from the pole did no damage. However, I never felt any ill-effects, apparently.

The other porters were wrangling as to whose fault it was. As soon as possible I scrambled up and found the cross piece tied on again with a granny knot, so I had to undo it and also the other and secure both ends myself. We then proceeded.

In a few minutes we came to a deep swamp, so I was very glad that, thanks to our delay, looking at the deer, the accident had not happened when we were traversing pools thigh deep, especially as one of the porters would persist in carrying *his* end resting carelessly on his shoulder, whilst he was using both his hands to hold up his valuable rags, the remains of an old sack. Presently, however, they had to lift the pole to their heads to keep me out of the water, so his kilt had to get wet.

Old sacks form the usual fatigue suit. The Barotse costume which one may almost call national, a coloured kilt, red, blue or purple, with a long shirt worn outside of it, is very becoming and practical: and a white canvas coat or khaki tunic is often worn over this with good effect. But what they prefer

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to substitute is a waistcoat, buttoned tight. If it were a real sleeveless jacket, it would be all right, but the things they buy are the cast-off waistcoats of civilization ; and a waistcoat without a coat is ridiculous and undignified, because it is a living (or more usually a decaying) falsehood exposed, the front being one thing, and the back another. This observation was forced upon me during my long hammock rides when I had little else to contemplate and, unfortunately, it is not the only European folly the natives passionately adopt.

After half an hour or more in the swamps, we passed ground covered with little ant-hills like a field full of mole-hills : finally, at 5.40 we began to climb the hill and reached Sefula. This is our oldest station, the scene of the Coillards' first labours here. The Mission House is now occupied by the Rev. and Mme. Bouchet, and the Normal School is directed by Rev. and Mme. Coisson (then on furlough), M. Montverdi directing the Industrial Section.

I received a very cordial welcome from Mme. Bouchet and her little girl Lucette, and Mlle. Saucon. M. Bouchet, to my regret, was away touring with the local chief who had offered to show him suitable places for new schools and out-stations. Very tired after the long journey, but had to sit up till 2 a.m. and write letters to catch the mail.

Here I was hospitably entertained till September 6, a very happy, restful time. I have written at full length about the experiences at Lukona, because, in that distant, undeveloped spot one saw Africa as it really is—the raw material. On all the other stations, in varying degrees, one saw what the Mission has made of it. The stay at Sefula was in the nature of a holiday. Although there is a really large settlement here, all was quiescent *pro tem*. It was the moment when everybody, old and young, goes off to till their fields, corresponding to the March sowings at home, and all the schools have to be closed. The older students go away to earn their tax and college fees. The missionaries are not idle : it is their time for overhauling buildings and school material and stores ; getting the gardens into order, not pleasure grounds, but food supplies ; visiting out-stations and their scattered parishioners in their fields, and taking a needed rest themselves. It must not be imagined that the fields lie close around. Some

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of them are thirty or forty miles away across the Zambesi. It is quite common to meet people who have three homes, one at a village near the station, one far up the valley on the east, and a third on the western bank of the river. It is this which makes it so difficult to follow up mission work and watch over converts and inquirers.

On Thursday Mme. Bouchet and Mlle. Saucon took me all over this, the oldest station of the north. All is beautifully arranged. The church is at one extremity and the cemetery at the other. Between the two are three dwelling-houses in brick with their compounds, a two-roomed guest house, the village school, the Normal School, workshops, brickyard, forge, and all their kitchens, dormitories and other offices. Nothing is left of the Coillards' establishment in mud and wattle except the old church now used as a store for the workshop. The houses of the school-teachers are further back in the forest. Some of the boys were working off their fees in the carpenter's shop. As they have to pay £1 10s. a year and their books, whilst the National School gives them everything free, they are apt to think and to say roundly that the mission makes money out of them. Whereas, it is quite the other way. But this is one of the many illusions that have to be dispelled by degrees. Thirty Students are on the roll.

M. Bouchet makes some money towards the cost of those boarded with him by the sale of cheeses, which he has taught his boys to make, merely by following a receipt, with the most rudimentary appliances put together on the spot. They are Gruyère and have the correct flavour, but, owing to the difference of temperature, the holes do not work out so large in fermentation. Europeans are keen to buy them. M. Bouchet has the strongest possible views against missionaries trading or farming on their own account, indeed all our missionaries have. However, as surplus produce has to be disposed of somehow, anything they may get in this way or by coaching or examining the white people in the native language, is entered in a book which can be submitted to the Conference, if asked for, but they are free to use the money at their own discretion for the work of their own place.

The garden lies at the foot of the slope: well watered by a stream, the *Sefula*, which flows through it, entering the great



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plain at right angles. The station buildings face towards this little valley and not towards the plain, and, consequently, have a lovely view of the undulating forest land on the other side: spring and autumn colouring all at once. M. Bouchet has had a canal dug (all labour paid for by the cheeses, not by subscribers), and a little waterfall arranged which drives a small hydraulic ram. Though quite a tiny engine, and fitted up by himself, it is powerful enough to raise water to the house for a shower bath. The gardens comprise an orchard, with all kinds of fruit, tropical and European. Strawberries—we had every day, apples and raspberries are not so prosperous. Coffee and sugar canes are grown and even sago palms planted.

Here too is M. Coillard's wheat field, which is now doing well. The wheat is not sown broadcast, but by hand, in separate holes, and it comes up as in Scriptural phrase, thirty, sixty or a hundred fold: seven ears or more to a seed. There are also maize and manioc plantations. As M. Bouchet has been here nearly twenty years instead of being moved about, he has had time to develop all this. It is quite necessary, as the college boys have to be fed.

When we visited the cemetery under the great tree I felt I had reached the true goal of my pilgrimage. Seven of our missionaries lie there, besides a baby and several Basuto evangelists. It is touching, the care shown for the graves of the founders. Two little crosses of marble with the names and dates, "François Coillard," "Christina Coillard," and a slab between, inscribed in French:

"To live, is Christ."

"To the Founders of the Barotse Mission from their Colleagues."

A raised square flower-bed is enclosed with stones brought from Lukona, over thirty miles away (no stones in the great plain), and planted with roses and geraniums. The same text in Sesuto is engraved on the back of François Coillard's tomb.

Beside them lies Mlle. Kiener, their friend, who died in 1918, and four other colleagues, besides Basutos and babies. How few people have heard of Mlle. Kiener, and yet few women have been more truly heroic. She was a little village school-mistress from the Jura, about thirty-eight years old, timid and

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retiring. An earnest worker in Sunday School and Y.W.C.A., she had seldom left her native village, and knew no language but her own. Hearing of Mme. Coillard's constant illness without a white woman near her, she felt it was a call to go out and help her. Doctors refused to pass her for the tropics, and she went out on her own responsibility, in a small vessel, the *Mexican*. The railway did not reach nearly to Rhodesia, and alone and knowing no English, she travelled across the desert for two months in a trader's waggon to Kazungula. She was not out for adventures, and did not enjoy her experiences, as some women would have done; nor could she ever write about them. Her letters were few, brief and, indeed, rather dull, but she was one of that band of saintly women who have dedicated themselves to Africa for Christ's sake. She was a mother to the younger missionaries, and after nearly thirty years of labour, the fruits of it are seen in those whom she brought up and brought to Him.

Another grave is that of the Rev. Brummer, the young Orange Free Stater mentioned in Part I (pp. 20, 33, 49). After spending some time in Barotseland as a lay helper, he returned to South Africa, studied theology and received ordination; then he rejoined the P.M.S. as a real missionary and proved a most valuable recruit, beloved by all his colleagues. He understood the natives and the country so well, and was so capable and withal such a devoted Christian. His early death in 1915 was not due to the climate, but to the necessity for an operation, from which he did not recover. However, his too brief time of service has not been in vain. Later on, I saw his young widow with her little boy. She was then working as the deaconess of a church in Cape Colony, but longing to go back to the Zambesi had it been possible.

Sunday was a full day. First, Sunday School conducted by M. Monteverdi, the technical expert. 10.30, Church service. Here, as everywhere, the men's side very full, the women's less so. In the afternoon there was an Agape in the School House for Christians and catechumens. Agape! what a primitive and pleasant name it sounds! whereas "tea-meeting" chiefly suggests a dull and steamy bun-struggle, and yet they mean the same thing. Tea was provided and they brought their own mugs, mostly enamelled bowls and

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even quart pots : and maize cakes were handed round. I was asked to give them a little address, but felt unequal to the occasion. The subject was, " Who hath despised the day of small things ? " but they did not understand much of what I was driving at. However, an old Christian woman, Ma-Moendabai, one of the earliest Christians, a chief's wife, took up the subject much more effectually and poured forth a flood of reminiscences evoked by the sight of her beloved missionaries' " daughter " (i.e., niece), many of which appeared to be extremely humorous, judging by their effect on the audience.

It was all about the first days of the mission, when no one could understand what it had come for, " and many do not know now," she added, " however, people came to listen and some of them were converted, and then began the persecutions followed by many relapses, a few faithful only were left, and people would say to them, ' You only do it to get stuffs. ' "

*August 23.* M. Bouchet is back : long conversations with him and M. Boiteux about the work and hindrances to revival. The social and practical results of Christianity are more in evidence here than the spiritual ones. M. Bouchet says there are really under the surface great moral transformations. Some hideous customs that were formerly universal he was lately inquiring about in a meeting of men, and the younger ones had never even heard of them, and denied their existence ; but one or two of the older men rebuked them, saying they did not know because these things were no more practised, but *they* could remember the days when they were.

*August 24.* Three old Christian women who used to know Aunt Christina came to see me, and Mme. Bouchet interpreting, they told me many interesting things. M. Coillard came first with his other (lay) workers and Lewanika offered him the site where Mongu (the Government Camp) now stands, but he refused it and came here and stood under that great tree (pointing to a vast, shady one close by) and said, " This will do, and now gather the people to hear the message " (words to that effect). I told them I had just heard that he pointed out to the king that Mongu was covered with the people's growing crops, and Lewanika replied, " What does that matter ?

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Sweep them all off," but he said, "I cannot do that" and came on here. Ma-Moendabai said, "Yes, that was so as she had always been told." She also related Mme. Coillard's arrival. "She was tall and strong, and walked like one of our Chieftainesses." They evidently admired her greatly.

This site was not cleared at all then, and the little valley both sides of the Sefula stream, which is now a fertile alluvial plain, was then covered with brushwood and infested with leopards and hyenas, which carried off cattle in broad daylight, but, for some reason no one has explained to me, even then one heard little of lions in these parts: though, on the west bank and round Sesheke, they are still numerous and dangerous.

The days here, so restful for me, are busy ones for my hostess. Breakfast is supposed to be at 6.30, but delayed till 7 a.m. on my account, as the training college is closed. This is because the house servants belong to the Normal School, and they must get their first chores done early in order to be free for classes. By 8 a.m. Mme. Bouchet, who is a highly-trained teacher and compiles school books as well, has to be in class, teaching all the morning and part of the afternoon.

Lucette has generally to accompany her, and already at five years old requests to have a class of women herself! Questioned as to how she would keep order, she replies, "Il faut taper, et taper, et taper." She is a most original little creature, playful as a kitten and everybody's delight. When she has an auditor her great enjoyment is in telling infinite yarns: to-day about a girl who had six fathers and mothers. But getting tired of extricating her heroine from the complications of such a situation, she plays at Kings and Queens for a change.

Lucette is on intimate terms with several members of this order, although her parents are Republicans; and it is worth while being a queen, or even a princess, at the Zambesi! While every one else squats on the ground, you sit on a throne, garbed in the most gorgeous robes of scarlet or rose or blue or orange—satin, of course; a glistening silk shawl, a jewelled turban, ivory bracelets, elegant beads, and, above all, you are untrammelled by shoes or stockings. Your attendants serve you on their knees and all sorts of people lay gifts at your feet.

The unobtrusive, tailor-clad Royalties of Europe fade into insignificance by comparison. Nevertheless, Lucette would

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like to know how *they* behave. Do people kneel to them? No, they curtsey—so—with a train like this (the red table-cover is very handy) and they kiss hands and then, carrying their trains on their arms—so—and wearing ostrich feathers in their hair, they walk backwards out of the Drawing-room, never turning their backs on Royalty.

That is very funny, indeed. Lucette enthroned upon the rocking-horse would like to have her hand kissed again and see the *débutante* walk sideways and trip over her train. She would also like her mother to witness the ceremony when school is over.

“ Shall we see the Queen of England when we go to Europe, *maman* ? ”

“ Not very likely, I think.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ She is not out and about very often.”

“ Oh *mais, c'est si simple*. We should just invite her to tea, *pourquoi-pas* ? ”

Why not, indeed? Imwambo comes to tea quite often. However, this argument is fortunately switched off by a great piece of news. Imwambo, Yetta's consort, has a little black baby. “ Is it a boy or a girl ? ” Nobody is allowed to know as yet. Its father is not allowed to see it for four weeks (in former days not for four months), but Lucette will be admitted, some time or other—if it does not follow the example of its three predecessors and flit from a world in which little black princesses are somewhat at a discount. (And alas! a few months later, it did—mourned bitterly by its mother if by no one else.) Seeing what the lives of these African princesses often are, one can hardly lament if they are taken while one can still say, “ Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Looked into the workshop. M. Monteverdi taking a very large barge, of a new pattern just finished, down to the river on a wagon. After tea we walked to a village and had a meeting with the women. We saw an old woman whose blind daughter was living with her. Her husband had sent her away because she had lost her sight. But she seemed very clever, she said she could cook a little, and sieve the flour, and showed us some mats she was making.

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There would be an immense work here to do among the blind, who are so terribly numerous. It was one of the things that struck Lewanika in England—blind people being taught to work. He was taken to see the School for the Blind at the Swiss Cottage. The then head of it, Captain Webber, had been with Livingstone at the Zambesi, and took a real interest in showing him everything. The old chief came back to us quite depressed at seeing so much industry, whilst *his* blind people could do nothing. However, as we saw, some of them *can* do little things, and one would like to help more of them to do it : in fact, to start a sort of St. Dunstan's at the Zambesi.

A sadly ugly little girl about twelve years old, covered with sores, no clothes, except a few rags round the worst of them, looking neglected and unhappy, hung about in the background as we were singing hymns. I smiled at her and she smiled back, looking like a little drooping animal. They are human, though some people who ought to know better class them as "*demi-singes*."

*August 25.* A long talk with M. Bouchet about the new marriage regulations. Very important. In Barotseland there was no marriage contract in their social customs, and this is still the case. Marriages are unmade at a moment's notice and in the most heartless manner ; the wife being simply deprived of everything, even her beads, blanket and clothes, and told to go. They have never had the Lobola or cattle marriage, and the earliest missionaries earnestly hoped that Christian marriage might become a recognized institution. Unfortunately, the first authorities took no such view. One categorically said, "Your religious ceremonies are nothing to us ; we recognize only two things—English Law or native custom—and, as they cannot have the one, they must have the other. If a marriage is not celebrated with native rites it is no marriage, and we do not recognize it."

However, this subject has been threshed out. What constitutes effective marriage here, as everywhere else, is the consent of the parties, with the permission of the constituted authorities ; and here that authority is the lekhothla (native council). For the religious marriages, blessed by our mission-

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aries, this consent had been secured (notably in the case of Yetta's first marriage: his father having selected the bride, and the lekhothla approving and consenting). The accompanying customs no more make it valid than do a wedding cake and a shower of rice; they are mere trimmings. However, the consent of the native council, though making it valid while it lasted, did not render it permanent, and the Government sought to remedy this and give marriage some consequence and stability by introducing the Lobola of the Zulus and Matabele. This, the missionaries could not agree to. In Basutoland the battle has long been fought out; no one who is a party to a cattle marriage can remain a church member in the Fora (French church). The cattle marriage leads to the worst abuses, and a recent native writer, Mr. Jabavu, one of the most enlightened of native journalists, has dealt forcibly and eloquently with its evils in his latest book. Consequently, they could not consent to its being imposed on a people who had never had it.

The Company's Government listened favourably to their representations, and, as a result, the Christians are exempted from the cattle marriage, but a written permit for the marriage must be obtained from the Gambella or Prime Minister of their jurisdiction (Moandi, Sesheke, Nalolo or Lealui), and pasted into the register where their names are signed. Moreover, marriages by missionaries may not be performed just anywhere, even by those duly licensed: the place must be licensed also; Sefula and Nalolo and Livingstone are so licensed, but Lealui, the capital, for some unknown reason, is not.

As regards native unions, girls are often married to older men with several wives, but when two young people marry they have generally come to a mutual understanding before the parental consent is applied for. The morning after the ceremony the girl's parents come very early to the hut and ask, "What have you done with our little simpleton?" The bridegroom replies, "She is here," and they then ask, "How do you find her?" If he makes a disparaging reply, they look into the court or outer chamber, where he has thrown an axe. If it is only the handle without the blade, this is a token of the bridegroom's dissatisfaction. If however the blade is

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there, all is right. M. Bouchet says that, speaking as a missionary, he is quite satisfied with the legal conditions now secured for the recognition of Christian marriage.

As regards a girl's marriage—i.e., heathen marriage—arranged for her with an older man, it is the recognized thing that she may absolutely refuse to comply. If after the usual ceremonies she refuses to go, she must not be forced to do so. Only she must not marry anyone else. If she does, even after twenty years, the original husband may successfully prefer his claim, and usually does so.

Other customs, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, are gradually disappearing, and one hopes will soon be forgotten.

On Thursday there was a wedding at the church and we saw the foregoing regulations carried out. I am bound to say it was rather a dull affair. One thing was remarkable; though the church was full, the parents on both sides were absent. The young couple presented themselves, together with an elder brother, who was one of the witnesses. There was no asking, "Who giveth this woman"; so that the elders, one supposes, do not feel bound to come.

The new bed of the canal, which the boys had been digging for a week, was opened to-day, a most interesting sight. The whole ground in the valley is so spongy that if you dig anywhere, almost, the rivulet will filter up and find its own level. The purpose was to add a few acres to the corn fields (wheat and maize). The undug space between the old bed and the new was trenched, and as the stream flowed into its new course, the old one was blocked up, first by a barrier of hurdles and then by the clods taken from the old one. We all gathered round, black and white, pelting the clods down with great enjoyment. Further on a weir had been placed, to keep the big fish back, and as the old bed gradually emptied itself into the new one they were left high and dry, but were not so numerous as had been hoped. Still, there were some good big bream, which are delicious when broiled fresh. The diggers handed them over quite honourably, but they were allowed to keep them as a cumshaw. It was a very gay and lively scene.

Lucette, who would have enjoyed it, was not with us. She



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had, unfortunately, got an attack of ophthalmia since our visit to the village and was on the sick list, wearing black goggles. One can hardly wonder at this when one sees the babies with their eyes black with flies.

*August 28.* Attended the early morning service at 7 a.m. Astonished to find sixty or seventy people there. Nearly all were men, only eighteen women, as these are mostly away at the spring sowings.

Mlle. Perrier, who trained at Mildmay Mission Hospital, is here helping Mlle. Saucon at the Dispensary. Only seven or eight daily just now. The ailments were mostly trivial, as, being two hours from the Government Dispensary at Mongu, the serious cases go there.

However, Mlle. Perrier has a patient, a lesser chief, who followed her here from Nalolo. His gun had exploded in his hand, but though a bad wound, it is healing splendidly. She expected him to attend again yesterday, but instead received the following note, brought by one of his henchmen.

“ DEAR MISS,—

I have the honour to send you a few lines of begging your most humble pardon to forgive that sick person, as he failed to follow you yesterday. It was on account of his boys who were too late to come down from the Mositu (forest). They only arrived at 5 p.m. yesterday.

I think that your most innate goodness of heart will not fail to cure him.

I have to enclose my letter with a tremendous respectful.

Truly yours,

A. R—,

Native Teacher.”

The respect, however, is not always so tremendous; e.g. while they are breakfasting, a boy plants a cheap watch on the table.

“ What is this for ? ”

“ For you to repair for me.”

A chieftainess says, “ You have never made me a dress,” or whips off her stockings with “ Here, you can just mend these for me.” The lady, a new-comer, complied. But young workers have to learn that self-denial must be exercised in other ways than in acceding to unreasonable requests.

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*August 30.* Walk in forest with Mlle. Perrier. It is getting very pretty now and flowers coming out, especially a beautiful white creeper which garlands the shrubs like a lace veil; little red turks' cap lilies, and a lovely thing with the habit of a field orchid but not an orchid, a succulent, leafless stalk, covered with bright scarlet tufted blossoms; one of the few that will bear picking. Most shrivel up in a minute. I cannot discover that the flowers here have ever been classified, but I heard that the wife of a French missionary, a generation ago, in Basutoland, a middle-aged woman and previously quite ignorant of botany, studied it up during furlough and discovered and classified thousands of plants there, several of which are named after her.

Meeting for Christian women. Told them how the Gospel first came to Europe, about Lydia and her dye-works by the river, and about the clairvoyante slave girl and her masters who made money out of fortune-telling, and were so angry with Paul and Silas for healing her, that they had them put in jail. They were extremely interested, and after we came out, they said, "We wish to thank you again for telling us something we can understand." It seems that they have just such girls "possessed," or "having spirits," and they are exploited in a similar way. Why has the gift of exorcism been allowed to lapse in the Church? But as a matter of fact, evil spirits *are* cast out, if not in the same authoritative manner, even to-day. However, this subject needs more investigation.

*August 31.* Had the great good luck to see a man spinning—a very rare sight here. As it is not a local industry, he must have learnt it up north. He had a distaff with raw cotton-wool, and the spindle was formed by a little square slab of stone with a few inches of reel fixed into a hole in the middle. On this he wound his thread, about the thickness of ordinary mending cotton. It progressed very, very slowly, but they seem to have infinite patience for such jobs. They enjoy their simple handicrafts, and have no desire to get them done and done with—in short, they are not as yet industrialized. Yetta, the Paramount Chief, is encouraging cotton-growing by giving the people seeds and collecting the produce.

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*September 4.* We have very interesting conversations in the evening on the verandah. To-night they talked to me about Nyambe, the traditional god of the Barotse. He is portrayed as being afraid of man, inferior to his own creature. We have to show them how different is the true God. Then, as regards consciousness of sin, they do not blame themselves, they say "Nyambe made me do it," even as a modern criminal blames his "complexes."

"But what do you say," M. B. once asked, "when you find a man stealing from *you*? Did Nyambe make him do that?"

"Oh no, it was his own wickedness."

*September 5.* My last day at Sefula. We all took a walk together up the little valley along the stream. The scenery is quite Scotch, fine grass and bracken, but the fronds are bifurcated and feathery: otherwise like ours. A bathing pool has been made, but just now a quantity of cactus was being steeped or "retted" there. It makes excellent ropes, of which we saw several lengths coiled up on M. Monteverdi's verandah: one of the many industries that could be taught to the students.

Another significant thing on that verandah was a big beer pot—an illicit still—which Mr. M. had found in the forest and placed there for the owner to claim it! Nobody, so far, has dared to do so. Yetta, like his father before him, absolutely prohibits strong drink to his subjects, and round about Lealui this law is fairly well observed—at any rate, people only drink in secret and an intoxicated man or woman is never seen abroad, a happy contrast to the Cape. This prohibition was quite spontaneous on the part of the Barotse ruler. It has often been attributed to missionary influence, but that is only indirectly the case, for the French missionaries (though in practice abstainers), coming as they do from wine-growing countries, had not at first the strong views on drink held by most English and American missionaries. No doubt missionary influence made these chiefs desire the true welfare of their people, and to both prohibition seemed the best short cut (as it did to Mahomet).

Here there are no peerages for distillers—quite the contrary.

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Like Lewanika twenty years ago, Yetta has been known to deprive his indunas of their office for transgressing this law. On one memorable occasion, he was in the dry-dock inspecting the construction of the royal barge *Nalikuanda*, when his police arrived and reported that they had discovered some leading chiefs indulging in a beerfeast. They produced the pot-stills in proof thereof.

Yetta burst into tears. He had the pots placed in his canoe and ordered his paddlers to row him out into mid-river and there, in sight of all the people on the banks, he emptied out the pots with his own hands. The chiefs concerned were disgraced because it was a breach of public duty.

His other chiefs were excessively angry at what they considered a derogation of dignity on his own part. They demanded an audience and told him "The King should have left such work to his police." Yetta replied that he wished to make it unmistakably clear to all that the prohibition was to be a fact, carried out without respect of persons. To satisfy them, he would not repeat the personal action of that day, but he warned them that no one should be admitted to his presence smelling of drink.

It is well to know that the Company's highest officials strongly uphold him in this effort.

This is a most delightful station so far as amenities are concerned; the result of persevering enterprise and work. And all is so peaceful and happy. One felt it was a real home and wished one could stay there longer, but the pilgrimage had to be resumed.

*Monday, September 6.* Left Sefula for Mongu, the Acting Resident Commissioner and his wife having kindly invited me. M. Bouchet had told them of my visit when he was spending the week-end with them to preach. The missionaries of this group of stations take it in turn to hold services at the Government Camp with the police, and also for the white people in the absence of an English chaplain. He was also conducting language examinations for the young officials.

I spent two very happy days at Mongu. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were most kind and hospitable. They are new to these regions, having been in North-East Rhodesia among the Awembas.

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Mr. Hall had been at Clifton College under Dr. Glazebrook. It was also a pleasure to visit the little hospital and meet Mrs. Broun again and Mrs. Meldrum.

Mrs. Hall showed me the garden of Government House, saying quite truly, it was not equal to M. Bouchet's. The Government folk are moved about so constantly, and every fresh occupant of a Camp thinks he will do something quite different from the last, so the gardens do not flourish as they might do. Some of the conversations with Mr. Hall were very interesting, and it is pleasant to know that the natives have such officials to deal with, not only just and kind, but possessing such sympathy and insight into their minds and needs. Mr. Hall told me that Mr. Lyons had said to him, "The missionaries have the hardest work here," and that he agreed.

Mrs. Hall lent me her "bush-wheel" for the next day's trek back to Lealui. It is something between a rickshaw and a perambulator and a wheelbarrow, and is drawn along by porters. I was lent the porters with four to relieve, viz. two military police in buff and scarlet, and four civil police in blue tunics and cylinder hats. Everybody we met stopped dead, knelt down and clapped hands. I felt unequal to these honours and was very glad when my cavalcade met Mlle. Saucon's from Sefula returning to her post at Lealui. She had three dogs with her, which she told me were going down-river with me to be restored to their respective owners.

It was a very dull tramp; we passed wildernesses of the little truncated ant-hills like inverted flower-pots; and then passed between, and even over, grass fires. This sounds very thrilling, but in reality one hardly noticed them, except by feeling rather scorched. As we neared Lealui, the porters, who were mostly Moslems from North-east Rhodesia, broke into a chantey, in which, apparently, they expressed their contempt for the Barotse and their relief at reaching Lealui, so that they could the sooner get away again. It was very musical and pleasant to hear, however.

## Chapter X

## Lealui Once More

SEPTEMBER 8. On my arrival at Lealui M. and Mme. Adolphe Jalla again made me at home in the guest house, where I occupied my host's library (I find the library is very generally applied to spare-room purposes). Two young girls had the room next door. These newcomers, having arrived during school vacation, were invited to stay at each of the stations in turn so as to get a general grip of the work and make friends with their colleagues. The *ensemble* is very important. A great deal of hard work may prove futile if not co-ordinated. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of other." It is difficult to avoid individualism, without falling into the opposite error of interference and being "a busybody in other men's matters," but herein lies one of the secrets of permanent work.

The evening proved to be an exciting one. The grass fires which we had been traversing rolled up nearer towards evening and we all sat through supper-time coughing, choking, and wiping the tears from our smarting eyes. When we came out, it looked as if the whole station was on fire. It was an appalling sight. All the huts and houses stood out against a blazing background and ourselves in the midst. It was an extraordinary sensation to stand there, scorched by heat blasts and yet to feel perfectly safe. The combustion which had been started at different points, rose in wall behind wall of leaping flames all around us, sometimes towering in columns of glowering smoke, sometimes sinking into darkness when they had consumed everything within reach, only to disclose further lines of fire on the remoter horizons. As a matter of fact, they approached us only on a quarter of the circumference of the station and even the distant ones only completed the semicircle. But the wind blew the clouds of smoke over

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the trees, and having reached the other side, these met the cold air rising from the river and sank to the ground, and this rampart of smoke above and around us reflected the glow of the flames opposite from which it had arisen, and thus completed the illusion of being at the heart of a fiery furnace.

Only towards Lealui there was clear darkness.

By degrees this smoke cloud parted, as did its birth-fires, because they had devoured all the grass, and the flames spread along to right and left from the two ends. We glanced overhead, and between those two red-hot curtains, the Milky Way glimmered out of a perfectly inky sky, the cool, bright stars twinkling down upon us. I have never seen anything so weird and unearthly. It was exactly like one's idea of the Day of Judgment.

The causeway to the capital formed a barrier to the flames, though when I tried to walk along it, to get a better view, I saw they were leaping across it, wherever there was a bush to burn, but it was too bare and well-trodden to afford any footing to the fire. However, I judged it prudent not to go on. We saw nothing of the panic-stricken crowd of animals I expected would rush on to the station, not even the swarming insects, but the birds, of course, can get out of the way, and the cattle had, no doubt, been removed.

The natives enjoyed the excitement of lighting the brushwood on the slopes against the church and sheds (the glacis of this little earthwork) and beating the fires out again with green branches. They looked like goblins, dancing about among the flames, especially the little black piccaninnies. Their fathers tackled the job in long white shirts, which one would expect to catch light instantly, but no one appears to have been hurt, "nor the smell of fire passed upon them." To them it was an ordinary event of the year, but to us newcomers, an experience impossible to forget.

Beneath the glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see celestial armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

Then, then, I feel that He  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I behold Him not.

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Next morning we looked out upon the plain, utterly blackened and lifeless and consumed on the one hand ; and on the other side of the causeway, the life of man, and bird, and beast (not to say fish and frog) going on as cheerfully as ever ; flocks of crows and herds of oxen enjoying the long, green grass ; the white herons, the ducks, and kingfishers, livelier than ever.

Now the winter is over, too, flights of delightful little birds visit the station : they are hardly bigger than willow-wrens and much the same greeny-grey colour but darker, and their breasts and under-wings a beautiful crimson. Coveys of them play about in the dry leaves, and luxuriate in sand baths under the trees.

It was announced that the king would arrive home this day from a hunting trip (though, in fact, he only came back the day after), and when I went to the store, I found it full of men and women feverishly buying new shirts, setsibas (kilts) and shawls to adorn the occasion of his reception.

This store is just beside the bridge overhanging the canal, and that, too, presented an animated scene. The people who couldn't or wouldn't buy new stuffs, were washing the old ones. Canoes turned upside down in the water supplied the washing boards. The uninitiated might suppose it easier to use them as tubs right side up, but that is only because they don't know the methods of the local laundries. Laying the garment flat upon the canoe's upturned bottom, they first soak it, and then whilst one woman jumps up and down upon it, another kneeling in the stream tosses the water over it with her hands to rinse the soapsuds away. I thought at first they were practising corybantics for the royal reception, but I soon found it was simply the washing-day, and a much more amusing function to them evidently, than to our poor harassed European housewives. Those who could neither buy nor wash clothes, were washing themselves. So it is hardly surprising that water for the station is fetched from two miles away, although the canal ends very conveniently just under the Jallas' parlour window.

On returning to the house, I found a visitor had arrived ; Mr. Jakeman, from the Andrew Murray Memorial Mission at Muye, in Angola, a month's march from here due west. He had come to meet a large party of new missionaries voyag-



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ing up the Zambesi, eight ladies and five men with their leader, Mr. Bailey. They hailed (variously) from Canada, the United States and Scandinavia, only two or three were English. He had brought porters with him, but the convoy had not arrived so soon as he expected, so that his food supplies had run out, and he was just going up to Mongu to try and obtain more, and also to arrange for baggage and passport facilities, for crossing into Portuguese territory.

This party had intended to take a coasting vessel from Cape Town to Lobito Bay, and march to their destination from the eastward; but the expected vessel did not arrive, and they incurred great trouble and expense waiting for it at the Cape. Eventually it was decided for them to come up by way of the Rhodesian Railway and the Zambesi, but they had not prepared for this, and it meant undoing the whole of their baggage and tying it up in one-man loads.

The next day, September 10, was indeed one of excursions and incursions. We heard first that two of our own young lady workers from England would reach us about 3 p.m.; and that Yetta would arrive at his capital towards five o'clock. Also before lunch we had the visit of three members of the S.A.G.M. party, one of whom, Dr. Martyn Watney, had been on the *Saxon* coming out. They were camping by the river some way off.

I was very anxious to be present at the king's arrival, for I had had no opportunity of witnessing any state ceremony, but as the afternoon wore on and our girls did not turn up, it seemed rather hopeless. However, the two already here kindly decided after tea to accompany me, leaving M. and Mme. Jalla to welcome the new-comers.

Unfortunately we were a few minutes late. We heard the drums beginning as we were hastening along the causeway and the ceremonies were already in full swing when we got there. We had seen in the distance His Highness alight from his chariot and four (four donkeys); and, carrying his umbrella right royally, march towards the great open space where all state ceremonies are enacted. Breathlessly we came up behind the half-circle of his subjects, who were performing the *Shoalela*, first tossing up their arms, then kneeling to clap hands and finally prostrating themselves in the dust. But

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the woman who was guiding us said we must keep to the right, so we moved behind the Council House, or Kashandi, and approached the ranks of the Lealui ladies.

They were all standing to the left of the throne in a line three or four deep, beginning with the princesses and noble dames in their gorgeous satins and puffed petticoats, silk shawls draped round their waists: mostly tall and graceful women. Next to them were the bourgeoisie, becomingly clad in their patterned cotton draperies, and still farther to the left and nearer to ourselves, the poor in crumpled calf and antelope skins; and others, who had even less, discreetly ranged themselves behind the others. This straight line of women at right angles to the half-circle of men stood very far back, in fact the width of a wide court divided it from the ceremonial arena. Had M. Jalla been there we should probably have had a place assigned to us beside the Paramount Chief himself, but being alone, and strangers, we just stood where we could see best, viz. betwixt the line of ladies and a crescent of squatting attendants, a group who seemed to think we were infringing the masculine prerogative of the Kashandi (Court House).

As the sun was sinking behind the trees and huts, the vast space of the Khotla lay in shadow, and it was some time before I could distinguish Yetta in his usual impeccable grey suit, seated under a tree with his ivory fly whisk, whilst his leading chiefs one by one humbly approached in stooping posture, and then sinking on their knees clapped hands, finally withdrawing with slow dancing steps.

I realized at that moment that a deaf and shortsighted person is a very inadequate special correspondent. The women just then struck up a chant of welcome, but I could only catch a few notes here and there. The girls said it was very fine. As it ceased the royal drums approached the centre, and began to sound louder.

These, though they were not the great Coronation Drums, were very much larger than the ones we had heard when Yetta invited us to the palace in July. They are played upon by the palms and fingers of the performers. A group of men now closed round the drummers in a compact spiral formation, and for some minutes revolved slowly *with the*

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*drums*, dancing solemnly all the time. I once witnessed something similar at Olympia when a detachment of West Africans at the Tournament were going through the ceremony of a royal welcome, but in their case the king (or his representative) was put into a sort of wicker cage or Jack-in-the-Green, decorated with branches, and it was with *him* spinning round in the middle that the dancers revolved, chanting loudly at the same time. I was too far off to hear whether these dancers were chanting or not, but probably they were. When the drums ceased, they did not uncoil but simply dropped apart, their leader approached the throne and saluted on his knees, and then walked off the scene to his left (the king's right) followed by the rest.

The women again struck up their chorus, and this time I heard it distinctly. It was full of the most musical cadences, but the rhythm wild and utterly unlike anything European. The Court ladies were holding back their skirts on either side, just in the manner now indicated by fashion plates from home.

Meanwhile the Gambella (Prime Minister), gorgeous in kilts which his ample figure displayed to advantage, drew near his master, and after kneeling and clapping hands in front, knelt again beside him to impart the news of all that had happened during his absence. The smaller orchestra, with xylophones and kettledrums now began playing, and went on all the time he was doing this.

As the sun was setting and the crowds dispersing, we also departed. The women, however, still stood at attention, as well as another small group at the far side of the Kashandi, and I would have liked to wait for the final break-up when the king rose to enter his own Court.

The funniest thing was a little side show, a group of children in line with the king, but screened by the projecting wall of a courtyard, who were imitating the ceremony, one taking the salute, while two little black imps crawled up to him, clapping their hands, the others standing round!

All was so orderly, dignified, and yet spontaneous, that, comparing it with similar functions as we know them in England, the stiffness of Court ritual and the nervousness of many participants on the one hand, and the unmannerly scramble of a loyal crowd on the other, I could not but feel that we

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had lost the art of ceremonies. In all that assemblage, we three were the only ones who had not a definite part to play. Every other, from the highest to the lowest, knew his assigned rank and rôle and acted on it without embarrassment or self-assertion.

Nor was there any sense of humiliation in their genuflexions. They moved as a perfect orchestra, all in time and tune, without any apparent direction, except that the women "dressed by the right," taking their cue from the princesses, who gave the signal and set the pace. There was none of the pushing and jostling of mere onlookers, nothing to vulgarize. There *were* no outsiders, no non-conductors: every one present was an integral part of the whole, and for the moment at any rate was possessed by one spirit and focussed on one centre.

What light it shed on the New Testament! "By one Spirit are we all baptized into one Body, whether we be bond or free." *This* was a form of worship or rather homage, and though only offered to an earthly sovereign, it is the image of the heavenly, something of which perhaps we need to recover the secret, if we would practise primitive Christianity and understand all that is meant by Worship in the Apostolic sense.

This fervour of loyalty was not insincere for the moment. There are malcontents, but, like Saul among the prophets, on such an occasion they are imbued with the spirit of the assembly. However, it is quite certain that a good many are "making feigned submission," as the psalmist says, who do not greatly love their king and his Puritan enactments, and who would gladly see him replaced by one who had no inconvenient moral convictions, and still less sought to impose them on others. So he needs all the encouragement his backers can afford him: and it is good to know that the present Resident Commissioner is fortifying him and supporting him in all the measures he is taking for the good of his people.

When we got home we found our two young friends had arrived: their waggon had broken down coming over the moor from the river, so they had had to walk nearly all the way. Some of the S.A.G.M. contingent also came to supper, and we were a large party, nearly all quite young people.

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As an elder I was impressed by their demeanour. One might have expected some reaction after the long exhausting journey (for the S.A.G.M. missionaries had travelled in hired transport boats and far less comfortably than we) in the novelty and excitement of the arrival ; but though pleasures went round, there was no departure from the happy seriousness that one looks for, without always finding it, in a Christian social circle. It was like a picture out of *Pilgrim's Progress* to see our grey-haired *doyen* at the head of the table surrounded by so many young faces (one or two older ones, too). Mr. Greatheart was there, and Mr. Valiant for Truth ; and one could fit other names to most of them. One only hoped it would be a good while before any of these reached the Celestial City, for much work is awaiting them here.

*September 11.* Our new workers all attended at the early service. Daniele, the king's eldest and only son, was there too, and was presented to them. He is a nice open-faced youth of nineteen, with the free, frank manner of a public schoolboy : the only person in the country who has nobody to grovel to, for he certainly does not grovel to his father. Hearing about the waggon accident, he promptly went to the scene and helped to carry up the young ladies' baggage with his own hands. This seemed incredible. " You mean he told his people to do it."—" No, no, he was carrying our boxes himself." This is progress indeed from the days when the scions of his house never touched a burden.

*Sunday, September 12.* Another crowded hour. Yetta attended church in state and went to visit M. Jalla, as he usually does before the service. The chiefs assembled round the porch, young Daniele came spinning up on his bicycle, dismounted, knelt in a friendly, self-respecting way before the Gambella (Prime Minister), and saluted, clapping his hands. During service our S.A.G.M. friends arrived in force, and stayed to lunch at the Jallas. Poor Mme. Jalla was ill and the cook-boy also ; Mlle. Saucon's girls had all gone home for holidays, and some of the native staff had turned sulky, so that dinner proceeded under difficulties and delays, but our guests were very patient.

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The young girls, soon to be dispersed to their special posts, looked very sweet and charming in their plain light dresses. There is no such thing as a "superfluous woman" out here if there is anywhere. Every one of them is wanted for urgent work, and it is a joy to labour when every stroke tells. Afterwards we all went over to Mlle. Saucon's house for coffee. Most of the S.A.G.M. party were young married couples, and I much enjoyed making the acquaintance of the ladies.

As we sat round chatting in the shady little parlour, we heard a beautiful hymn. Looking out, we saw about sixty of the porters, who had come down from the forest, each with a great log or faggot of firewood, escorted by Mr. Jakeman. They were wild-looking folk with fuzzy heads and almost naked, a great contrast to our neatly shaven and over-dressed Barotse. They had laid down their logs under a big tree, where they sat resting and singing. As we came out, they caught sight of their missionary, Mr. Bailey, whom they had not seen during his two years' absence to recruit these volunteers. They instantly advanced to the tree he was standing under, and kneeling before him (or rather sitting on their heels—a usual posture) clapped their hands for a long time, joy beaming from every face, and tears standing in many eyes. It was touching to witness.

"They are so happy," Mr. Jakeman explained, "for two years they have been praying for Mr. Bailey and for this party, and especially during this march."

Our supercilious Barotse chiefs in their Sunday best, red kilts and white shirts, looked on in pitying amazement at these children of nature. True, there are plenty such here, but not so many at the capital, where we are very civilized indeed and would never perpetrate such a solecism as giving *Kandelela* to a missionary. After they had got over their excitement, they waited till we had had our tea, and then shouldered their loads, and, with Mr. Jakeman, went off single file across the plain—a beautiful sight.

Just afterwards, the king drove up, not in the shabby victoria, but an elevated spider-cart, and he, of course, received *Kandelela* (the semi-ceremonial salute) from the chiefs. The Canadians and U.S.A. arrivals, to say nothing of the

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Scandinavians, were highly interested in all these demonstrations, so novel to them.

We went into church for the second service, at which Mr. Bailey addressed the Barotse, telling them how he had formerly travelled up here with Mr. Arnot, though not actually of his mission and had heard all about them. The other young men also spoke and Yetta and two of the chiefs, besides the devotional service proper. They don't seem to mind *how* long it goes on, and if anyone feels bored or wants to cough, or a woman's baby cries, he or she walks out and sometimes comes back again later. It is not really disturbing, as no one takes any notice. Perhaps a similar liberty might be appreciated in Europe.

Yetta, on coming out, took a photograph of the group. Our guests were greatly impressed by him, and, indeed, he always appears to great advantage in a Christian circle.

We learnt from Mr. Jakeman that the Portuguese native soldiery have been most brutal and unjust with these people. They pillaged them systematically. "It is not a question for them of owning a cow or a goat, they don't even leave them a hen; these police seize everything they want, even their wives and children."

The missionaries had to lodge complaints with the higher authorities. These were listened to and the soldiers were restrained and some punished, but, in revenge, the latter put it about that the mission's employed teachers were telling the people not to work, so the edict went forth that only Europeans might teach or preach. This had the effect of closing all their out-stations, for the present, and as there was every likelihood that the soldiers would revenge themselves as soon as the missionaries turned their backs, their out-of-work schoolmasters and evangelists, and other local Christians volunteered in the army of porters Mr. Jakeman led here.

We had heard that quite a thousand refugees had come over the border into our territory, where a valley had been assigned to them and that thousands more want to come. All of which is very advantageous to these under-populated regions. And these persecutions redound to the good of the Church. They have many converts, more than there are here, and they seem very keen. Mr. Bailey, who is an American

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(U.S.A.), says, "The Government here is too kind," i.e., the Barotse don't appreciate how well off they are. They can enjoy the benefits of Christianity without being Christians themselves. In Angola, they can't! But also, it seems, they say "their fetishes and medicine men have not been able to protect them, but the missionaries have," so that they were burning their charms wholesale and joining the church.

*September 13, 1920.* From 8 a.m., directly after breakfast this morning until nearly 10 a.m., the 800 porters of the S.A.G.M. were passing through this station in unbroken succession. The main road to Lealui runs diagonally across it, and one supposes there is an immemorial right of way. The last loads only came along about 9.45 a.m. Then two machilalis (hammocks) passed my door; I ran out and found the three ladies who were here on Sunday were bringing up the rear with the others. The men followed with their boys carrying their guns. M. Jalla and his household came out to them at once and asked them in to morning tea. The porters, nothing loth to take a halt, dropped in their tracks, and we spent another pleasant hour together. They visited the dispensary, and finally left about 11 a.m. loaded by M. and Mme. Jalla with loaves, bottles of milk and a sack of lemons.

It stirred the heart to witness a scene so unique, this great regiment setting off for a strategic point so recently occupied (1914), all full of energy and courage, both physical and spiritual, yet without excitement or gush: just quiet, happy purpose. The Church at home often seems quiescent not to say static, and one needs to come out to the circumference to realize that the dynamic is still at work, and that—

Like a mighty army,  
Moves the Church of God,

is not sentimentality, but a glorious fact.

And if the Church at home seems motionless, may it not be that, like Kingsley's Mother Carey, "She is making things make themselves"? If so, truly her strength is to sit still and generate power. When I see missionaries at work, and see how that work brings out every bit that is in a man, and many unsuspected gifts, every fibre set vibrating to real purpose;



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and how it develops the mind and body as well as the moral strength and human tenderness (not as an emotion, but as a motive power), I wonder how anyone can ever sneer at them or their work, or even presume to patronize it. People wax enthusiastic about the *old* missionaries of Europe, Patrick, Boniface, Columba, Willibrod, and well they may: but why should we wait till men have been dead for a thousand years before perceiving the beauty and grandeur of their work?

With such an aim one cannot afford to waste a single capacity. Like a sculptor or an engineer, a man has to keep all his tools bright, and often to create and invent new adaptations, picking up one after another and trying if it will work in a particular case. Doubtless Divine Energy is everything, but we must distinguish between the Force and the instrument it takes hold of and uses for its purpose. It was a man of all-round culture whom the Spirit led to be the Apostle of the Gentiles.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Yes, but it needs lighting: and how great the joy of seeing those *lighted* illuminated faces. "I'm afraid a great many of your candles never *can* light up," said a Scotch trader, a really sympathetic friend to the work. But even a few can modify the darkness. Quite likely the work is not done perfectly, but that is because it is so great.

It is also a very happy life, and I can't but wonder why Christians hesitate to become missionaries and talk of the vocation as if it were *in itself* the supreme sacrifice. Doubtless, it *demand*s the supreme sacrifice of self, but that is in the inner man, not in outward and material things. Formerly there were physical hardships to be faced, but really, no one now would dwell on these (though they exist, especially in the bad season). But it also demands much in other ways. When Mr. Hall said, "There is no doubt that the missionaries have the hardest work here," he was speaking not of the greatness of the task in its ideal, but of the sheer wear and tear of nerve tissue, through not having any physical force nor material resources to count upon. However, that only helps to draw out and build up fine men.

Yet there must be some drawback somewhere, or it would not be so hard to get recruits. I suppose it is the money.

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For some it may be as much as they would get at home, but for others it is certainly very much less ; and it seems an anomaly that, e.g., the French missionaries in Basutoland, some with their University training, some with their great practical abilities that might have brought them fortune in business, have to pay an English schoolmaster or workman nearly three times the salary they themselves receive. However, they don't regret it ; all they regret is to see the work cramped and languishing, for want of that small amount which could so easily be spared, did we at home but realize the responsibility of being put in trust with the Gospel.

*September 13.* M. Jalla obtained an audience for me today to take leave of the Paramount Chief, so we went after tea. Yetta was sitting in the Kashandi as we entered the royal precincts. It is a large, glorified summer-house with fine crossbeams arranged to form windows all round, but these have now been screened with reed mats, so that, though cooler inside, it is less imposing outside.

Through the one open end we saw His Highness sitting in state and flicking his ivory whisk. He was wearing a dark cloth suit and all the chiefs were sitting on their heels, in semicircle, round him, while one was holding forth. The important subject of debate, we learnt, was the conduct of a certain magistrate who insists upon exacting a form of salute above that to which he is entitled in their estimation, and which, consequently, they consider a slight to their national dignity. One wishes they would give equal attention to more serious subjects.

Mr. — (an official) says the sole preoccupation of the chiefs (most of them) is to grasp their share of the spoils and a little over. If they can't wring money out of the Government, then, out of their hapless people. If the hut tax could be doubled, and the surplus thus created put into their pockets, it would just suit them ; in fact they urge it. Covetousness is certainly the national vice. The trials for murder (not frequent) had to be taken out of their hands because they would always fine the culprit in cattle, which enriched them but was no real deterrent.

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All the same we scarcely realize how hard it must be for them to see all actual authority vested in strangers. Just as though a professional billiard player snatched the cue out of a man's hand when he was playing at his own table and said, "Here, *you* don't know how to do it; you watch me." The man would turn sulky and say, "Play if you want to, but I was playing my own game and enjoying it, and anyhow, it's my table, and I intend to be well paid for letting you use it." This is their attitude since the Government took the power of life and death out of their hands.

To return to Yetta,—when he saw us pass, he closed the session and overtook us at his own gate. He was dressed very becomingly in a purple frock-coat, and was followed by his secretary, a weedy, ineffectual person with a long, red kilt dropping untidily nearly to his ankles: a shirt outside it, and a grey short morning coat, much too small, buttoned tightly at the waist. He also wore a big straw hat. Yetta ushered us into his hall and placed me in the royal seat, a very nice winged morocco arm-chair.

We had a long talk: compliments and thanks at first for letting me visit his realm, and for the kindness of his relatives to me; my admiration of his beautiful river-country and for the industry and abilities of his people. He replied cordially that he was very glad of my visit, and I told him it was partly at any rate intended to express the sympathy of friends in England and their appreciation of the Christian stand he had taken and his attitude about strong drink, and I asked if he would not give me a message to take back to them, which he said he would do. (The secretary meanwhile was feebly struggling with the bolts of the door and the flaps of a folding chair, and summoning an untutored ex-slave to show him the tricks. Ink seems everywhere to be the death of practical ability!)

I then asked Yetta's permission to speak of some things that had impressed me less favourably, and this being granted, I referred to the inadequate financial support given to the mission schools.

The Resident Commissioner having mentioned to me the difficulty of getting the Lekhothla to agree to the appropriation of national funds to educational purposes, I asked if it

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would not be possible to allocate a larger share of the 10 per cent. out of the hut tax earmarked for this and for the relief of suffering. Yetta responded very readily. He said among other things that the Lekhothla only the year before (1919) has petitioned the Administrative Headquarters to apply a sum of money (£1,500 or £2,000) to the setting up of a girls' school under the charge of our mission, that he had signed it and the Resident Commissioner had backed it up: that no reply to this document had ever been vouchsafed to him.

At the end of this part of the conversation Yetta said with a deep sigh that I would now have been able to realize after seeing the country how difficult was the task of evangelizing it, as the bulk of the people somehow refuse to be converted. He seemed really sad about it, and I felt more than ever that, with all his failings and imperfections, he sincerely desires to see his people turn from heathenism to God. No doubt there is also the pained surprise of the born autocrat that his subjects in this respect refuse to follow his lead.

All I could say was—we must not be discouraged, but go on praying and persevering. It is the same in every country. "Narrow is the way and few there be that find it."

I next spoke about the distressing effect of seeing so many lepers, especially at Lukona, and asked if something could not be done for them. He appeared very sympathetic but not very hopeful, as the Administration does not see its way to move in the matter. Here, again, M. Jalla says the mission has already petitioned the Government to make at least a beginning with which they would gladly co-operate, or would even take entire charge; but they received the usual discouraging reply—viz., that it would cost too much at present.

Finally, I mentioned the cotton spinners I had seen at Sefula, and the possibility if a girls' school were opened of teaching them spinning and weaving so that they could make little things such as traders do not supply; and to this he responded with lively interest.

Next I asked if I might take leave of the queen and see her baby now three weeks old. He replied with a smile that for us white people it would be all right. (N.B., he had not seen it himself so far! etiquette is binding on him but not on us.) However, it seems that formerly it was much more rigid.

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The royal infants were kept in a dark hut swathed in endless wrappings for about four to six months, then they would be taken out at night, M. Coillard said, and if they noticed the stars it was concluded they might be introduced to their fellow-creatures. Yetta escorted us himself to the limits of his own courts and an attendant then brought us to the special little house where the queen was secluded. It was a miniature of all the chiefs' huts. In the central hall she was sitting up cross-legged on a sort of dais or divan at right angles to the door, and dandling the baby, which was merely wrapped in a loose bit of white calico. It was a pretty little thing and quaintly resembled its father, whose cast of feature is rather unusual. They had named her "Sitali," which means Little Leaf. The queen had discarded her gay robes for a black cotton wrapper, and a white ribbon encircled her forehead. As the child's chief nurse she fulfilled all her maternal duties. It had neither clothes nor cradle, however; it is never laid down for a moment, but always has to be rocked in some one's arms night and day. Various female attendants relieve guard for this purpose, and two of them were sitting opposite the queen, whilst two little page-girls about twelve years old were lolling one each side of the entry.

We did not stay long, as she seemed to be suffering: indeed she had sent for Mlle. Saucon, who had only just left her. So M. Jalla merely offered up a prayer for this little life and we took leave. She seemed pleased by our coming. I presented her with a black and white enamel brooch I was wearing—it happened to be a mourning brooch however, and I could not help thinking of this when we heard some months later that little Sitali had died of pneumonia. The poor mother was heartbroken at losing her fourth child, but seeing how her life might have been blighted, perhaps it was the best and truest answer to M. Jalla's prayer.

On returning to the palace, an agreeable surprise awaited me. The chief asked me to accept "a little present," and here he had spread out the following things: two beautiful mats of a pattern exclusive to royalty, an ivory fly-whisk, four carved wooden dishes, a quantity of fine baskets and a leopard skin.

I thought perhaps he meant me to choose something out

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of the pile, but no—all was for the visitor. I felt rather overwhelmed, especially as I had uttered some home-truths in no way calculated to gratify a despot. I made bold to ask for his portrait with the queen's, and after many thanks and polite speeches took final leave at the "gate," whither he had accompanied us.

M. Jalla told me that the chief would also place one of his canoes at my disposal to take me to Nalolo the following Thursday or Friday. So I hadn't much to complain of, and only wished I could have done more to deserve so much consideration—however, royal courtesy has nothing to do with deserts!

## Chapter XI

## Down the Zambesi

**S**EPTEMBER 19. As M. and Mme. Pons were leaving on Thursday, 16th, my departure from Lealui was planned for the same day, but postponed till Friday on account of the mail. I was to travel down-river as their guest with them and their two baby children.

Unfortunately, it was not practicable for us to start together, as they had to go by the cart across the moor (veld) in order to reach the barge assigned to them, a large new one, which drew too much water to come up the little canal leading to the nearest landing-place, Butoki. Whereas I was to start from there in one of the king's canoes, and meet the Pons's at Nalolo, and after a few days' visit, go on with them in one of the mission boats.

However, things in Africa do not always work out according to plan.

The first business was to order Ideal Milk and a kettle from the trader, so that I need not trouble my travelling hosts for tea and bath-water. The trader said he would get these from his store at Kanyonyo (Mongu), but they never materialized. It is by no means so easy to start a journey from Lealui as from Livingstone, because the only stores available seem to be sardines, which are stocked for the native market. It is quite simple, however, to provide for the paddlers; and M. Jalla supplied me with the manioc flour for my personal boy, Nasilele, to be supplemented by dried fish. Nasilele was the paddler who had waited on me coming up. I had come across him the previous day, and as he seemed very pleased to see me again, I asked if he would care to make the voyage back to Livingstone as my attendant, and he said he would.

To return to the desired kettle. To my repeated applications,

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the trader replied it hadn't come, but he presented me with an empty paraffin tin to boil up my bath-water (paraffin tins are used for everything here—flower-pots, kettles, storage, building and roofing shanties, and what not ?), and thought he could *lend* me a kettle which I could send back from Nalolo after buying one there. He went and rummaged in some doubtful backyard and brought back an elegant plated Georgian teapot with a large hole in the bottom, and said I was welcome to this if I could stop the hole up. Thinking possibly one might fill it up with fireproof cement or solder, I accepted it with due gratitude, but even Mlle. Saucon, who can do everything, couldn't produce the necessary appliances (amongst which I have since learnt "killed spirit" plays the principal part), so the teapot was—rather literally—a wash-out.

However, she kindly lent me a little one of her own, somewhat battered but quite hole-proof, only this didn't solve the problem of boiling the water. The same afternoon a piccaninny arrived from the store flourishing a large white-enamelled teapot. "The lid was lost, but if I could use it without a lid I was welcome to it." As Graziella remarked, I had now quite an assortment, all more or less invalidated. However, I accepted the latest offering and sent back the silver-plated one. At Nalolo I found M. Pons, with typical thoughtfulness, had secured for me the one and only kettle in stock, a small pint one in dark blue enamel, for 6s. 6d. It was cheap at any price just then; and Nasilele was duly instructed how to make and bring my tea and put it outside the tent door daily, and to enforce the lesson agreeably he was presented with the white enamel one minus its lid.

However, this is anticipating. In preparation for the early start on Friday, the whole of my baggage, including bedding, was sent down to Butoki to be lodged overnight. I was not hankering to have my blankets stored in a native hut, but it seemed the only way.

At 8 a.m. on Friday we started for Butoki, myself in the hammock. My boy, wishing to be useful, had carried off the parasol and soft felt hat laid ready on the verandah. We reached the spot; the porters were duly tipped with tickeys (3d.), which they seemed to think ample and even unusual,



## Down the Zambesi

and we waited. All the kind friends who were seeing me off soon arrived on foot, seven in all, with the dogs we were taking down to Sesheke washed and combed for the occasion. It was quite a parade. The boys were only waiting for the royal canoe in order to bring out my luggage. Impressive farewells had been taken and—the canoe didn't come!—nor did the paddlers.

As there was no hope of reaching Nalolo that night unless I left early, we could not wait indefinitely, so we had to trudge back some twenty minutes. By this time the heat was scorching and, having had no hat or parasol and only a scarf to wrap up my head, I got a touch of the sun and had to retire. Just as we reached the house, a messenger arrived with a farewell letter to me from the Paramount Chief, so that evidently he had not had an idea I was to have started two hours earlier.

“Put not your trust in princes.” This is really because often with the best intentions their information and their consequent orders have to pass through so many channels that they are apt to go astray. Our messengers were dispatched to the Court and they returned with profuse apologies from the Chief. “He had understood we were providing our own paddlers; now he would procure them, but it would take time. The canoe should be sent at once.”

So another messenger was sent to Nalolo to tell them not to expect me—2s. if he got there that night, but only a tickey if he failed to arrive till next morning.

On Saturday M. and Mme. Pons took their departure; I waited, and at last the king's messenger came to say that it was the function of the Prime Minister (Gambella) to engage the paddlers, when he was free to do so.

It is evident that if the man whom His Majesty delighted to honour were offered a Dreadnought to take him home, and if he had to wait till Mr. Lloyd George, in the intervals of attending Cabinet meetings and Conferences, could personally pick out the crew and officers (all candidates for the job being at home on indefinite leave), his departure might be delayed for some time.

Mlle. Saucon, now in sole charge of the station, decided

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to send a message to the Rev. J. Bouchet at Sefula, the Grand Admiral of the small mission fleet, asking him to dispatch a boat and boatmen for me by Monday, thus renouncing the idea of the royal canoe and equipment. Just as her letter was written, the paddlers selected by the Gambella presented themselves.

They looked a most ruffianly crowd, and I did not feel overjoyed at the prospect of arriving at Nalolo, perhaps about 11 p.m., in their sole company, with the highly probable alternative of not arriving at all, but having to camp for the night, as it is rather over a day's usual run. But we must not look a gift-crew in the mouth. So we hastily finished dinner whilst they were fetching their mats, and by 3 p.m. all assembled at the landing-place once more.

This time the royal canoe was waiting in charge of two men, a pretty little craft with a wonderfully woven pavilion of split cane. All the luggage was brought from the local pack-house, not mine only but a number of things for Sesheke. As the house boys were about to load it on, up came the paddlers in a body and said they had understood they were engaged to take me all the way to Livingstone, that the trip to Nalolo only was not worth their while, and that, in short, they absolutely refused to go!

Arguments and persuasions were fruitless. There was nothing for it but to tramp back again; the faithful Nasilele mounting guard over the luggage till we could send the bullock-cart for it. When we did, we found they had put all the small things in the bottom and all the heavy ones on top, so that we had to unload all to extricate my bag for the night. Mlle. Saucon, with the other two young ladies to chaperone her, went off to interview Yetta herself, the missionaries having privilege of access and free speech at all times. He was deeply distressed, but like many another chief and monarch in his position, he had not properly understood, or his minions had not. I really did not mind except in so far as the delay inconvenienced other people, as I was suffering from a severe cold and headache, so in reality the delay was very fortunate.

*September 20.* Still waiting for the boat from Sefula. Incidents: Mlle. Saucon sent for to see an ox which had

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fallen into the canal and the men couldn't get it out, so would she decide if it were to be shot or not? (N.B.—She went and somehow they found they *could* get it out. Wonderful is the power of a Missi.) The moment she got back she had to go to the capital quite in the other direction to see the queen and the infant princess who were both ill, and write an urgent letter begging the doctor at Mongu to go and visit them.

The *demoiselle de la station* is an indispensable person at the Zambesi. I will not name her for she is found everywhere. She is generally arrayed in the plainest of white or light dresses with glossy hair and snow-white shoes; and she is the most self-denying person I know, except the missionary wife and mother (which she sometimes becomes), and it is well for humanity, and especially for Africa, that there are so many of her. She has a refreshing sense of fun and never pulls out the martyr-stop. Whatever her special training may have been, she usually has to take on both school and dispensary, to manage her house boys for the hardest work, and her school of girl boarders, varying in age and number from six to sixteen. Sometimes she has to visit sixty patients a day when there is an epidemic of influenza or measles. She is the stop-gap whenever the missionary is on tour or sick-listed; she is the lively correspondent with various local groups of sympathizers in Europe; she writes songs, stories and sometimes schoolbooks for the pupils; she is often in request by the white folk when there is illness; she gardens, mends the boots, makes the furniture out of packing-cases and the ceilings out of canvas. In short, she is the universal factotum, and I admire her from the bottom of my heart!

September 21. Off at last. M. Bouchet sent canoe and paddlers—a fine team! Very early start from another landing-place more distant than Butoki, viz. Ka-Mongundo. This is my farewell to the Lealui and the Upper River—something of an anticlimax. A long, desperately dull day's run, but a nice attentive crew—mostly mission men. An impish little dragon-fly settled on my paper. It was exquisite; a fine French grey, wings and all, and two ruby red eyes. Another lovely sight was a scarp riddled with sand-martins' nests,

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hundreds of them. The sand-martins themselves were a bright dark blue colour with vividly red breasts, and dorsal tufts and underwings. As they wheeled about, skimming over the gilded water, which gave back their flashes of scarlet and crimson, one seemed to be floating into fairyland; and yet it was dull enough apart from this poetry of motion.

The Zambesi between Lealui and Nalolo opens into wide lake-like reaches, very suitable for sailing on; and Mr. Simey, the Commissioner at Nalolo, had contrived, by lashing two canoes together and setting large sails, to possess a little wherry, out of which he and his wife got much amusement. It excited the open derision and secret envy of his young colleagues. I think it is a pity there are not more of them, but the sudden whirlwinds from the plain might render them dangerous. Going with the current we made the journey rapidly; it took from 8 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. to reach Nalolo. Yetta's Government has done wonders for honesty. Nothing need ever be locked up here (except salt and sugar, which do seem to present overwhelming temptation), and my things for travelling were lying loose in open baskets in a native hut for several days and nights and nothing was touched, and the woman in charge thought herself nobly rewarded with a tickey and a safety pin.

We had an exceptionally pleasant evening talking and singing hymns, but owing to the delay I could not stay at Nalolo as I had hoped to do; in fact, we had to be off next morning, but I had time to pay a farewell visit to the Mokwae.

Since our last interview she had been ill, poor old lady, with severe ulcers, and our nurse from the Mildmay Mission Hospital had been tending her with great care, even washing and dressing her. Her husband did not fail to inquire a second time if I had remembered the ear-trumpet I had promised. I had, but it couldn't be bought in Barotseland. Later on, a large one was bought and dispatched from Cape Town, and here is Mlle. Amez-Droz's account of its reception:—

“ Last Thursday (January 27, 1921) I went to see the Queen with Mlle. Perrier, in order to bring her the ear-trumpet which Miss M. had sent her by her own request, because she saw the one she used, and said, ‘ I do not hear well with one ear



MOKWAE OF NALOLO AND CONSORT.

*By kind permission of Paris Evangelical Mission Society.*





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either.' I said to her, 'I hope now that what you hear will find its way to your heart.' I gave her also a message Mme. Reutter had sent her :—' May we soon hear that Mokwae is following the same road as her husband.'

"She answered quietly but with feeling—' Would you be glad, too, if it were so? '

"You can imagine our reply. A bright and happy smile broke over her face—Mlle. Perrier noticed this particularly.

"Ishé, the Queen's husband, was there as usual, and one felt a peaceful atmosphere of home which we shall never forget.

"Yesterday (Sunday, January 30) she came to the service (she had not been able to do so for some time owing to bad health), and going out, she said she would like us to go and talk to her. Ishé (her husband) whispered to us—' The Queen desires to tell the missionaries what is on her heart.'

"We all three went at 5 p.m., in spite of the heavy rain and thunderstorm. M. Boiteux then asked the Queen what she had to say : she glanced at Ishé, and he to encourage her said, ' Speak '—

"' For a long time I have been telling myself that I ought to follow Ishé in the way of God, and I have decided to follow him. Will it be difficult? '

"M. Boiteux replied that the most difficult thing for every human being, proud by nature, was to own oneself a sinner, lost on account of one's sins, and to say to Jesus : ' Save me.'

"Mokwae begged her husband to repeat everything to her, and he did it so well, explaining to us also what she had said. It was more touching than ever to see this intimacy and this mutual confidence. Ishé told us that from the beginning of the year Mokwae had been thinking of this and wanted to tell us, but he had advised her to reflect seriously before taking this step.

"' And now,' he added, ' there she is.'

"It is the answer to many prayers and the reward of her husband's faithful efforts, the old Christian chief, Ishé Kwandu.

"On Sunday, February 20, Mokwae herself desired to make her confession of faith before the assembled congregation. The service having concluded, she rose and said with sustained emotion :—

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“ ‘Enough! I have believed: I belong to God: I am a member of the Kingdom. May God pardon my sins. They are many and they are great. And believe also, all of you!’

“ Then, at the suggestion of a native Christian, the members of the church and the inquirers rose and sang the beautiful hymn beginning—

Angels of God rejoice; this is a day of gladness.

“ If you could have seen her radiant air,” writes Mlle. Amez-Droz; “ if you could have felt the warm handshake she gave us all in going out, so different from what it used to be! If M. and Mme. Lageard had been here, they would have wept with joy. And M. Coillard!”

It is a happiness to be able to record this here. However, this is anticipating. To return to my farewell visit. Mokwae kindly presented me with a fly whisk made of an eland's tail, with ivory and ebony handle.

I had now acquired four fly whisks, three being gifts, and if I had had a corresponding number of hands they would have been none too many for the veritable plague that assailed us at our first night's camp.

Besides my boat and that of the Pons family we had two luggage barges. It was very windy and we got a good deal splashed. There was nothing to relieve the monotony of the banks except the birds which, now that winter is over, are very numerous and beautiful hereabouts, especially the Egyptian ibis. I began making a list of them as we passed along. But after we left the plain we hardly saw *one*, except cormorants.

This voyage proved a little different from the previous one. Our choice of camps had to be entirely governed by the milk supply for the two little ones, and as this can never be obtained after 5 p.m. we had to omit the midday halt and land about 4 p.m. every day. Two boys would be instantly dispatched to the nearest village for the essential milk, but it was not always obtainable, and for two days we had none. The abundance of milk and its cheapness here are alike surprising, considering how absurdly little each cow gives, and how much



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of it the calves get, for they are not separated from their mothers.

It is certainly pleasanter now the days are longer to get up in sunshine and not in an icy wind or mist. The nights too are warmer. Moreover, going down-stream we have the sun behind us, screened from us by the luggage, and we meet the breeze, so that even the midday heat is not oppressive, though we are nearing summer time.

Once more, I have a charming little companion in my boat, a black and white Welsh terrier, Frimousse, who with her friend, Mirette, of similar breed, is travelling down to Sesheke to meet her mistress, just returned from furlough.

When one is always surrounded by people who don't understand one's speech it is very nice to find a dog who does. M. and Mme. Pons have Mirette in their boat with the children, and they have also taken charge of a large and obstreperous puppy, which is on its way to M. Louis Jalla as a gift from a friend at Sefula.

Frimousse is not in the least like Polly. There is nothing obsequious about her. She has the air of a sedate elderly lady of means and position. She never regrets, never explains, and never apologizes, nor does she need to, as she makes no blunders and takes no liberties, nor does she understand any being taken with her. She treats her fellow-dogs with the distant courtesy due to inferiors, changed to crushing indifference if they attempt to pose as her equals. Her appropriated place in the boat is behind my chair, where it is cool and shady. She kindly allows me to occupy the chair itself, and though she is too polite to say anything, I am often aware how much my boxes and bundles incommode her ladyship.

My boy Nasilele takes charge of feeding her, and has received an extra ration of manioc flour for the purpose, as that is what dogs live on here. But without begging or bounce she calmly assumes her right to share my meals and also my bedroom, or rather she seems to regard it as hers. Mirette takes a walk with her in the evening and accompanies her to the tent door, but when she would follow, Frimousse gently but firmly intimates that there is only room for one.

When we neared the rapids the puppy came into my boat, as it was dangerous to have two dogs in the same one with the

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children. Little did I guess what I had let myself in for. He was Bolshevik by name and nature, a creature of very large breed, and a more restless, turbulent animal I never had to do with. His proper place was a large red chaff mattress on the seat, but his eyes and skin, still tender from the nursery, poor little beast, were painfully affected by the sun, so I made him a shady nook just under it. Unfortunately it was hard, and sometimes wet from the paddles, so he would never stay there for more than three minutes, and all day long he was jumping backwards and forwards and choking over his tether which he got entangled in the baggage.

Added to this, he missed his numerous brothers and sisters, and was continually endeavouring to get Frimousse to play with him, my person being the chief obstacle to the fulfilment of his wishes.

To ensure the food supply, we have also a lot of chickens in coops, with power to add to their number when villagers bring them to sell. When we land they are turned loose to scratch, and they take refuge in my tent when the dogs chase them. I should say when Bolshevik chases them, for Frimousse and her friend merely act as policewomen, and if they *appear* to be pursuing a hen it is not for fun but only in the discharge of their duty.

It is an unfortunate fact that hens will not lay when travelling, so that we have no eggs but those we brought with us.

*Friday, September 24.* Really, there is a charm even in this monotony of winding banks, white and grey sand, yellowish grass, emerald sedges, and glossy *Persicaria*. We never stopped between 7.45 and 4.35, except for ten minutes at 12 a.m., and at a horribly infested place called Matabele. It is the farthest point reached by the Matabele invasion in a former generation. I had no idea they had advanced above the Gonye Falls, but as they marched overland this would have been no obstacle.

Livingstone's account of this invasion is as follows (*Livingstone's First Expedition*, p. 61)—

“Sebituane placed some goats on one of the large islands

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of the Zambesi as a bait to the warriors, and some men in canoes to co-operate in the manoeuvre. When all the Matabele were ferried over, the canoes were removed and the enemy found themselves in a trap. . . . Mosilikatse next sent an immense army who carried canoes, so that no such mishap should occur again. Sebituane collected his men and cattle on the island of Loyelo and watched the Matabele so closely that they could not cross the river without parting their forces. At last he went towards them, and addressing them by an interpreter asked why they wished to kill him : he had never attacked them, never harmed their chief. ' Au ! ' he continued, ' the guilt is on your side.' The Matabele made no reply, but their canoes were found smashed and the owners gone. . . . Fever, famine and the Batoka destroyed them, and only five men got back to Mosilikatse."

*September 25.* The river is much lower than three months ago and the keels keep grating over heaps of loose stones in mid-stream. Stuck once. 11.45 a.m. Passing lovely islands nearly all day, and rocks under our keels. Paddlers take a drink now and then : beautiful to see the showers of diamonds scattering from their bowls, dipping and dripping. Three times sudden squalls arose with big waves. Boat nearly tipped over one time : puppy all wet and terrified, plunging about, and had to be held tight or he would have capsized us.

1 p.m. Moored at a shady island. Mme. Pons and the tinies landed with me. M. Pons behind. The men wanted meat and having seen a hippopotamus land he had halted with them on this same island but farther back to try and kill it. Two of them are native hunters, but so far have not brought in as much as a bird, so a hippo would seem to offer a suitable target. The state of M. Pons's eyesight debars him from shooting, so that it was an act of considerable physical and moral courage to join them. I walked inland. The path was full of hippo footsteps, and I felt rather afraid it might come stampeding along, and was glad to get back to the boats, though probably they would have been upset if it had run amok.

After an hour and a half, whilst we were having a second tea, shots rang out. Nasilele asked leave to go and see what was

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happening, the others crowded into the stern of the canoes, all excitement.

M. Pons arrived at 2.45 and related his adventure: "We went right into the brushwood and saw the hippo making for the reeds. We followed him; he was five feet from us. The hunter put two shots into him, one above, one below the shoulder, but did not kill; he was then as near as I am to you. He charged. Having no gun, I could only make straight for the reeds, but he was doing the same." M. Pons apparently flung himself on the reeds which were meeting above his head, and swaying with his weight, they swung him aside out of the path of the wounded hippo, which charged blindly into the river.

"That must have been very amusing for the men?"

"And for me also. Only when I saw his jaws close to me, then it was not amusing!" When they are not killed but die afterwards it takes four or five hours for them to sink and float to the surface, so we left two boats there with their equipment to bring on the booty. Alas! he never did float up, and so the paddlers were in a very bad temper for the rest of the trip.

I was glad I had not met him, though the entire lack of adventures is becoming monotonous!

We found camping places much pleasanter than when we were coming up owing to the fact that the Resident Commissioner had lately passed down, and all had been cleared and cleaned up for him. Our first notable halt was at Seoma, where we spent Sunday, pitching our tents this time away from the river under the giant triple fig-tree already described. The next morning the boys pointed out the trail of what must have been a very large serpent just in front of our doors and beyond.

Walking about looking for flowers which I did not see, I found two spiders' nests, wonderful little cornet-shaped things made of leaves, so tightly bound together with strong cobwebs it was difficult to tear them apart. In the centre of each sat a big spider apparently immature with a white body and markings like a child's face on it.

Service at 10 a.m. with boatmen and villagers. In the

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afternoon Mme. Pons said the children were so restless, a walk would do them good, so we visited the Gonye Falls.

I was very glad not to miss seeing these. In reality there are two cataracts; the chief paddler called them the Morena (King) Cataract and the Gambella (Prime Minister) (characteristic of the Barotse not to say the King and Queen Falls!). We could not make out if these were the real names or just his own idea. But, anyhow, a much better idea than the English mania for calling all the finest places Devil's Cataracts. With the children we could not go so far as the second. Even without them it would have been nearly impossible. It is on the other side of an island, and very difficult of access owing to the extraordinary twistings of the river-bed in this rocky region. The ground seems all split up into ravines through which the river courses in wild torrents, wooded rocks and islands jutting out of it in all directions.

Serpa Pinto has minutely described it all. I will not attempt to do so, but will only speak of what I actually saw. We walked about half an hour, first past feathery papyrus beds on the left and then struck into a sparse forest. Here we saw a village; and a black-bearded savage with woolly hair and no clothes but a black loin-cloth joined himself to our party. He had a pleasant smile and meant no harm! Six tiny children all about the same age gazed in wonder at Edwin and Mayette. What did they think about them?

We proceeded through a burnt scrub, very heavy going in the loose sand, and emerged on a waste of flat basaltic rocks with little rills and drips and pools and miniature cascades here and there, and fringed with white bushes flowering like jessamine and red-berried creepers. The flood covers this in April. It was full of pot-holes, the sharp knife-like stones that had scooped them out still standing in many of them.

When you come to the Fall you see first one deep oblong trough of rock, like a gigantic swimming-bath hemmed in all round. There is only one narrow outlet, viz. at the far corner where it overflows into a similar but smaller tank far below. It is something like the position of two photographic developing dishes when you are pouring from one into the other. Such is the view looking down into it, and this is by far the most impressive standpoint. The second tank discharges itself in

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the same way by one corner, but a larger opening and a loftier fall this time, into a deep winding ravine which dips rapidly through the next two miles of its winding course till it turns a sharp corner into the wide cove already described (page 160), to which the boats are borne overland to resume their voyage.

The main tank has perfectly precipitous sides all round except near the top where we were standing. Here they jut out in steps and terraces very convenient for descending to different points of view and not in the least alarming. One approaches from the side facing the main fall over boulders which are now bare, but which in flood-time form part of the river-bed, extending about one-seventh of the breadth from shore to shore. Some little water trickles under these boulders in a semicircle and falls in small jets into the tank over the rocks *facing* the main fall. Of the water carried forward by the shelf on the farther side, the greater part falls over sideways, again at right angles to the main fall; first over a series of terraces, and then down a foaming and resounding cascade.

Thus the tank is filled continually from four sides at once. The other edge of the "shelf" on the farther side, that at right angles to the banks, forms the main cataract of the Lower Fall, which also receives falling jets from four sides like the Upper one. The exit, however, is much larger, and has the form of a bottle-neck.

Below the Falls the river flows through a very narrow winding ravine, the sides of which are not precipitous but sharply sloping, and clothed with forest trees at the top, below these runs a belt of pretty flowering shrubs. Finally, a basaltic moraine with veins of sandstone forms a continuous beach above the water level.

It is an ideal spot for a picnic, and the boulders sloping slightly upwards, it is nearly impossible to fall over unless one is bent on doing so. Nevertheless, the presence of two toddling children made one more than a little nervous, and I was thankful indeed when their nurse-boys were bidden to remove them to a safe distance. Here they amused themselves with the tiny trickles dripping in miniature cascades among the rocks of the moraine—quite as delightful to them, it seemed, as the great waterfall to their elders. Tea over, their mother

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took them quickly back to bed ; M. Pons and myself following more at leisure.

Here again the boulders were full of the most wonderful "chaudrons pluvials" (pot-holes), hollowed out by the churning motion of hard stones. Some were rounded, others perfectly V-shaped funnels, from one of which I drew a long sharp-edged stone like a huge flint knife which had apparently accomplished its share of the scooping out. I don't know how it *could* make any impression on such hard polished rock ; however, it fitted the hole so perfectly, it seemed as if it must have been the tool. This just gives one an idea of what the churning force of the flood waters must be.

We could have no evening service as all our people had gone on to the cove below the Falls to be ready for to-morrow's start.

*Monday, September 27.* A hot night, slept badly, hard to get up. 7.45 a.m. Left camp on foot attended by Nasilele, through forest and over hill to the lower end of the ravine where our boats, already partly loaded, were awaiting the waggon. This eventually arrived bringing the Pons family, including the babies and small baggage, to the cove. It has been scooped out no doubt from the sandy banks by the force of the current shot from the cataracts. But the same current brings down measureless quantities of sand ground out of the rocks in its descent, and this has silted up into the huge sand-bank which we had seen going up. Now the summer is advancing the water is much lower and the bank seems to fill the whole river-bed, except for the narrowest possible channel on the western side. If the bank were covered, the place would form a lake with entrance and exit, for to the south-east it is closed in to form another bottle-neck, through which pours the whole volume of the Zambesi. A tiny spring and a trickling rivulet a few inches wide, quite distinct from the Zambesi stream, divide this sand-bank from the mainland and here we sat and had our morning tea—milkless, for none could be procured, and the hot sun had turned the tinned milk to cheese.

This is certainly the most picturesque spot on the Upper Zambesi. The colours are so rich and warm ; the white sand

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forming deposits among the red and purple rocks ; the feathery forest, all red and purple too, crowning the steep cliffs ; and here and there great trees in all the emerald foliage of spring standing out from the wavy skyline. Above us the fresh morning skies and the sense of infinite space and distance, which one never feels in our crowded Europe.

We embarked at 10 a.m. All three dogs made for my chair and got under it : Mirette was hauled out and the Bolshevik puppy tied up by a very short string of bark-strip to the chaff mattress. We now had to negotiate some most dangerous rapids and whirlpools which absorbed the breathless attention of the paddlers. But the poor little puppy was terrified. Why ? He could not possibly have perceived the dangers ! Anyhow, he kept plunging about, threatening to pull down the chaff mattress and thus to upset the whole equilibrium of the boat. Few situations can be less heroic than having one's life at the mercy of an obstreperous puppy.

To give an idea of the straits we were traversing between two jutting promontories—as our three boats were passing through all at once, that of the Pons's which carried the chief captain of all, had to turn round and go to the rescue of one of the luggage boats which had stuck on another rock and nearly capsized, and lend two men to get it off. Whilst it was turning round, the channel was barely wide enough for the other two boats (mine and one luggage barge) to make way. With five boats a pontoon could easily have been formed there. Livingstone says the channel here is narrowed to 100 yards ; Major Gibbons says eighty. Judging by the boat's length in turning, it certainly did not seem more than sixty yards, if as much. But, naturally, it varies according to the season and the flow. It was rather gasping work for an hour and a half. At the end of that time we had emerged from the ravine, and re-entered the park-like regions of forest and wide, smooth water.

After a short but lovely run we landed at 3.30 above Kale Rapids, a most exquisite spot, forest-land with green banks like a garden sloping down to the margin of the water. Fore-ground of rocks, islands with green sedges, trees and shrubs, and the foaming rapids in the distance white in the moonlight later on.



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It took a very long time to pitch our camp. The paddlers were afraid of the lions and kept demurring first to one place, then to another. Almost full moon, which rose just opposite.

This is the heart of the lion country. M. Pons, noticing where I had had my tent pitched under a tree, cheerfully told me that four years earlier he and his wife had pitched under that very tree and during the night a lion passed between it and them. Also that our two hunters who had gone into the wood to look for an antelope had returned afraid to go any further because they had found quite fresh spoor and that the other boatmen were unwilling to bivouac below the rapids for fear of nocturnal attacks. However, they made three big fires and braved it out, and from our tent-doors the flames looked very beautiful and reassuring in the distance! We enjoyed the view: Venus radiant behind us, the moon in front.

*September 28.* The lions did not come after all! Breakfast at 7; no milk. Boats being piloted through Kale Rapids and baggage carried to the lower end. Exquisite scene. Foreground, rocky shoals and islets with green sedges and foliage; the river in broken streams running in and out of them; beyond, the frothing rapids glittering in the morning sun. More islands in the background, and behind them the wooded banks; their shadows blue and misty, and a line of hills yet bluer and mistier carrying the eye far into the distance, where they seem to dip into the river on the right and into the skyline on the left.

In the immediate foreground, our little camp lay under a huge, leafless tree surrounded by tall grass and small bushes in their light brown spring foliage (like pollard oaks).

Here one gets very quickly tired sketching, and the lights change so rapidly it is impossible to go on long, hence difficult to finish anything. Nasilele carries my chair and holds up my umbrella; it makes me feel a perfect nabob. He likes doing this, first because natives enjoy nothing so much as sitting still; secondly, because he can hold it over himself at the same time; thirdly, it amuses him very much to see me drawing and especially chalking in the colours. If only all critics were equally appreciative!

10 a.m. M. Pons has gone to see if there has been an

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accident, as the boats are taking too long to arrive. Very hot. We and the dogs are sitting in a shady nest formed by the shadow of a mat set up on edge and propped against the rocks with paddles. One is continually doing in earnest just the sort of things one played at as a child and enjoying it just as much.

The dogs suffer very much from the sun, and screw themselves into the most uncomfortable attitudes only to get out of it.

11.30 a.m. Re-embarked. We have now a week of rapids ahead of us, and should reach Sesheke by Saturday night. Horizon misty from forest fires.

12.2 p.m. My boat got into the wrong current and was whirled round in an instant like a teetotum. A sharp lurch; the paddlers pulled and hauled and jumped out breast high among the rocks. While it lasted this was the narrowest shave I have had either up or down-river, but I had hardly time to realize it before they had righted the boat. But I quite lost my bearings, not knowing it had performed a complete circle, and thought we were returning on our tracks.

1.50 a.m. Stopped at a village, Selumbo, still in the lion country. It is quite away from the shore, up a hill, but a good wide straight path leads to a round scherm under a group of trees. This is the magistrates' bivouac, so it is clean.

The absence of bird-life has been very marked, but just here there are many cormorants and large swallows, and in the woods of Bomboe I started a kind of brown partridge with a white tail. A black and white bee or fly of gigantic size is moored on the red chaff mattress. It has no antennæ, but a deep black body and velvety black wings with clear tips. These seem common objects on the water and are very beautiful.

1.55 a.m. River very wide here. In general we keep in mid-stream going down so as to profit by the current, contrary to coming up, when we hugged the banks. Landed on a sand-bank for a minute. Many shells, four different sorts.

2.15 p.m. Landed for ten minutes. Three immense ant-hills, which I mistook for a village and even then rather a large one! Here were some pretty flowering trees. One looked exactly like a little gnarled apple-tree covered with

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primroses and daffodils, of the butter-and-eggs variety. It proved to be a wild gardenia. The large wheel-shaped corollas, six-cleft, grew on bare twigs, much knotted, each flower terminal on a stalk about one-inch long, and a rosette of six or seven tiny green leaflets (three leaves and three leaflets seemed to be the rule). The corolla with a very long tube (about three inches) was thick and fleshy, the flowers creamy white on first opening, changing to bright yellow as they matured, and deepening to a rich orange as they fade and fall. Each twig seemed to exhibit all three stages, and the effect was most ornamental. Yesterday I found another yellow flower, almost like an orchis, but it was not one. It had four spreading petals and a large hooded spur, the flowers growing on a bare woody stem exhaled a horrible smell. Also a very pretty white-flowered tree, flowers in bunches on little green peduncles, two and two up the stem almost opposite. Five long white petals very far apart, and each flower had ten very long white stamens with little brown anthers, giving it a light tasselled appearance. This is another shrub that would decorate our gardens.

3.5 p.m. More rapids. A mass of rocks to be circumnavigated. They say it is much more dangerous going down river, but it is much quicker. No haulings, or hardly any. Still dull and cloudy. Waves dashing against a rock, but the same violence carries us through the channel to the further side. Thunder growling. Rain threatening.

3.30 p.m. Lusu or Rapids of Death. We landed at the very pretty spot we had passed coming up on a spur of rocks jutting out from the forest and walked through the woods, but we took a pleasanter path than then, one close to the stream. Five black hawks in the trees with remarkably short necks. Found also many almonds, they were small, glossy and hard like nutmegs; also red berries, and quantities of dark honeycomb scattered for a long way. Bees emerging, but all dead. Blue *Lobelia* coming out.

4.0 p.m. Re-embarked. Sand-pipers. Extraordinary effect of blue distance and emerald green trees. No one would believe it in a picture. Mme. Pons says she can now breathe freely as the three worst rapids are passed, viz., Kale, Bomboe and Lusu. All the worst accidents are coming down-stream.

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*September 30.* Up early. Heavy rain in night, but no sign of it on the dry earth. Pons's left at 7.40, I at 8.5 a.m. as my boat had got holes in it going over rocks, which had to be caulked. 9 a.m. Just passed another little rapid after voyaging through fairyland for an hour. A misty sheet of glass studded with green islands and framed in wooded hills of warm shades, veiled in blue, all mirrored in the water. Disembarked at Ngomboë, where boats must unload.

All three dogs in my boat to-day. A great nuisance. I could not refuse to take Mirette, but her presence made the puppy more unruly than ever—quite dangerous.

The two luggage boats have not rejoined us yet. The two hunters, sent forward early to obtain milk, have knocked down a big beast (hartebeest) in the forest, and needed some helpers to cut it up and carry it, so the two luggage crews were lent to them, to console them for losing the hippo. Mme. Pons's rejoicings came a little too soon, for we had one series of thrills all the time after re-embarking. Big waves and a strong current carried us quickly from one rapid to another. River "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

*October 1.* Off by 7.45 a.m. Mirette the dog (not to be confused with Mayette the baby) implored to come in my boat again, but I refused; three are too many. First a calm stretch, then a mass of rocks to navigate, and finally a very dangerous and alarming rapid, quite the worst so far, a narrow channel between three small islands, down a sharply inclined plane with a very swift current. Terraces or broad steps of rock, quite irregular, sticking up out of the water, and tossing breakers behind.

My boat went first and soon the paddlers had to jump out and help it over the rocks, the water was flowing, but not in sufficient volume to carry it over, and several times it had to be pulled back and put through a deeper channel, close to the bank, indeed scraping it. We got through safely and swung round to the right under the lee of the third islet, and some of our men went back to help the Pons's barge, the others meanwhile resting on their paddles and watching breathlessly. The passage perilous was too winding under interlacing trees for us to mark its progress, but soon we heard the chantey

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“Yo, yo! . . .” a most melodious cadence, as the boat emerged triumphantly and rounded the corner, greeted by “sacrifices of shoutings.”

It was an imposing spectacle. The whole family were standing in front of the pavilion with sixteen or eighteen men pushing and pulling in various heroic attitudes, their paddles stacked in a sheaf and resting against the baggage in the forepart. The sun was shining brightly and hotly; and altogether it made up a charming scene, especially when our admiral, a tall handsome man in red kilt and white tunic with brass buttons, stooped and shook Mayette’s tiny hand as the seal and prize of achievement, amid cheers and congratulations from his men and from ourselves. And indeed is it not “the child in the midst” that makes all such effort worth while?

Leaving an abandoned or wrecked canoe on the left hand we emerged into a broad open water, and at once a smart cool breeze sprang up and the clouds hid the sun. The P——’s paddlers bucked up and forged ahead to recapture their leading position. Frimousse, who had been watching the recent events from the dress circle, ready to take to the water in case of extremity, now retired to the box, i.e. her usual place under my chair; and the puppy, having exhausted his emotions, clambered on to the red chaff mattress and went to sleep. During the stress of events, he kept shifting about, his leash always taut, just where it would have tripped me up had I been forced to jump out. He seems to be always on top of me at the most critical moments, when my lap is full of—a poised teacup, newly-washed clothes, midday lunch, or sketchbook and chinks, and specially when I am lacing my boots or bandaging.

But where was the pretty Mirette, who had looked so beseechingly and reproachfully at me when I refused to take on a third dog with me? No one had seen her; but we concluded she was in one of the luggage boats with the man in charge of her.

8.45 a.m. A fresh field of rocks to be negotiated, *Katima Molimo*. The Pons’s boat is now ahead. These are dreadful rapids. 9.10 a.m. We are still sticking in them, breakers all round. My boat swung right round and went through

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backwards. The paddlers are trying to get her into the current. Kingfishers and cormorants flitting about the rocks and green islets. The cormorants look like bottles bobbing around, neck and shoulders just above the water. 9.18 a.m. The current has carried us through and now we are beached on an island. Applied first aid to a man's gashed shin. The paddlers standing in a half-circle round the boats' heads, discussing the run with much jabbering and gesticulation and snuff-taking before they start again.

The *mélopée* that sounded so romantic meant, I am told, nothing more elevating than this:—

“ The white people !  
Oh, these white people.  
They are no good at all.  
What trouble they give us !  
Getting them through.”

October 1 (*continued*). 11 a.m. We landed opposite Nalita, our Sunday camp of June 27, to visit Mr. X——, an Englishman who has a factory here on the right (west) bank for making boats, furniture, veldschoon and other useful things out of native produce. He told me he had lived there since 1902, apparently never crossing to the east side. He now has a partner who was engaged in closing the seams of a big barge. It was destined for Mr. Helm, the magistrate at Sesheke, whom I had seen in 1903 with his brother, winning a football match for his side at Bulawayo. Their father was a missionary and a friend of Uncle Frank's.

Mr. X——'s settlement is hardly visible from the river. It lies on a high bank screened with trees down to the water's edge. He welcomed us cordially and brought us into his big workshop, and put us into very nice armchairs with reversible arms and leather seats and backs, his own manufacture. All around us tyres and spokes, chair-frames, handles for ploughs, etc., leant or hung against the props of the roof. On the planks laid loosely on the rafters above our heads were heaped a quantity of roughly tanned hides, and many fine horns were nailed below them. Mr. X—— is a burly, kindly-faced man of about sixty-five, and unmarried. He had a great deal to say to M. and Mme. Pons, first about his work, then about

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a white man who persists in shooting without a licence and is always getting fined in consequence. He exhibited a touching interest in the children and Mayette gave him her sweetest smiles. Edwin had at once seized a flat block of wood and was pretending to plane it with a three-cornered chip. Mr. X—— was delighted when he noticed it, and I could not help wondering why such a capable man had not made a home for himself. Why was he toiling here alone in his old age, instead of being surrounded by children and grandchildren? But I was chiefly absorbed in trying to keep his four huge dogs from frightening poor little Frimousse, whose sedate airs had quite forsaken her in their presence. At last I turned to our host, who at once took the little creature under his wing and the Kaffir dogs were promptly kicked out. Here M. Pons found one of our mission schoolmasters from Sesheke. "He had come here because he got better wages, and indeed he was getting pay we could never afford to offer him." Mr. X—— had a good word for him, too. I asked him if he had known my uncle, M. Coillard. Yes, he had, and he seemed to prize his memory but had not seen his biography.

At 3.30 we camped at the outstation of Sesheke, Katongo, nearly fifty miles from it. Here were two immense courts enclosed by reed palisades, with long low huts inside, the *mafulos* or wayside houses built, I believe, for the Mokwae of Nalolo when she made her memorable journey to Livingstone to meet the High Commissioner, Lord Buxton.

Blazing hot white sand; thin scrub on either side, almost no shade, swarms of flies and towards evening mosquitoes. The wife of the local mission schoolmaster came with her daughter and a friend to greet their former missionary. She was, of course, a Christian, and very neatly and prettily dressed in clean red and white stuffs arranged shawl-wise.

*October 2.* 7 a.m. Her husband came to pay his respects clad in the self-same stuffs differently arranged, in a kilt this time, a Box and Cox arrangement. The greatly increased cost of European stuffs is creating difficulties for the natives. It was he who carried Mme. Pons, then Lucie Goy, a child of two years old, across Matabeleland at the time of the rising.

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Her mother, suddenly left a widow at Kazungula, had to leave it and return alone to her relatives in the south with her two baby children, on foot with no tent, only an oxhide, fixed on four sticks, to shelter them at night. At any moment they might have been attacked either by wild beasts or by the Matabele hordes. But through the goodness of God and the devotion of this man and another, the journey was safely accomplished, and both these babies are now grown up and married; one of them coming back to her birthplace, Sesheke, as Mme. Pons, a missionary in her turn.

The luggage boats had not arrived and we were beginning to fear there had been an accident, but while we were at breakfast we saw our paddlers on the bank executing a dance of delight; they had descried them in the distance, and knew that their meat was coming! Africans like animals, and small babies, and *unlike* the rest of humanity, can show their delight about food attractively! Soon they arrived and we heard the melancholy cause of their delay. The dog Mirette was missing, and knowing how she was treasured by her mistress, Mlle. D——, at Sesheke, the paddlers had spent ten hours searching for her, on both sides of the rapids at Katima Molilo, and all over the islands—in vain. They traced her little footprints from a narrow place between two islands to the end of one of them. She had evidently sprung on to the rocks unnoticed while the paddlers were struggling to get the boats off, run to the end of the land and jumped in to follow the children, and then been snapped up by a crocodile! We had to be thankful that a more precious life had not been sacrificed to these terrible rapids, but how I wished I had not refused to take her for that last lap! She was such a playful companionable little creature, and no one knows what the society of a dog can be till one is surrounded by a stranger race.

We ourselves had been rather short of meat on this voyage, and although we did not exhibit our rapture by dancing and singing, we were certainly looking forward to the arrival of the Big Game. Unfortunately, owing to the long delay in the hot sun whilst searching for Mirette, it was now too highly flavoured for European taste, though the natives did not mind this at all.



## Down the Zambesi

Saw a good many birds of different kinds during this day's run. One looked like a hoopoe, a soft light brown, with black and white tail feathers. Also met several traders' barges heavily loaded, in charge of native crews. One had as passenger a native chief in complete undress, lolling, eating and drinking, while his paddlers urged the craft along. We backed ; and he and our admiral exchanged greetings, kissed each other's hand long and impressively, taking hold of each other's thumbs, and then clapped hands.

In yet another a native was seated at his ease—reading a newspaper !

Reading myself *Revival*, by Cyril Bardsley, a beautiful little book and noted this sentence :

“ The entail of sin can be broken by a love that touches men as Mercy and works through them as Power.”

This is true. Such healing power however can only be *mediated* at the cost of a sympathy that agonizes. “ Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses,” and it is one of the great functions of the Church individually and collectively to act as the Shock-Absorber of the world.

## Chapter XII

## Sesheke

**O**CTOBER 3. We reached Sesheke at 2.35 p.m. and were cordially welcomed by the Rev. Louis Jalla, Mlle. Dogimont and Mlle. Giugler. The latter is a new arrival, a Waldensian young lady, who has been nursing all through the war, and who, as I learned later, has a wonderful array of war medals and ribbons, besides written tributes from General Pétain downwards, and also a lasting memorial in the shape of scars from bursting bombs when she was working in Rheims. These ladies, with the two others who joined us at Lealui, arrived here about six weeks ago (August 28).

The lions had evidently been awaiting their arrival, for the very first night at 12 o'clock, they were awakened by a native ambulance party who had dragged a man on a litter from a village eight hours distant. He had been horribly mauled and was nearly dead from shock and loss of blood. The station had been unoccupied for several months and was perfectly denuded of medical stores. With a small first-aid box they were able to staunch the wounds and revive him a little, and in the morning Mlle. Giugler took him properly in hand, her colleague administering anæsthetics and stimulants as required, for he kept fainting all the time. For some days it seemed impossible he could recover, but he did, and I was taken to see him a day or two later. He was already able to hobble to the dispensary and have his wounds dressed. This ritual had become the daily entertainment of the natives living near by. The lion-victim sat under a thatched verandah, a small child toddling around and his wife rolling up the bandages while Mlle. Giugler applied fresh dressings and Mlle. Dogimont attended to the other patients, when their attention could be distracted from the central figure.

I heard the story from his own lips. The lion came to



ON ARRIVAL, AUGUST 29TH.



AFTER SIX WEEKS' TREATMENT.

THE LION VICTIM.

Ph. : R. Dogmont.



## Sesheke

his village in the night and took a little calf. About 10 a.m. it returned and began attacking people. He himself went out with a spear and tried to drive it away, but unsuccessfully. Realizing his danger he scrambled up a tree. The lion sprang after him and tore his right leg, smashing up the ankle-joint, and inflicting a double through wound in the upper part of the thigh. Desperate, he struggled to his feet and thrust both hands into the lion's jaws, endeavouring to wrench its tongue out, but he only got his hands fearfully torn and the bones splintered by its fangs. Two other men then attacked the lion; one was killed but the other managed to give it a mortal wound, and so this man was saved.

He has been a "mission-boy" and speaks quite good English. I had many talks with him, and gave him some of Mr. Mercer's little booklets to read. He was greatly interested in one of them, *The Inevitable Separation*, expanding the parable of the good and bad fish all gathered into one net and sorted afterwards. Net-fishing is such a feature of their lives here that every detail appealed to him. [Later. It is very encouraging to hear that the influence of the station has not been in vain. The poor fellow has almost lost the use of his hands, though otherwise well again, so he cannot work as he used to do, but he seems to be truly a changed man. He has attached himself to the mission and is teaching in the school. He says he firmly believes God let this accident happen to him to bring him back to the right path. May he continue in it!]

It is extraordinary what these girls do for the natives. There is no doctor within reach, the one at Livingstone is five days' distance, the one at Mongu three weeks'. Alone they had rigged up a dispensary in the old mud-hut that served for the first mission house, made calico ceilings on light wooden frames and fixed them to prevent the septic dust falling down on the patients from the roof, and now they had set out their pitifully small outfit of drugs, dressings and appliances. I turned out the few things I had left from the journey, the merest trifles for personal use, but they made quite a good difference to the small stock, and later on they received supplies from headquarters. But Mlle. Giugler has been obliged to build a little dispensary at her own charges. The mission, while recognizing the need, had absolutely no

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funds for the purpose. [*Later.* One is glad to hear that the cost—£40—has been nearly met.]

*Sunday, October 3.* After church two men were introduced to me who had been treated two years before, one mauled by a lion, another by a crocodile. They proudly exhibited their scars. One of them had taken service with the magistrate during Mlle. Dogimont's furlough, but directly he heard she had returned he came and asked her to take him on again. She pointed out that she could not pay him the wages he was getting at the Residency, but he said, "Never mind, I don't mind that. You saved me and I must be your boy now." So here he was as gardener.

Hardly any women at church—all over on the other side (the former German territory called the Caprivi strip), sowing their fields. In the afternoon the chief Imwiko, Yetta's half-brother, came to salute me and brought a very pretty table-stand as a "gift of welcome," an oblong pediment with a double rack for pen-holders, made, he said, on purpose for me, and executed in ivory and ebony by a native craftsman. It was handed to me by his Prime Minister (a Christian), with much ceremony. Of course, I was suitably pleased, and said so. But this is what hurt me: all this for me, a mere bird of passage, while to Mlle. Dogimont, who has spent years of self-sacrificing labour among his people, many of whom owe their lives to her, his gift of welcome was—a hen (value 1s.)!

*October 4.* A most exciting event—the snake-hunt. During the morning, Mlle. Dogimont called me to see a snake swimming across the river. I ran to the corner of the garden, a cliff overhanging the harbour, and there was the snake in mid-stream rearing up its head and lashing its body about. It looked *immense* in the water.

M. Jalla was standing in the prow of the blue punt with his gun, and at the crucial moment he fired and hit the spine. It ducked, wriggled and vanished from sight. We all watched breathlessly, as did the paddlers, some on shore and some in little canoes, and, after disappearing for a minute or two, it suddenly jumped into the air as if tossed like a pancake from



REPAIRING A CANOE.



THE SNAKE HUNT.

*Ph. : L. Jalla.*





## Sesheke

some invisible hand below, and after a few convulsive struggles, sank again.

This was the signal for the water-side men. Two canoes darted forward, in one were two men armed respectively with a spear and a long lance. They prodded about in the water, which is shallow just there, owing to the sand-bar, and finally impaled it through the head and just above the tail and brought it ashore in triumph.

The snake looked very much larger in the water than out of it (which perhaps explains some of the sea-serpent stories). In reality it measured 4 ft. It was of a particularly venomous kind. Mlle. Dogimont photographed the scene, which was rather striking. A large, newly-planned canoe lay on the beach, a dug-out which M. Jalla was buying: two natives were repairing it with patches on the prow, botching it up fisher-fashion to our ideas, but it was really very neatly and cleverly done when one considers that all the cutting and shaping and joining are done with only two tools just alike except for a change in the position of the blade and haft. The handle is curved with a knob at one end, and the blade can be fixed into this, either in line with the haft forming an axe, or at right angles to it, forming a hoe-shaped scraper. This one implement is made to perform the function of saw, plane, chisel, hammer, and gouge. However, they were using a drill for the screw holes.

When the missionaries first came they had no nails, but the native blacksmiths learned to make them very well, and even screws, very long and carefully finished, of an ingenious pattern. All these instruments are made of native iron by the Ma-totela tribe, smelted with charcoal in little underground tunnels.

An intense heat is produced by the action of bellows worked by the blacksmith, which look exactly like two gigantic wooden tobacco pipes placed together, the bowls, on opposite sides, are covered with bladders, the ends of the stems pass into the little tunnels before-mentioned, carrying to charcoal and metal a fierce current, something on the principle of a Primus stove or a painter's blow-lamp.

*October 5.* M. and Mme. Pons started again, leaving me

## The New Zambesi Trail

here. It was very hard for them to break to Mlle. Dogimont the news of her little dog's death. As for Frimousse, her behaviour has been pathetic. Overjoyed to see her own mistress again after a long furlough, she nevertheless kept sidling up to me and licking my hand as if to say, " You quite understand how it is, don't you? "

The puppy was duly handed over to M. Jalla, but without a character. He received it with all the empressement due to a gift from a valued friend, refused to believe he was an Anarchist by nature, called him after his birthplace and handsomely tipped the paddler who had fed him on the voyage, although if anybody deserved compensation on his account, it was certainly myself! Two days later we found he had been unobtrusively handed over to a worthy church couple, and the good Maretha was learning to call him " Bol-shevik." Needless to say she had no notion what the name meant. M. Jalla had adopted instead twin fox-terrier pups, and they certainly proved pleasanter companions in a boat.

Spent a good deal of time this day at the dispensary. Mlle. Dogimont has only been back six weeks and the house in which I had *camped* coming up is transformed. All the inner walls washed with tinted manioc (the local substitute for whitewash and distemper), a whole set of bedroom furniture put together out of packing cases not roughly but very tastefully in good patterns that the Arts and Crafts Society need not disdain, stained in harmonious tints and the rough surfaces covered with cheap but pretty cotton print tacked on with brass-headed nails. Boot and shoe mending and all sorts of repairs are done—nothing comes amiss to her.

The missionary's life, and especially that of the *demoiselle de la station*, is full indeed, and of such material cares! The food problem here is acute. The traders buy up all the grain, and even, I am told, the future crops, and there is chronic scarcity. We live mostly on omelettes, bread and tinned goods or European groceries like macaroni, and now and then a tough little fowl which here costs 1s. as against 6d. at Lealui.

These incessant preoccupations would seem to war against the spiritual life, and yet that is just what they have to impart.

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At dinner we had a long talk on this, about prayer and the need for being filled with God's Word so as to overflow.

But how? When life is one rush from dawn till dark.

After tea, we had a promenade on the creek in the station boat, a water-logged punt. No European workmen here to repair it. The scene was exquisite. A sandy bank on the left side, namely the island (now a peninsula), and on the right the leafy lofty banks of the mainland. The waters of the creek are black and deep and within them float mysteriously the medusæ peculiar to Rhodesia, called by the natives "fishes' eyes," and by the French "étoiles de mer." Water spiders (? sliders, gliders) in myriads were darting about; and flowering trees shed their petals on the water. One especially beautiful, looked rather like lilac, but it was a leguminous kind and the size of a horse-chestnut tree. Its branches, thickly clothed with dark green foliage, flowered as profusely as laburnum and millions of bees hummed in the purple clusters.

M. Jalla pointed out a little further on the site of the former native capital (in Livingstone's time and later), and near it the old landing-place of the mission. The cemetery lies just above it now, but hidden behind a grove. He also showed us the spot where the chief Tahalima was killed in 1888 by the rebel faction, who drove Lewanika into temporary exile.

The rebel chiefs with their leader Morantsiane suddenly appeared at Sesheke. Thinking they were part of their rightful king's army, the old Tahalima and his sons came out to salute them, but stopped short, astounded to see the usurper instead. "On your knees, Shoalela, for the king," his followers shouted.

"I only acclaim Lewanika," said the old man, with his habitual dignity, whereupon he and his retinue were clubbed and speared to death.

One of Tahalima's slaves then came into M. Jalla's service, and used often to ask leave to use his gun. He would go away for a day or two and return with a bird or some trifling capture. At last one time he was absent longer than usual, and meanwhile M. Jalla was summoned to the Lekhothla (council). Here he was confronted with his own gun. It had been found on Tahalima's grave beside the body of his slave. The boy had killed himself to rejoin his master.

## The New Zambesi Trail

What are we to think of the natives' boundless capacity for personal attachment? It is like the old Highland tribesmen. We know how twelve Highland gentlemen were ready to give their lives to redeem their chief, Fergus McIvor. When they are slaves they can become absorbed in the life (or should one say the aura?) of their master, with the uncritical devotion of a dog, only with more self-sacrifice. At the same time they are capable of the most cruel and selfish caprice if told they are free. Civilization generally breaks down this capacity for attachment. Employés are in one camp, masters in another. Are we any the better for this? Some would say "Yes." The individuality is developed and with it the conscience. But it becomes ever more difficult to count upon anybody else. The closest ties are severed by the smallest causes: a trifle throws the firmest adherents into the opposite camp. This is no plea for slavery, but one is constrained to wonder which produces the most lasting attachment, the relationship of free choice or that to which a man is born or is arbitrarily assigned.

M. Jalla also told us several incidents of the old days of civil war and anarchy. He and his wife were awakened at dawn one morning by two of their servants rushing in and hiding under their beds, declaring they were pursued by the insurgent faction, and refused to be dislodged. When the young couple went out, they accordingly found these rebel warriors bivouacking in their compound and for many weeks their lives were in daily peril. And even after peace had been restored, they overheard the chiefs one day plotting to throw the two missionaries to the crocodiles and carry off their wives to Lealui. And why did they not carry out their threats? There was no British Protectorate then: no mounted police.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about."

*October 7.* Josefa, the evangelist, having a talent that way, packed my curios for me, and would not accept a penny for his morning's work "because you are a traveller and Moruti Coillard's daughter (niece)." Arranging for my journey from here to Livingstone. M. Jalla took me and the two young ladies by boat to the trader's camp to lay in supplies. We walked home over the veld just like Clifton Downs, with

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mimosa thorn instead of gorse. This bush bears large crinkled beans like rams' horns, which elands are very fond of eating. Two natives were gathering them for some Boer hunters, whom we visited a few minutes later and who had brought into their camp a number of beautiful half-grown elands. The one we saw, Mr. Brink, also showed us quantities of hunting trophies, skins and horns, and a lion's skull, extraordinarily small compared with the living head and mane. Mlle. Giugler examined it with great interest, especially the fangs, in view of her patient's injuries.

*October 9.* This evening rain and thunderstorms, the first but one since I arrived at the Zambesi. Frimousse was much alarmed and it was comical to witness the terror and dismay of a young cat, who had never seen rain in her life, and who walked about the verandah mewing piteously, shaking the drops from her paws and looking eloquently into our faces for an explanation! Mlle. Dogimont has a lovely little gazelle about the size of a large rabbit. It wandered away in the storm and was lost all night.

### THE FISH-HUNT.

*Tuesday, October 12,* dawned—a hot, exhausting day. After breakfast word was brought, "The Deaf and Dumbie is here; don't you want to take his photograph?" The Deaf and Dumbie is tall and good-looking, but for a spiteful and malignant expression. With a pointed cap he would be a perfect Mephistopheles. He straightened his tall figure, stood to attention and saluted with a stage gesture. But the battered straw hat, of which he seemed so proud, was a degradation to humanity. "Wouldn't he fetch his red fez?" The cook-boy, in elaborate pantomime, explained what was wanted.

The Dumbie with still more eloquent gesture replied, "No, he couldn't fetch his fez. He hadn't time to return to the village. There was a big fish-hunt going on up the creek and he was on his way to it. But he would consent to sit for his portrait." (It would be worth a spoonful of salt to him, no doubt.) "But his cap!" Quick as thought the Missi snatched up a strip of red paper from a used film and fastened

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it round his head with a safety pin (priceless treasure !). The final pose is taken, he readjusts the paper cap, and takes leave of the cook-boy. Nasilele, bending over a wash-tub in the shade of the lemon-trees, is directing a series of remarks—apparently to the ground, in reality under the floor of the house, which stands on piles one foot high—to some one the other side of it. With gestures almost as dramatic as the Deaf and Dumbie he is intimating that the young prince has just passed in his canoe to the fish-hunt. The edge of the garden offers a splendid view-point, but the royal canoe is already out of sight. Nasilele and the house-boy cast wistful glances behind them ; the visitor does likewise.

“ Wouldn't it be possible for *us* to go ? I don't want to take you away from better occupations, but I thought perhaps Nasilele could take me in a little canoe.”

“ There is no question of any other occupation this morning ” (the missionary looks rather rueful. The village is deserted for the hunt). “ The question is, could we find enough men for the boat ? Well, I will try ! ”

Find the men, did you say ? *Find the men ?* Who couldn't, when a fishing party was in progress ? What would anybody do if offered the choice between two hours at the wash-tub and two hours on the river ? Before the visitor can lace her boots up two canoes are waiting fully equipped, with seven paddlers apiece ! One is the missionary's own, and the crew are his house-boys. The other is conveying an important-looking local personage, and a scratch crew, presumably made up of those unlucky villagers who till this moment had no means of reaching the rendezvous. Every one is bubbling with excitement, even the half-dozen little girls whom Missi has just taken under her care, are standing beside the lemon trees on the cliff corner to wish us good luck. Down the sandy steps to the slipway, into the boat, narrow as a cattle trough (“ and mind you keep still, for the water is full of crocodiles ! ”), and the paddlers push off. Their bronzed shoulders glisten in the morning sun, the paddles click rhythmically as they move in perfect concert ; joy beams not only from their faces but from every muscle of their bodies. We are turning our backs upon the current and moving up into the creek, which was once the main stream of the river.

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Already a sandy bar shines through the clear water, buff against the blue. Meanwhile the depths keep clear, though still; medusæ float star-like around the boat, and velvety hawk moths and dragon flies dart round us.

The scene is enchanting. Behind us on the far side of the bay the pointed huts of the native town nestle against the grey-green giant mimosas, and a gigantic banyan, "Livingstone's tree," crowns the steep path from the little harbour, empty now of every craft. On our right rises a high wooded bluff, the dark purple-blossomed trees, humming with wild bees, scattering flowerets over the black pools and screening the cemetery and its unuttered tragedies of early days. Two strokes further and we reach the well-worn path from the old native town where criminals were cast to the crocodiles in those days of still living memory, when rival chiefs were murdered at drinking orgies, and anarchy reigned supreme.

But memory to-day refuses to dwell on "old far-off unhappy things," so perfect seems the atmosphere of peace and goodwill. All seems to breathe the truce of God. On the island (now a peninsula) quiet herds are browsing and the tiny red-backed heron move lightly amidst the reeds and the white egret among the cattle: the chequered kingfishers are hovering and darting over the ripples; but wide-winged hawks are hovering too; and doubtless to the hunted fish there is not much to choose between the various bipeds whom the day's sport has brought together. The fact is that for the moment we are all one with Nature—"Nature red in tooth and claw," and we are all enjoying the return to barbarism—all except the fish!

A sharp turn to the left and we have quitted the deep former river-bed to enter the silted shallows. The banks, now low to water-level, are converging before us into the sedges; on the skyline a thicket of stunted trees shuts off the isthmus from the other (and now the only) branch of the river. An open palisade of reeds and stakes, light and flexible, now screens the apex of the creek. This has been gradually pushed forward every few hours since the hunt was decided upon, and the fish have been gradually driven before it. Behind this we discern a forest of lances and a whirling mass of black heads, legs and arms. The skiff glides past the weir and past the barrier of

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clods and water-weeds hastily thrown across the passage by which the native canoes have entered, leaving barely space for one at a time to push through, and now we are in the thick of it. Before us lies a triangular sheet of water flanked on two sides by wide beds of low green rushes, and closed on the third by the weirs just passed. More than a hundred men, from greybeards to piccanninies, are beating the bed on the opposite side, the chief in the midst, kilted and helmeted, barelegged and knee deep, jabbing away in fine form.

He is probably the only one who takes a sporting view of the occasion. The majority are out for what they can make, either to eat or sell. Many are thrusters from the Upper Valley and for them it was a golden opportunity. It is really a most stirring sight ; all classes, from the prince to the smallest slave (or rather ex-slave), bent on one object and enjoying one thing.

There is no display of success however, in fact each man seems anxious rather to conceal than to exhibit a big catch—though not from motives of modesty, one may be sure ! Each is armed with a reed lance, sometimes with two, from nine to eleven feet long, supple as a fishing-rod and about as thick as a second joint, tapering to a third or fourth at the top, and at the lower end armed with a four-sided barbed stiletto about six inches long. Some are loaded at the upper extremity with a tiny calabash, as big as a walnut ; this is to balance the rod and keep it from inadvertently slipping out of the hand.

“ Inadvertently ” : for there seem to be at least two methods of striking. One is a sharp perpendicular stroke at close quarters, i.e., between the feet, the lance meanwhile firmly held. In the other case the lance is thrown forward in such wise as to stick upright in the mud and released from the hand.

When a man carries two lances, for the first method he holds both tightly clasped and sometimes tied together in one hand. In the other case both are flung forward, one from each hand, the arms thrown up and the lances caught back and lifted with a gesture so swift and dexterous that the whole series of acts seems but one, even when it includes the capture of a fish impaled upon the spike.



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One naturally asks how can anything possibly be caught by such a method? It must be hit or miss and generally it is miss. But the fact is that it is a regular battue. The whole enclosure is swarming often with very large fish, 10 to 16 lb. or more, which have been driven into it by the means already described. The ground is then worked very systematically right up to the tall flanking hedges of yellow-plumed reeds. The prince leading or more probably the chief who is authorized to work that particular stretch or lagoon, the whole party attack, in this case, first the bed on the left, moving gradually up to the point of the creek, which they cross and work down the other side; every lance is darting up and down without a second's intermission, except to pull a fish off when one has been speared. These are handed to a servant if the lucky sportsman is a *morena* (chief), to be placed in his canoe: the rank and file prudently tie theirs to the loin-cord which is almost the only rag they retain. Each man keeps his own catch.

By the time these rush beds have been thoroughly threshed out, a considerable number of big fish have been captured, and the rest have fled for a short-lived security into the open pools, in which the final scene is enacted. This is the really sporting part of the whole thing.

No special signal is given, for this is more or less an Ishmael game, each man for his own hand, and a few who are having poor luck in the rush beds and finding their elbows are no match for their neighbours, have already betaken themselves to the knee-deep water. Yet there is a supreme moment of transition. One man gaffs a huge bream; plop—it has slipped from his hand; he chases it up to the weir and with both legs and arms tries to surround the enemy. The splash has arrested attention. Shouts of applause and encouragement ring out from every corner of the field. The young Morena is looking on, the opportunity to distinguish himself is unique, the effort frantic. Alas! the catch once more secured has eluded him again: it dives and escapes up-stream away from under the encircling weir, and the fiasco is greeted with shouts of derision by the whole field, which now precipitates itself into the water. The pool is beaten through and through. The prince has moored his pavilioned boat and

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has entered a dug-out, paddling it himself, in and out amid the splashing, shouting crowd, but the movement is slackening : and he is leaving. " It is not good enough," he says in his fluent English, " to stay for now."

At the bottom of his boat lie some horrible shark-like black fishes, with mouths under their chins, gaping in huge half-circles. Also four water tortoises, which, tied by their legs, have turned turtle and are mournfully endeavouring to turn back again. The visitor cannot refrain from replacing them right side up, needless to say without evoking any sign of gratification.

Will the prince stand for his portrait ? He will, and in his solar topee and khaki service jacket, and red-patterned kilt, both hands clasped upon his paddle, he makes a manly and picturesque figure.

Moreover he promises that to-morrow morning the seine (the chief's sole appanage) shall be shot in front of the mission station for the guest to witness.

But all the indunas are regaining their canoes to follow their master, and our boat is blocking the only exit to the pool. So we move and head the procession returning to the town, becoming aware for the first time that it is mid-day and the sun unbearably hot.

A few stragglers still linger, chiefly the non-residents already referred to, who have come down from the northern plains for the fishing season to haunt every hunt and make their little pile. The bream is delicious broiled over wood ashes. So also are steaks of tiger fish but for the numerous bones. The natives file off the scales by the river-side with a split stick and either hawk it fresh or dry it in the sun.

Fishing with the seine-net is naturally carried on at night, but the two canoes were sent up specially soon after sunrise to the lower end of the island the morning following the fish-drive. The net, beautifully meshed and woven of native cord, was flung overboard and the two canoes parted, stretching it to its utmost length. Small bundles of reeds take the place of cork floats. The canoes are gradually paddled to the shore to meet each other and the net is drawn in with ropes made of green withes (rushes). No fish were caught in this cast ; but the canoes were heaped up with big ones secured during the



HARPOONING.



PART OF THE CATCH.  
THE FISHING PARTY.

*Ph.: L. Jalla.*



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night, and a handsome bunch of them was sent up to the Mission House, where they made a welcome change of diet.

Perplexing thoughts intrude as we regain the beach. Evidently it would not have been a bit of use for *us* to preach to the people absorbed in their pursuit. We should not dream of doing it.

What then was the magnet that called Andrew and Peter just as *they* were "casting a net into the sea"? "Come ye after Me and I will make you fishers of men," and "straightway they forsook their nets and followed Him."

Nothing transcendental in that appeal. It was not "Come and I will show you the Ultimate Truth" or "the Uncreated Light." Nothing but the offer to a couple of quite ordinary young men of a more exciting occupation and a more attractive Companionship.

And why have not our words the same power? "Greater things than these shall ye do." What then is the secret we have missed? and are we willing to pay the price of learning it?

True, it was not a universal call. But were there not among all those fishers even one or two who might have heard it, had Another been standing in our place upon the shore?

*October 12.* Evening. M. Jalla and I walked to Mwandi to take leave of the chief. A lovely walk back. Sunset over the river. New moon and Venus in unusual brilliance.

"The star that bids the shepherd fold his flock"

is called by the natives here "She who calls to supper." At first blush this sounds very materialistic. But not so really. It means "The day's toil is over. Mother calls us home" to rest and comfort and reviving. Is it not a happier thought to call it the Lamp of Home rather than to link it with mere outward beauty and light love?

*October 14.* Imwiko's men brought the skin of the lion for its victim to see. This is the chief's appanage and he had had the kindly thought that the wounded man might be cheered

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by the sight of his vanquished enemy ; or perhaps be cured on the principle of " a hair of the dog that bit him." All the same it seemed a one-sided affair. One man was killed, another injured for life. Two women devote themselves steadily to his care for months, lodging and feeding him : and the chief, who does nothing, gets the skin !

The chiefs, especially the royalties here, have not the faintest notion of duty towards their sick or wounded subjects. It is etiquette to ignore sickness. They never visit even a man of high rank if he is ill, much less a servant or humble subject. They may send to inquire after some high official, but that is the utmost stretch of ceremony. I ventured to tell Yetta when at Lealui how our King and Queen visited the hospitals. He listened politely and remarked, " It is not our custom."

Accordingly to-day, when I went to Mwandu to sketch and to take leave of Imwiko, an endeavour was made to enlist his sympathy and sense of responsibility for this sufferer and others, but it evoked no response. " I was sick and ye visited me " does not present itself as a natural human duty apart from family life. One would suppose that the example constantly set by the missionaries and by other white men (for the natives seem to expect *all* Europeans to give medical help when required, and many employers are most kind to their sick servants) would act by suggestion and the example be followed. But, apparently, it is not so. The chiefs think it quite natural the missionaries should do it—it is their job and they need not even be thanked ; but that *they* should put themselves out for their suffering subjects is quite another matter.

*October 15.* Up at 6 a.m. Started at 8 a.m. or thereabouts in a new barge named *Kama*, very large and deep, with M. Louis Jalla, who is kindly escorting me as far as Katomboroa. We have sixteen paddlers. The leader is called Nasilele—the same name as my boy. He is a Christian and a schoolmaster, but is earning an honest penny in this way during vacation, and, indeed, he is reported to be a very skilled pilot, though to us the combination of the two professions is unusual.

Mlle. Dogimont and Mlle. Giugler heaped me with provisions for the journey—eggs, milk, bread, bananas, paw-paws—

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and I had bought some tins from the trader. Unfortunately M. Pons's paddlers had by mistake carried off the tent I had used coming down and M. Jalla had to borrow one for me from the same trader. To my dismay it turned out to be merely a patrol tent, a calico thing, 6 ft. long and 4 ft. 6 in. wide, and 4 ft. 6 in. high in centre; it was evidently intended for a person who slept on the ground, and though it would just take a camp bedstead it wouldn't take the occupant in any position except lying flat down or kneeling. One could not even sit upright on the bed. Luckily there were to be only two nights of it.

An interesting farewell to the lion-man. I left him another of Mr. Mercer's booklets, *The Supreme Moment of a Lifetime*. It is wonderful how interested he is to pore over these tracts.

Frimousse was most distressed at my departure, jumped into a boat alongside ours and tried to get in beside me. She had evidently enjoyed our former trip and was ready for more, and I felt quite sad to leave my little companion, but doubtless the society of her true mistress quickly consoled her.

We soon had cause to be thankful for the new big barge for it was very rough on the river, quite large waves breaking over the gunwale. At 11 a.m. we passed the Kasai River, the boundary between Barotseland and the east of N. Rhodesia under the B.S.A. Company's direct administration. In a quiet backwater we saw beautiful water-lilies of all shades just coming out, and the pretty white jonquil, which I call water snowflake, not knowing its name. A flight of ducks rose from a sand-bank. M. Jalla brought one down, a most handsome creature, with red legs and beak, russet-brown head and neck, white wings, dark brown pinion feathers, and four bright orange ones near the body. Tail black above, white underneath. Yet it was only in flight it displayed all this brilliance, on shore it looked just like any brown wild-duck, only nearly as large as a goose. We had him for supper, but I may say without prejudice to M. Jalla's marksmanship that he appeared to have succumbed because he was too old and stiff to get away in time. We saw a great many wild-fowl of many varieties and it would have been an enjoyable run had it not been so rough.

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We camped at a horrible spot which I described going up as being full of haycocks (sedges) and midges. This time it had been cleared for the passage of the Resident Commissioner and would have been quite comfortable for ordinary camping, but I found my mats had been carried off too, so that "my lodging was on the cold cold ground," besides the wretchedness of the tent, which one could only creep into on all fours. The paddlers, moreover, had put our milk in the sun and it had all turned to cheese. All this, however, made me realize how extraordinarily smooth and easy all the previous travelling had been hitherto.

My folding bedstead, too, was finally giving way, the canvas splitting in all directions. Nasilele junior patched it up. It seems to me that a native like him (and there are many such) is very capable. To begin with, he can paddle all day and to navigate a boat on the Zambesi rapids is no trifling matter. This, however, is as easy to him as breathing, and to build a hut or erect a fence as natural as for a bird to build its nest. Then as to acquired talents, he is a very good cook and is learning to be an equally good housemaid and waiter. It is true he can't read as yet, but he has quickly picked up the English words necessary for personal attendance, and like all the Barotse is very attentive and well mannered. It is no use putting him on a pedestal, but it is certainly a comfort to have him on the journey, he is so faithful and careful.

Starting early the next day we spent a very long time coasting the great wooded island of Mpalira, a huge triangle at the junction of the Linyanti (or Chobe) River and the Zambesi. All this district was evidently once a vast lake, the river is very wide and was very rough again. At the same time as we sighted it, viz. 8 a.m., we began going through the rapids of Mambova, which took an hour. The passage was a dangerous bit in this rough weather and would have been impossible but for having our big barge, the gradient is very steep and one is gliding down a continuous waterfall the whole time, the river very wide and nothing to cling to if one were wrecked; no jutting rocks or small islets. It was two hours more before we finally left the island coast.

After the confluence of the two rivers, a wide and choppy



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space, the banks close in rather rapidly, like a bottle neck, with two purple hills on either side. The scenery was even more beautiful than in June, as more trees were in leaf, but it is the peculiarity here that they are never all in leaf at once, and some never seem to be clothed with foliage at all, only to develop delicate lacey brown or russet leaflets, very pretty against the sky and giving to the landscape a purplish aspect that looks autumnal. Others, like the mopane, stand out green and glossy against this background, a peculiarly vivid green never seen in England.

We halted at Kazungula, for many generations the key and gateway to Barotseland, and the site of one of our earliest stations. It is a ford and so narrow that M. Jalla says one can easily talk and be heard from one bank to the other. Absolutely not a trace is left either of the former large native town or of the missionary's establishment except a cactus hedge they planted, the cactus apparently not being indigenous here.

On the opposite bank (S.) stands the great tree which marks the junction of four territories, viz. Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia, and the Caprivi Strip (formerly German territory) on the right bank, and North Rhodesia on the left. It is a striking landmark. Here M. Jalla spent six years and expended, as he said, "much youthful energy and enthusiasm." Here also two of his baby children were buried and also the Rev. — Buckenham, a very devoted Primitive Methodist Missionary, and his child. We visited the spot where they were interred under a great tree. The metal plaque, with Mr. Buckenham's epitaph, still remains, but the marble memorial to the little Jallas and another child had been ripped off, leaving only the nails and a chip: probably to sharpen knives upon it. M. Jalla was painfully affected by this.

We reached Katomboroa about 2.30 p.m., our starting place, on June 19. It is even more beautiful when one approaches it from the river. The port itself is a backwater screened by an island, covered with feathery papyrus and palm-trees against a background of tall forest trees.

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Our sixteen paddlers were met and effusively greeted by all the other paddlers of the mission fleet, who had come down with M. Pons and were now awaiting the arrival of another mission party to bring them up to Lealui. These paddlers are not engaged permanently but only when needed for a journey, and if, as sometimes happens, travellers do not arrive at the scheduled time, considerable expense is incurred as the paddlers have to be fed and kept all the time they are waiting.

The waggon from Livingstone was to meet me and bring me there, and it arrived about 6 a.m. on Sunday morning. That bit of the journey I had to make alone with the native leader and conductor, and as it sometimes takes six days or more I was not looking forward to it. Usually one does not travel on Sunday, but M. Jalla calculated that there would be hardly time for the waggon to take me to Livingstone (allowing a margin for accidents), rest the oxen and be ready to bring up the next arrivals unless I started on Sunday evening, which plan accordingly was carried out.

Katomboroa, notwithstanding the fairy-like beauty of its river scenery, is not an ideal place to spend any day of the week, and Sunday least of all. The sun seemed to shine through a burning glass and the camp swarmed with flies and mosquitoes. There was a big shady fig-tree—we must count our blessings—and under its branches we had morning service with the sixty or seventy paddlers about 9.30. Even then the heat was intolerable and immediately afterwards a scorching wind sprang up, and for the rest of the day it was too hot to do anything but exist. Great black pigs, the biggest I ever saw, were rooting and grunting all round us, throughout the night as well, and poking their snouts into our pots and pans and plates, not to say tents also; we had to keep driving them off.

At the landing-stage I was caught in a whirlwind of dust (quite local), my helmet blown into the water. I put up my umbrella to ward off the burning sun; it was instantly turned inside out. Leaves, paper, everything was swept up in a marching column, driving across the veld. In a few minutes there was a lull, but later in the day it began again and kept

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on with such violence one could neither read nor write, nor even think ; only try to find a shady place and sit there, parched with thirst and exhausted with heat.

I asked M. Jalla what I was to expect when we parted company as I had never travelled in an African waggon before—strange as this may seem.

He said, " Oh, it is rather like a train ; the conductor knows when and where to halt and *you* will go forward just like a packing case ! " Too true ! and the wonder is one is not shaken out in the dark " just like a packing case, " too. I had never quite realized what this mode of travelling was, though most people know that the waggon is really a dray in front and a carrier's cart behind. It has no springs and where the awning or tilt rises from the sides there is a tray called a kartel sliding in a groove, crossed and recrossed by leather thongs, like the spars of a bedstead. If it is pushed right home you can climb, though not easily, from a single step to the floor and thence to the kartel, seven or eight feet above the ground. This is your parlour, bedstead and everything else, and not a bad place at night if mats are laid under the blankets.

But—as aforesaid—my mats had been left behind and so things kept dropping through the wide meshes of the straps into the open space below, whence there was nothing to prevent them rolling out. Moreover, the kartel had been shaken loose and projected, so that it overhung the step and floor, and it was nearly impossible to clamber in or out. I was too inexperienced to know this could have been put right.

The awning, good and new, of thick dark green canvas overhung the front (which is really the back of the waggon, you get in behind), leaving only a hole through which it was hardly possible to creep even without a helmet on. It had been fastened down thus tightly to keep out dust and sun, and as a result the inside was simply a dark oven.

M. Louis Jalla and I exchanged farewell messages for our friends and about 4 p.m. we started. It proved a short but weary journey. Impossible to do anything. One couldn't see for one thing and for another the jolting was too violent, neither could one see out. A man at Sesheke had told me

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that he and Mr. Latham had once taken nine days over these thirty-four miles to Livingstone, so that I was prepared for anything, but fortunately this turned out to be the record trip and we reached Livingstone just after 7 a.m. on Tuesday morning.

The astonishing thing is that people actually get to like waggon travelling. To me it was torment. Yet there was every alleviation. The waggon was fresh and clean, not haunted by mice and insects as is often the case after long journeying. The awning was sound, and we were on a real road and not a bad one, instead of having to hew our way through forest and prairie, and had a good team of eighteen oxen. Moreover, all the time our way ran alongside a never-failing river and above all I had it to myself. Mme. R—— has told me she travelled for weeks with another lady, each with two baby children, in the same waggon or one just like it. Others have been packed in with three other ladies crossing the Kalahari desert in the old days before the railway, short of food, water and everything else. One wonders how they survived it.

Aunt Christina had two years of it before reaching this country, in the most dreadful conditions possible: often ill, no road, hacking a way through the forest, hostile tribes refusing them food, water and pasturage, and more or less openly attacking them. How they could do it? how maintain the resolution to press on with the Gospel into the Unknown? how keep their native helpers together? how provide supplies day after day?—after this forty-eight hours' experience, I cannot think. Certainly I never before realized how wonderful the pioneers were.

Remembering all this, one is almost ashamed to set down one's petty experiences; however, the purpose of recording them is to show how people travel now at the Zambesi. I had a cup of tea before starting, but it was too hot to eat, and I supposed in my ignorance that we should halt at sunset for supper. But we trekked from 4 p.m. till eleven at night, except for five minutes just after sunset.

I found we were on a high plateau of white sand dotted with sparse trees, the thin mimosa scrub. I got down, my first acquaintance with this break-neck descent, and surveyed the darkening landscape. It looked inconceivably desolate and

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lonely in the dim light of the crescent moon. One always feels a bit down and orphaned just after sunset in the tropics, and here was I, totally alone with three black drivers, none of them mission natives, and Nasilele, a raw lad. What would happen in case of a breakdown? However, I felt sure nothing would befall me; and I reflected on little Mlle. Kiener travelling for two months like this without any experience and in an ordinary trader's waggon, and on another friend who had to travel alone with a drunken driver. I, at least, had the comfort of knowing that there wasn't a man with a whisky bottle in each pocket on the box.

"Trek." I had to climb in again and we went bumping on over logs and stones, and through the chink of the awning could just see my boy's black head bobbing behind like a faithful dog's, ready to pick me up, I suppose, if I were shot out, as the conductor had to be in front with the oxen, and the others had forgotten to fasten up the back boards.

At last sleep came, and when at last we stopped for the night it took a good deal of resolution to interrupt it. However, it would never do to slack at the first stage. It is terribly easy to drop to the tramp level! So I tumbled myself out and instructed the boy to make soup and tea, opened a tin, laid a proper cover and cloth on a proper tray and sat on a chair.

By this time it was twelve midnight, and I did not wonder as I had always done before, that Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises at midnight. It seemed the only reasonable thing to do in such absolute forlornness. The darkness was inky, no moon, and even the stars were veiled by the thick impenetrable foliage of a fig-tree covering us nearly to the ground. These are words which, however worn by currency, shine out new minted in such circumstances:

*Amid the encircling gloom . . .*

Then one feels their elemental truth.

One could not sing it with these natives, but we had the evening worship they always seem to expect with mission travellers, a hymn familiar to them, and the Lord's Prayer, in which all could unite, and they really seemed glad of it. Then I spread sheets and blankets and went properly to bed:

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the men slept by their camp fires and the oxen, relieved of yokes, just lay down in their tracks.

*Monday, October 18.* Glorious morning on the high veld. Waggon began to move about 4.30 a.m. Endured this till 6, getting a little sleep in snatches, then dressed or rather wriggled through my toilette. Mosquito bites very painful. Tried to take some tea from my thermos. Two successive cups instantly emptied of half their contents by a lurch of the waggon. Ideal Milk also jolted out. All cloths and wrappers wet with jolted milk or else water (and both so scarce !), and yet it seemed impossible to convey any successfully to one's parched lips. All basins, bags, baskets, blankets, thick in dust. Glass panel shaken out of lantern in splinters. My ear-trumpet finally broken in half, but this mattered the less as none of my escort could converse with me except the Matabele boy. At 7 a.m. the waggon halted again on a high plateau overlooking the Zambesi, beside a great bare baobab tree bearing in two-inch lettering the name of

F. S. DUCKWORTH

and the date cut in the bark.

Also a very tall and graceful borassus palm. Oxen outspanned and taken down to the river. On our left a pale yellow prairie: on the right the forest sloping to the blue Zambesi flowing in a lovely curve.

Curious how different one feels at different hours. At twelve midnight a mere leaf whirling across the veld; at 7 a.m. as if the whole world belonged to you! In a way it does, this part at any rate, and I suppose one hardly realizes how much this sense of "dominion over palm and pine" subconsciously contributes to one's enjoyment of the scene. Certainly I do not think we understand how much harder is the isolation of mission work for those who cannot have this feeling because they are really and truly "strangers and pilgrims" in this country; they have laboured and other men—the British, that is—have entered into their labours, and what is worse, do not adequately value those labours, do not know how much they have done to create the atmosphere in which our officials work and our colonists thrive.

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Unconsciously the native reflects this feeling. It is extraordinary the way in which the African seems to catch the infection of one's inner feelings: feelings which are often unsuspected by oneself and only perceived when their image is projected through him as a magnifying lens and reflected back in speech or action.

The state of things in which missionaries have to work is quite different now when colonial administrations are everywhere, from what it was when the messenger of God was facing the people alone. Then there were only two things: the morass of paganism, which the heathen themselves were sick and ashamed of, and the Kingdom of God. Now there is another sphere opened to them, another power exhibited, and that is the British, French, Belgian or other empire (whichever they live under). Is the Administrator a friend to the missionaries? The native unconsciously develops a favourable feeling. Do the local officials inwardly regard the missionaries as interlopers? The native quite as unconsciously adjusts himself to this point of view and (if a chief especially) takes up an attitude varying from active hostility to insolent patronage.

The realization that the Kingdom of God is a far greater thing than any earthly empire appears to be lacking to most of us in these days. Even the best Christians seem a little bit apologetic about their convictions, as if they were mere individual opinions which they may commend to others in a quiet way, but which are not necessarily binding on every one. How different was the apostolic attitude towards those living under the sway of the Roman Empire:—

“The preaching of Jesus Christ . . . which is now made manifest and . . . according to the commandment of the everlasting God made known to all nations for the OBEDIENCE OF FAITH.”

Upon them and from them it flashed with splendour and authority: not a matter to apologize for, but the best and grandest thing ever known or to be known, a glorious present fellowship; a radiant and illimitable future.

Can we not recapture this sense and impart it to them in a form they can comprehend? So much of the African's Christian life seems to be merely a painful struggle to be better

## The New Zambesi Trail

than his surroundings. In his natural state he is gregarious, a social being, he can literally hardly call his soul his own, he shares the common soul of his family and tribe or nation. Christianity as at present preached seems in individualizing him and developing the personal conscience to isolate him too much for his happiness.

And yet Christianity is nothing if not social. We are called to share all the best society that has ever existed. "To an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the Firstborn which are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant."

If we could only convey all that to them in some form they could understand! But, after all, we cannot! Though we can tell them of it, the revelation must be given to each believer by the Holy Spirit. The thing is to live in the continual sense of it ourselves, and then we shall know there is something better than the illusory feeling that this present world belongs to us, namely, that we belong to the world to come.

Such thoughts and many others visit one in the cool of the day and were recorded before 8 a.m. But if our spirits may rise to heaven, our bodies are still on earth, and as time goes on the memoranda strike a different note. At 10 a.m., parching wind, no shade though surrounded by trees. Tried to fasten blankets to a burnt trunk to cast a little shadow; wind made this impossible. Endeavouring to write a letter, sheets blown everywhere. The Matabele boy insists on talking to me and, as I can't hear him, picks up my own note-book to record his urgent communications.

"Myself I am matibele boy. I been at Marotse to want go in school." The poor lad wishes to enter an institution for training schoolmasters, cannot find a vacancy in Southern Rhodesia, and desires my good offices to get him into our Normal School. But there is no room there either.

A dreadful day of heat. Inspanned at 2.30 p.m. and went on till 10.30 p.m. Again impossible to do anything: dark inside waggon and jolting worse than ever. The back of one's neck feels broken. Could only doze and drink a little water at half-hourly intervals, and we had so little! Nectar indeed.



## Sesheke

At supper, 11 p.m., found cork and contents shaken out of the bovril. Problem—to make soup? Our bivouac a repetition of yesterday's. How people stand months of this I cannot imagine.

Very disturbed dreams when sleeping in a moving waggon. Africa is a land of dreams. The heathen are greatly influenced by them, and often it is true of them as in the time of Job, "God speaketh once, yea twice, in a vision of the night." Quite a number of converts mention some dream as having awakened their consciences. I myself have had more than one out here which seems not wholly meaningless.

One was à propos of a Prayer Union for the missions. For every organic and visible group of effort there seemed to be a corresponding group in the Invisible World. Back of the heathen lekhothla opposing us I saw a dark circle of "principalities and powers, mustering their unseen array"; and back of every circle of prayer on earth a ring of glorified spirits working against those evil powers. The idea is not new, but it was formulated in a strangely definite picture.

One must beware of taking dreams for revelations, but if there be any truth in this idea, what a stimulus to prayer! Does the impetus to pray come to us from the heavenly side, or does the effort on our part prompt the activities of heaven? This we cannot know, but the conclusion is the same in either alternative—"Never resist an impulse to pray."

## Chapter XIII

## Farewell to the Zambesi

**T**UESDAY, *October 19.* Waggon started off before dawn, but not wishing to begin the discomforts of the day too early, I did not emerge from seclusion till 7 a.m. At the same instant, to my joyful surprise, Nasilele bobbed up his head and said "Livingstone!"—we had arrived in record time, less than two days. The Roulets could hardly believe their eyes when a few minutes later we outspanned at the station. After breakfast, there was another happy meeting, namely, with my delayed luggage and with the mail from home, and what a comfort to have nothing to do but enjoy it!

*October 20.* After business in town, my kind host took me out to visit the prison by special permission of the authorities. It seems I am the first European woman to enter its portals whether as a visitor or otherwise.

This is a cheerful abode dropped on the open veld close to the police barracks and not far from the native location. It is divided into three quadrangles, one for white criminals, one for prisoners of war, and one for natives. The two first had no inmates and our business naturally lay in the third. The whole is under the guardianship of Mr. Boyd, an ex-Sergeant-Major of the Household Brigade, afterwards for many years in the Metropolitan Police Service at Vine Street, Piccadilly, and who has since put in nine years here. He seems to be a very kind as well as conscientious Warder, really caring for the best interests of the individual prisoners and not merely for external order and discipline. We inspected the empty cells prepared for white people. Each had a table, stool, bed, and mosquito curtain. The prophet's chamber did not possess this last luxury, and really one might have much worse quarters.

## Farewell to the Zambesi

A hoary jest seems to be current in every settlement out here—namely, that the convicts used once upon a time to be let out for the day with stringent orders to be in by sunset, otherwise they would be locked out all night. I could well believe it of this gaol, but strange to say this was the one place where I did not hear it! The native prisoners, who numbered a hundred and twenty-eight, are sent down from all parts of Northern Rhodesia and speak many different languages.

There were very few Barotse under detention, and the Chief Warder said that they were considered a peaceable and law-abiding tribe. Certainly that was not their character in the past. Mr. Boyd attributed it to Lewanika who, he said, had taught them to respect white people. I remarked that this could only have been because he had white people about him whom he could respect (Agreed). However, a desperate character was sent down shortly afterwards—so Mr. Lyons, the Resident Commissioner, informed me—convicted of a very cruel murder, and later on no less than seven men and women from Mashikulumbweland, charged with killing a young woman under atrocious circumstances.

These are the cases that give the missionary sleepless nights. We saw the condemned cell, where M. Roulet said he had spent only too much time with condemned felons. Some are hardened and indifferent, and indeed one could hardly expect that in the brief time between sentence and execution a raw heathen of the worst type could possibly comprehend the Gospel Message. Yet such is its power that some rays seem to penetrate even these darkened minds, and they understand that God's justice can pardon them for the sake of His Son, though man's justice cannot.

These murders are almost invariably those of native women, and nearly all the crime originates in domestic brawls, not in theft or fraud as in Europe, and the authorities are determined that the natives shall learn that their women cannot be maltreated with impunity, but are under the protection of the law. As Mr. Boyd said, till now they had been used to take the law into their own hands, and thought they could kill their own wives for the slightest disobedience if they chose.

M. Roulet afterwards told me that these domestic assaults were nearly always due to the excitement induced by smoking

## The New Zambesi Trail

hemp (or dagga) which the natives will always do if they can, but it is rigorously forbidden by the authorities. When I travelled here in 1903, we used to hear the men at night coughing in the long grass as they smoked, inhaling the fumes through a little tunnel in the ground.

In prison they usually behave well, being made to understand from the first that good conduct will earn remission of sentence. Only persistent insubordination is punished by the lash. "Who lays it on?" I asked. "*This gentleman,*" said the Chief Warder, indicating a tall strapping young quadroon, in khaki drill the colour of his complexion, who smirked and licked his lips as he showed us the cross-trees they are tied to. I fear he did not altogether dislike that part of his duty, though the Chief Warder evidently hated it.

I was also shut into the dark punishment cell to see how I liked it, and I didn't! About thirty of the prisoners were members of an American religious sect called The Watch Tower, already mentioned (p. 107). These men had pleasant, illuminated faces, and hold some sound Christian doctrine along with their error, and they are kindly treated, but the sentence of three years' imprisonment seems excessive since no criminal acts are alleged against them. Needless to say, spotless cleanliness and immaculate order reigned everywhere. (I was also allowed the following Sunday to attend the church services conducted by M. Roulet, and rendered very impressive by the singing of some of the prisoners. The authorities seem to appreciate the influence thus exercised upon these criminals, and facilitate the missionary's visits.)

In the afternoon, the Roulets took me to pay our respects at Government House. The Residency, a simple bungalow, stands end on to the road, you mount the portico steps, write your name in a book, and enter unannounced upon a wide and long verandah which resembles the terrace of a Swiss Hotel, except that it is furnished with matting, light chairs and tables, mostly of native workmanship, and adorned with tusks and trophies. It is illuminated every evening. Here we found the Acting Administrator with some of the ladies and staff just going to see some friends off at the station, so we only stayed a very few minutes.

His Honour told me he had been out here since 1887, when

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it was all Black Man's Country, and had bicycled over most of it. I mentioned that our missionaries had never been able to use a bicycle for their journeys, and he replied, "That's just it. You can bicycle almost everywhere in Rhodesia except in the Barotse Plain." The obstacle, it seems, is the all-pervading sand, which destroys the tyres.

Next to Government House, but divided from it by a narrow lane, a beautiful garden is laid out, fringed with Flamboyant trees. Is this ornamental shrub known in Europe? I have never seen it. There are two varieties it seems, one a shrub and one a tree; both have mountain-ash foliage and masses of orange-red flowers; in the shrub the flowers are smaller and the stamens hang out in a long tassel. Livingstone just now is ablaze with flowering trees, both the gardens and the park-like wild forest in which they are set. The varieties are bewildering. One I have been told about but have not seen is called the violet tree; a leguminous variety covered like the bougainvillea with ridges of bright purple flowers exhaling a strong scent of violets which perfumes the air for a long way round. Others smell like stephanotis or orange-blossom or honeysuckle; some, on the contrary, very nasty indeed, while looking lovely. One has to take them as they come.

From Government House we went to the Barotse Centre, the public park where the band plays. Nature has kindly provided the park, shady and luxuriant; man's part has been to level and clear a vast space in horseshoe form and lay out paths and seats around it and on the bank overlooking it. And at this hour, 4 p.m., they were crowded mostly with mothers and children, and also a good many young ladies. Boys and girls were playing games and riding bicycles over the place, the bare red earth, just like Devonshire soil, strewn with quartz pebbles. The band marched up, gorgeously smart in khaki and scarlet, their brass badges and instruments wrought up to royal pitch, and the performance was a great credit to the conductor, Mr. Cliffe. The music had been admirably selected, extremely simple, and consequently within the powers of the performers, but it is astonishing that in such a short time a native band could have been trained so well. When "God Save the King" was played at the end,

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every one sprang to their feet at the first note, all the children stopped their play or alighted from their bicycles, and every one stood at attention, hats off. Mme. Roulet said, "This always impresses me so much, we have nothing like it in Switzerland."

To my mind the National Anthem was played a little too fast, and should have sounded a shade more majestic to perfect the impression. But one felt that here it *is* the National Anthem, one of the sacraments of national life, and not merely a signal to disperse as it is to most people in England!

*October 21.* Another side-car trip round Livingstone on mission business and my own. The town possesses a Public Library, one of the best small ones I have ever seen, less rubbish in the fiction and a splendid selection of books of travel and biography with special reference to Africa.

It also boasts a Cinema, a Mill and an Electricity Plant. (But no municipal dairy. People with children have the greatest difficulty in getting fresh milk.)

Those who have heard the Victoria Falls Power Company talked about ever since the century began may imagine, as I did, that the electric lighting is supplied by turbines fixed in or near the cataracts. Not so: it is all produced out of coal brought from the Wankie's Mines. It seems that for the small amount required at present, the process of obtaining it from water-power would be too costly.

Great lack of imagination in the naming of local streets. Main Street, Empire Street and Empire Avenue seem to exhaust the list. Why not name them after the pioneers and founders? Abercorn Avenue, Coryndon Street, and so forth. But perhaps these do exist, only I did not find them out.

We also visited the hospital, passing the English church on the way. The latter is a pretty little building with a façade in the Dutch style brilliantly whitewashed: the interior also is very attractive. The incumbent, the Rev. — Day, is a very devoted and popular young chaplain.

The native hospital lies behind the European one, but at a considerable distance from it, and consists of various bungalows—in-patients' wards, out-patients' department, isolation

## Farewell to the Zambesi

ward, and the hostels of the attendants dropped about anyhow, as it would seem, in a clearing.

I wish one could say it was as clean and neat as the prison, but this was far from being the case, in fact the compound was messy in the extreme. The reason—or at any rate *a* reason—may be that prisoners have to clean up, whereas hospital patients naturally cannot do so.

The in-patients' hospital was a portable building on iron piles with a wide verandah, on which some of the patients were lying out. Each man had a bedstead, which many of them do not like at all. They are afraid of falling out. Some were very ill and evidently dying—mostly from pneumonia. As in Barotseland, this disease is rife all the year round, by no means bearing out the frequent assertion that the unclothed savage is less liable to sickness than we are.

It was dreadfully sad to see so many dying like animals, speaking only unknown tongues (for most of them come from remote and inaccessible tribes and M. Roulet cannot acquire *all* the languages), and passing away apparently in utter darkness. Others were convalescent, and a good many were basking outside, having only obstinate ulcers or skin troubles to be treated. With these we had a service. They were looked after by black orderlies, superintended by a fine-looking Blantyre who used to be a church member, but alas!—However, one never gives up hope.

Later on I saw the European hospital. The matron was very kind and showed me everything, including the Nurses' Home. There were only four patients and they were convalescent, which spoke well for the local bill of health. Twelve could be accommodated in the men's ward. The women patients were occupying private rooms. Nothing is lacking, it would seem: X-rays, dentist's studio, dark rooms for eye and ear patients; out-patients' department, and a well-appointed maternity ward. All patients pay according to their means unless destitute. I learnt with pleasure that it had just been arranged for the nurses to take it in turns, one for a month, to supervise the native hospital and its orderlies. A very necessary thing, as often the latter neglected to carry out the doctor's orders, and patients would be there for months and not improving.

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The matron also showed me a second small native hospital for special cases, and they had a patient in it for sleeping sickness from the north-east. (So far, thank God, this plague has not appeared in Barotseland.) They have had several such, all ended fatally except for one European who did get well eventually, but was hardly expected to do so while there.

To return to October 21. I had the disappointment here to discover that the photographs I had taken up-country were nearly all defective owing to a leak in the camera.

After tea we made a third expedition, this time to the Blantyre Police Camp, to address the women and children, and prepare them for the Sunday services.

These people who are, I believe, Angonis, Awembas, and of other tribes from North-east Rhodesia, are called indifferently Blantyres, though many of them are not entitled to the name even by extension, for the real Blantyres come from Nyassaland. The types one sees are more attractive judged by our standard than the Barotse or the South African natives. The women especially are finely and slenderly built and very gracefully dressed in long robes fastened under the armpits and falling in flowing lines to the feet. They seem to have a remarkable instinct for colour, too, nothing gaudy, but soft harmonious combinations, sometimes of purple and dull blue combined with subdued yellows and reds, or as often black and grey, relieved by coloured beads.

As to the men, the previous evening M. Roulet and I had been at the other native location (for employés) where the real Blantyres are camped, for the meeting of their Y.M.C.A. Seven members only were present (usually many more). This Wednesday evening meeting is for mutual improvement and discussion. They select their own subjects, and the one for this evening was "Confession." It appeared that they had already been talking about it among themselves and desired more light, as they could not come to any clear conclusion by plumbing the depths of each other's ignorance. They wished to know what was the Roman and what was the Anglican doctrine as to Confession of Sin, and what the direct teaching of Scripture. For an hour and a half with open Bibles this subject was threshed out with unflinching interest on their part. Not for nothing have they been developed by



## Farewell to the Zambesi

Scotch theologians ! The subject chosen for the next week was "The Atonement." Others on the list (some secular, some theological) were : Behaviour, Courage, Despiseness (*sic!*) ; the Hamites ; Life of Prophet Samuel ; Witchcraft ; (Christian) Witness in General ; Prayer ; Morality ; Selfishness ; Imitation of Christ.

It seems extraordinary that men who a generation ago had no ideas beyond cattle and tribal raiding, should care to spend their time in this way after their day's work, and just proves that "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light : it giveth understanding to the simple."

The next few days I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Latham in their pretty house looking towards the Falls. It was beautiful to see the columns of thundering smoke rising and falling night and day above the forest.

One evening after a small dinner party we motored out to the Falls by moonlight. The ride was unadventurous—we only started a silvery hare, but it was a thrilling experience to walk along the Knife Edge for the first time, and in darkness but for sheet lightning. This kept up a continual display of most vivid fireworks the whole time we were out, flashing out first from one point of the horizon and then from another. The well-made road now runs parallel with the path, or rather track, we followed after we disembarked from the motor launch in 1903. But all is now so civilized and smooth.

*Saturday, October 30.* M. Roulet fulfilled his promise made last June of taking me again to the Falls, and we walked across the bridge and all along the Rain Forest in front of the Chasm, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the other side. The transformation in this dry season is extraordinary. Except at the Main Fall in the centre, the Rainbow Fall and the Devil's Cataract (or Leaping Water as some prefer to call it) at the southern extremity, the gulf was nearly dry. Not one jet of water falling at the gap where the bridge crosses, though in June the spray from it lashed all over the train ! The bottom looked like the Avon at Clifton Suspension Bridge in a very low tide :

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instead of the Boiling Pot it usually is, one saw only a little green trickle forming small pools here and there.

The Rain Forest had no rain, but every break and glade was full of a beautiful scarlet flower, a succulent stalk, finger-thick with a head of fringed blossoms drooping like the crown-imperial.

It was really a unique spectacle, for the Zambesi is lower this year than ever known to be.

I longed to walk back across the Falls dry-shod, as I had heard it was possible, but M. Roulet wouldn't take the responsibility! As he is an intrepid Alpinist and even here executes the (to me) most alarming feats on the rocks, it was only on my account he refused. Still, I regret not to have had that experience to conclude with—not having had any real adventures so far!

We had, however, the good luck to see a great troop of baboons, twenty-five or thirty, loping along through the forest, immense and horrible creatures, walking about close to us, and looking like some repugnant kind of giant dog. We also disturbed a splendid pedigree Friesland bull, imported by the Government at great expense. An awkward spot to be chased by a bull, but fortunately he took no notice of us.

On our return after tea we all went out to the forest behind the station to visit the "villages" there, groups of huts where the riff-raff natives live who are not parked into compounds. The state of things there is miserably low both morally and materially, but in the sunset light it all looked very idyllic. (N.B.—1922. We hear these villages have been swept away by the authorities.)

The young men were playing a game. They form sides and the captain takes a clod of earth, wheel-shaped like a large cheese or a round hassock. It is made out of the matted roots of a certain tree and roughly shaped; and he sets this swiftly rolling. The others run after it armed with pointed switches with which they try to stop it. The man who first pierces it is considered the winner. The rolling clod, they said, represents a wild animal, and it falls to the weapon of him who first fells it. The "overs" do not last long, and

## Farewell to the Zambesi

the sides are constantly re-formed, so that a good many people get a good deal of fun out of it. But, needless to say, they were not much in the mood to listen to invitations to church—no more than a football crowd would be.

*October 31.* My last Sunday at the Zambesi! Communion Service at the Blantyre Church. About fifty participated. We afterwards had lunch under the trees, and then a second service at which I was asked to give a farewell message—"He is our Peace." The contrast between this country so lately torn by warring factions, and its present state since the Gospel entered in. And the greater peace: peace in our hearts and peace with God, and Jesus Himself our peace, "upholding all things by the word of His power," and reconciling all things in one, in Heaven and earth and under the earth. The magnificence of that fact! And to think that by the Holy Spirit even these dark minds can grasp something of it. If not the principle, at least they appreciate the practical application. Then back to the mission station for the Barotse Service in the Coillard Memorial Hall, and afterwards to say good-bye to my countrywoman, Mrs. Campbell.

Finally, at 7 p.m., we all went to St. Andrew's Church for the evening service. Mr. Day preached a very earnest and impressive sermon, speaking about the Holy Communion and what was lost by despising such a privilege. Alas! out of the 500 odd Europeans in Livingstone only about a dozen were present besides ourselves and the choir (and hardly anyone attends mattins, I was told). It made one the more glad to be there; one felt it was good for us all to unite with those who in a different and perhaps more difficult sphere were striving to be true and faithful. We had good hymns, too; "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" was one; and in Africa with what new and deep meaning, actual and spiritual, those lines are charged:

"Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night."

\* \* \*

This was the conclusion of my pilgrimage.

## The New Zambesi Trail

I could say much of all the kindness I have received, and of the wonderful way I was kept from illness and accident. It seems almost inexplicable, yet not quite, for I know many had been praying for me and that prayer is answered. For all these mercies I would record my deep thankfulness, but, above all, for the privilege of seeing the fruit of the labours begun in faith so many years ago by those who were not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision.

C. W. M.

*November 24, 1921.*

## Appendix I

**H**ERE is a statement from the

NORTH RHODESIA GOVERNMENT GAZETTE

published at Livingstone, August 14, 1920, a report of the Council held in June of that year. The Council is not a legislative but an advisory body, and His Honour the Administrator himself (Sir Lawrence Wallace) was present and replied to the questions raised by members present (local traders and farmers and other settlers).

*Q.* Is any scheme for imparting industrial education to natives under consideration?

*A.* At the Barotse National School, where there are 256 boys, all pupils receive industrial training under a skilled European instructor. It is hoped to open another school on the same lines in another part of N.W. Rhodesia so soon as sufficient money is available *from the reserve accumulating in the Barotse Fund.*

MR. BRUCE said natives paid an appreciable part of the taxation of the country and it was but fair that some of the money should be spent on their education. He was aware objection might be taken to natives being taught trades, but in spite of that, something should be done. Probably the best method would be to allocate, say, £10,000 a year to certain missions, stipulating that useful trades be taught.

MR. MOORE. . . . The European workmen would be better able to employ their knowledge with the assistance of the partially skilled native. The absence of artisan labour in this country was delaying progress. But what was more important was that the natives should be taught to build better houses for themselves and thereby increase the value of their trade with Europeans. He did not think the training of 256 natives at the Barotse National School was sufficient considering there were about a million natives. He con-

## Appendix I

sidered it would be better to educate a thousand up to a lower standard.

THE ADMINISTRATOR said all who had spoken were to a certain extent right. . . . The 256 boys at the Barotse School were not the only boys being educated. When the native tax was instituted, Lewanika made a condition that a certain amount should be spent upon the natives and so ten per cent. of the tax was paid into what was called the Barotse Fund. Out of that the Barotse National School was run. The Fund received about £4,000 a year, *but there was always something left over.*<sup>1</sup>

The first object of the school was to train the boys as teachers in order to provide for the expansion of the school, but all were taught sanitation or carpentry or other useful practical knowledge by white teachers. The boys then went out to teach in the small village schools, primary schools, which were visited by the white masters two or three times a year. From the Barotse Fund a certain amount had accumulated, and his idea had been to open another centre on the same lines as the Barotse National School elsewhere, probably near the railway. A school of that kind could not be run for less than £3,000 to £4,000 a year. . . .

As to which a good deal might be said.

(1) Why is nothing said about schools for girls, which are quite as important for the development of the country and the elevation of the community?

(2) Why should mission schools, which are doing the same work more economically, be left out of the scheme of native education where grants are concerned, while they are subject to Government regulations (quite right and necessary in themselves) as to curriculum and supervision?

E.g. The Government insist that every out-station school shall be visited at least once in six months by the responsible missionary. This is a perfectly reasonable regulation. But it is a very costly one to carry out when there is only one missionary to a station and when the out-stations are from 50 to 150 miles from the parent station in a country without roads or transport.

During the year 1921, the Rev. Louis Jalla made two visitations of his five out-station schools, and together these occupied about seventy days of the most fatiguing travelling. He has about 400 children in these schools and his share of the grant is £14: this works out at about 8½*d.* per head.

<sup>1</sup> Italics ours.

# Appendix I

EXTRACT FROM THE LEWANIKA CONCESSION.

25th June, 1898.

“ . . . The British South Africa Company further agrees that it will aid and assist in the education and civilization of the native subjects of the King by the establishment, maintenance and endowment of schools and industrial establishments. . . .”

## Appendix II

### LITIA'S ADDRESS TO HIS PEOPLE.

*Letter of Rev. T. Burnier.*

LEALUI, *March 15, 1916.*

A REMARKABLE ceremony was enacted this morning at the Kothla of Lealui, which formed the culminating point of these festival days. The day before yesterday we had the noisy outward festivities where the traditional rites were observed with all their paraphernalia. Yesterday the popular rejoicings continued in the form of dances, songs and acclamations; and meanwhile the chiefs held a long council with Litia, but nothing was communicated to the public. Only, the people were warned not to disperse as yet, but to wait in order to take part in the Extraordinary Assembly of to-day. I had the privilege of attending this assembly together with my colleagues, Boiteux and Ellenberger.

When we reached the Grand Place, it was filled by a crowd, the largest I have ever seen in this country. The public could look on at various dances executed by members of various tribes; all tastes were catered for, and some of the choreographic exercises were certainly remarkable. Suddenly the songs ceased; every one knelt; Litia was leaving his house and approaching the Kothla.

Instead of his gilded uniform of ceremony he was attired in black cloth with a grey coat, and wore a tall hat, with the easy grace of a gentleman. He was preceded and followed by the serimbases, those wooden drums (xylophones), whose strange melody signalizes the official movements of the Zambesian kings.

Litia took his place on the platform, and had three seats brought for us. The dances began again more energetically than ever and several groups came forward to lay their offerings [before him]; skins of wild cats, and carved wooden dishes. During this time the three chiefs who follow Ngambella in the Zambesian hierarchy were called up by Litia and received from him and from Ngambella the outline of the discourses which they would



## Appendix II

shortly have to utter before the people. Then Ngambella spoke in his turn and ended by these unexpected words: "Now keep silence, and listen with respect: the king is going to speak to you himself and to reply to the speeches."

What an innovation! Lewanika never spoke in public: he gave his instructions to Ngambella, who spoke for him. Litia, breaking with this tradition, advanced to the edge of the platform. He held in his hand a paper on which he had made some notes, and the sheet was trembling between his fingers. It was a solemn moment: the new king addressing himself to his people for the first time!

"Chiefs of the people, my first words will be a sincere 'Thank you' for the help you have always given to my father. Words fail me to express all the gratitude that fills my heart on this subject. Accept my thanks, all you chiefs and you Ngambella, for your faithful collaboration with the one who is no more.

"In the second place I make a point of telling you that I do not intend to make any change in the staff of chiefs (i.e., in the Ministry), each will continue to occupy the place that was his in the time of my late father. The only case in which I shall make changes will be when the chief changes his mode of conduct; and in that case I shall not act alone but with the advice of the Kothla. I have not time to speak in detail of our different laws, but understand that I shall uphold them.

"One of the previous orators has spoken of the schools and their benefits. Schools are a blessing to the country—send all your children to them. Education and the preaching of the Gospel—therein lies the salvation of the country. Myself, I believe in God; others address their prayers elsewhere. Well, I declare that our only strength is in God. In vain to seek elsewhere; there is no medicine that can heal us. Our strength and our salvation are in God.

"One word on the subject of the Government. You have heard the Administrator's letter; we shall conform to it. There, also, I wish to walk in the footsteps of my father. Order must reign, the country's future depends upon it.

"And now I wish to return to what I said in the second place. If time fails me to speak of all our laws, there is one of which I wish to speak, and I emphasize it specially, for, if I do not do so, it will be said: 'The new king has not spoken of it; so he evidently attaches no importance to it.' It is the question of beer. I shall combat it as my father did. The people of Sesheke are witness that I have fought against it. Well, I declare, I bind myself

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solemnly that I will not drink it ; you may lay me in my tomb before I drink it. Yes, I declare that I will have nothing to do with beer.

“ And now, from all of you, I ask your aid to assist me in the right conduct of affairs. But, before everything, and above all, it is to God that I look, and I shall go forward counting on God’s help.”

Litia spoke with power ; the paper no longer trembled in his hands. When he sat down again, Ngambella and the other chiefs went out of the building, where we remained alone with Litia. He then showed himself to the crowd, and the formidable “ Yo—sho ” which broke from these thousands of throats, the forest of arms upraised by one single impulse, responded to the simple and courageous speech of the new king.

It was a fine spectacle and if Litia, the king, felt himself honoured by the unanimous homage of his people, Litia, the photographer, regretted that he was riveted to his throne instead of being able to wield his camera. He said this to us laughing ; and Ellenberger pointed out to him that this was the first of the drawbacks inherent to his new estate of monarch.

The crowd, guided by Ngambella, afterwards went to give the royal salutation to Queen Mokwae (of Nalalo), then to Mokwae of Libonta. Now the dispersal has begun, each returning to his occupation.

The new reign had begun. *À la garde de Dieu* (God protect it).

## Appendix III

### BAROTSE MYTHS AND TRADITIONS OF THE FUTURE STATE.

**H**ERE is a translation (almost complete) of another composition written by a native boy of about fourteen at Sefula. M. Boiteux, who was occupying the station, had given them the subject. See *Croquis du Zambéze* by the Rev. A. Casalis.

#### THE BAROTSE BELIEFS AS TO DEATH AND SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH.

“After death, a sort of separation takes place between the man’s soul and his spirit. The soul goes away, but the spirit remains attached to the body. This is how things go on: When a man dies his knees are pulled up to the level of his chest, and then his arms are crossed and tied which keeps the knees in their place. First his body is rubbed with grease, and clothed in all his garments. Then, a hole is made in the wall of the hut, and that is where the corpse is carried out, for it must not pass through the door: or else that door would become taboo; and it would be dangerous to cross its threshold.

“The soul of the dead person goes up to Nyambe (the deity of the Zambesians). First, it reaches the river Walanda, which separates the living from the dead, and there it calls to the ferryman.

“Nyambe also sends one of his people to find out whether this soul has fulfilled the requirements of the laws which govern the Spirit-world. If this soul has scars on its wrists and holes in its ears, it is all right [N.B. by translator. All the Barotsi bear the scars of these inflicted wounds.] A canoe will come to fetch him, and take him across the river, and he will go and live with Nyambe. Henceforth this soul is a *modima*, a god.

“But if the dead person has no scarifications nor holes in the ears, his soul will not enter Nyambe’s place: it will remain in a mysterious and unlucky place, where it will be everlasting fed on flies.

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“ But what happens to the body and spirit of the dead person ? This. On the eve of the burial the witch-doctor had brought a tube of bamboo. Having pierced a little hole in the hut where the body was lying, he had passed the end of his bamboo into it and breathed the air. In this way he had collected inside the bamboo a little of the dead person's life, and he quickly corked up the bamboo to keep this life prisoner.

“ After the burial the witch-doctor goes alone at night to the tomb, with his bag of medicines and all his amulets (charms). Then he strikes a loud blow on the tomb with his stick and cried ‘ Up, O man.’

“ Immediately the dead man rushes out as if he had been violently projected from inside the grave. The witch-doctor undoes the thongs that tied up his limbs. Then with ointments taken from the medicine pot which he has placed on the fire, he makes the limbs and sinews supple again. He opens the bamboo tube and blows the air contained in it into the nostrils of the dead. Now the man is alive again.

“ To see whether his work of resurrection is complete, the witch-doctor shoots an arrow and tells the dead man to go and fetch it : then he asks him to point out where his village is. He then proceeds to turn the resurrected person into a ghost. He places his eyes behind his head, reverses his feet and hands, and cuts off the tip of his tongue so that he cannot speak distinctly any more. Henceforth this ghost is the servant and companion of the witch-doctor, and, in company with other spirits, sets out to persecute the living and especially the members of his own family. If these should forget him he will thrash them until they make him an offering of beads or stuffs. This spirit cannot be seen by anybody but the sorcerer. If anyone else saw a spirit, they would die of it at once.”

The notable thing about this composition is not the triviality and absurdity of the superstitions revealed (no moral qualifications are called for in the spirit-world, but only an external mark, it would seem), but the clearness with which a boy of fourteen sets forth the beliefs of his people on the most serious matters. Could many English lads of the same age picked out haphazard from a Council School do the like ?

The Rev. Adolphe Jalla has edited a little book of Barotse history for the school-children, in which some of the Zambesi traditions are related at full length. Here are a few extracts from the legend of Nyambe :

“ Once upon a time, very long ago, Nyambe lived on earth with

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Nasilele, his wife. It was he who made the forests and hills, the plains and the river, as well as the beasts, birds and fishes. He also made the first man, Kamonou, and his wife. Very soon Kamonou showed he was different from the others. . . . He made a spear, killed an antelope and then other creatures, and ate them. Then Nyambe was very angry and said, 'Man, why do you kill these animals? They are your brothers. Do not eat them. You and they are alike my children.' So Nyambe drove Kamonou away from him into another country." [Another tradition says that Nyambe brought the animals back to life again.]

A long history follows of the man's efforts to cultivate fields and subdue the animals and his constant applications to Nyambe for direction, Nyambe getting very tired of him.

"At last, the man's own child died, and he went to acquaint Nyambe with this misfortune. He found his child living at Nyambe's place. Then he said to Nyambe, 'Give me a medicine that will prevent my things from dying.' But Nyambe replied, 'My things die also. I will not give you any medicine (elixir) for life. Go away.' Nyambe then crossed the river to get away from the man, but Kamonou made a canoe and came to him with the produce of his chase and his fishing, to lay them at his feet. Nyambe accepted them, but sadly, and refused to eat of them, saying: 'They are my children.'

"Finally Nyambe betook himself by a spider's thread to heaven. Before ascending he invited the animals to accompany him, so as to escape the attacks of Man. But they all refused. The antelope said, 'I shall escape him, thanks to my legs.' The birds declared they had their wings, the fish that he lived in the water, and all the beasts of prey that they were stronger than man."

Then follows a very entertaining history of how the Creator, wishing to convince the animals that the man could get the better of them, lighted a huge bonfire, set a big pot on it, and asked each of them in turn to take it off. The monkey tried and scorched his palms, which have been white ever since. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and crocodile all plunged into the flames, lost all their hair and had to take to the river. All the others were equally unsuccessful. Then came Man's turn and he put out the fire with gourds of water, soaked the burning soil, and lifted the pot without difficulty. Nyambe and his wife then climbed up the spider's web and disappeared in the heavens. The spider was sent back with its eyes put out so that it could never tell anybody the way to Nyambe. So the man Kamonou can never more find his deity.

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“ But every morning, when the sun rises, Kamonou cries, ‘ Here is our king ; he has come.’ And he salutes the sun and prays. He salutes him also at night when the sun sets. And he salutes and prays to Nasilele, Nyambe’s wife, especially when the new moon rises.

“ And again, when Kamonou goes to hunt, or when he has a dream, or when he is ill, he prays to Nyambe and offers him water or something else in a gourd, and on that day he does not work.

“ And when a man dies, they bury him with his eyes to the east, so that he can go straight to Nyambe. If it is a woman, she is buried with her head to the sunset, so that she can go to Nasilele, the wife of Nyambe.”

Thus their religion bears the mark of every other human religion, man seeking in vain to a God that hides himself. “ Oh, that I knew where I might find Him.” The Gospel alone reveals to us a God who humbles Himself to seek His creature.



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